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Everybody's Magazine

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THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

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EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK *for* DECEMBER

DECEMBER *hath* 31 days *By* FRANKLIN P. ADAMS 1912

FAREWELL TO 1912.

Go, year of Nineteen-Twelve, go on.
Go on across the drifting snows;
Proceed, advance, and get thee gone!
And so, as Gilbert says, [It goes.]

CALEDONIAN CANNINESS.

A Scotch kiss is not a kiss.
A Scotch marriage is not a marriage.
A Scotch woodcock is not a woodcock.
A Scotch mile contains 1976 yards.

SPRIGHTLY JEST.

HE—Tea appears to be the national drink of the English.

SHE—Yes, one might say it contained Britannic acid.

[*EDITOR'S NOTE: In order to placate our male readers, permission is given to reverse the characters. The joke is quite as rollicking if He and She are changed around.*]

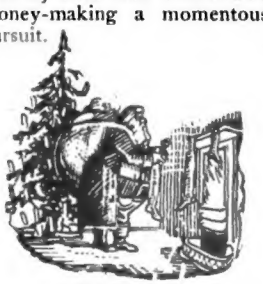
FASCINATING FACTS.

Servia has more centenarians than any other country.

In the winter of 391 the Black Sea was entirely frozen over.

The winter of 1133 was intensely severe in the northern part of Italy.

Light travels at the rate of 192,000 miles per second, at which rate it soon ought to be seen by men who consider money-making a momentous pursuit.



ANAGRAM.

My first is in Waltham, but never in Mass.;
My second's in tumbler, but never in glass;
In apples, not cider's discovered my third—
A drink brewed from leaves is the whole of the word.

Answer: TEA.

TABLE.

10 words make 1 epigram.
10 epigrams make 1 weary.

1—Su. —Turkey-hash invented by Mrs. Gov. Bradford, 1627. Turkey-hash joke abolished by Paragraphers' Union, 1908.
2—M. —Monroe Doctrine promulgated, 1823. U. S. Congress meets, 1912.
3—Tu.—Cleveland Abbe ("Old Probs"), first man to make daily weather predictions, born, 1838. *Look out for snow.*
4—W. —Siege of Quebec begun, 1775. N. Y. *Journal* points out where U. S. Congress is making mistake, 1912.
5—Th.—Macbeth killed, 1056. Dunsinane police probe begins, 1056.
6—Fr. —ST. NICHOLAS DAY. E. H. Sothern born, 1859.
7—Sa. —Cicero assassinated, B. C. 43. Rome police probe begins, B. C. 43.
8—Su. —Music* discovered by Debussy, 1902.
9—M. —Kid David gets decision over Battling Goliath, B. C. 1087.
10—Tu.—Peace treaty between U. S. and Spain, 1898, ending war in which Theodore Roosevelt participated.
11—W. —Pilgrims land at Plymouth Rock, 1620. Mohammedan New Year begins.
12—Th.—W. K. Vanderbilt born, 1849. Tristram discovers Iseult, 1148.
13—Fr. —Mayor Gaynor of New York attacks newspapers, 1910, 1911, 1912.
14—Sa. —Death of George Washington, 1799. *Rainy weather.*
15—Su. —Theodore Roosevelt endorses principles of Decalogue, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909.
16—M. —Boston Tea-Party, 1773. Mrs. A. P. Moore, the well-known lillianrussell, born, 1861.
17—Tu.—John Greenleaf Whittier born, 1807.
18—W. —Lyman Abbott, night city editor Theodore Roosevelt, born, 1835.
19—Th.—First English settlers left London for Virginia, 1606.
20—Fr. —Washington, D. C., founded, 1790. WINTER BEGINS.
21—Sa. —Benjamin Franklin reaches Paris, 1776. Marion Harland born, 1831.
22—Su. —Benjamin Franklin discovers Paris, 1776.
23—M. —FOREFATHERS' DAY. Joseph Smith, founder Mormon Church, born, 1805.
24—Tu.—***Do your Christmas shopping early.***
25—W. —**Christmas Day.** Washington crosses Delaware, 1776.
26—Th.—George Dewey, noted recipient of house from a grateful people, born, 1837.
27—Fr. —Jack London discovers circulation of blood, 1904.
28—Sa. —Woodrow Wilson, former president Princeton University, born, 1856.
29—Su. —Savannah taken by British, 1778.
30—M. —Nell Gwyn flirts with Samuel Pepys, 1666.
31 Tu.—The iron-clad *Monitor* foundered at sea, 1862. *Time to plant resolutions.*

* Don't be too literal.

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THERE WERE MANY, MANY CHILDREN; THERE WERE THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN. . . THEY MUST MAKE THIS WHITE CRUSADE, BECAUSE THE SOLDIERS OF THE GROWN-UP WORLD HAD LOST HEART AND FAITH AND BRAVERY.

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Everybody's Magazine

DECEMBER
1912

BETWEEN *the* ATOMS *of* TIME

by

VANCE THOMPSON

ILLUSTRATIONS
by
OLIVER HERFORD

THE SCIENCE MAN

THERE were three children who lived together in a great house in an old street in town. Their names were Anne-Eunice and Langston (he was a mere boy) and Bubs. Bubs was not her real name. Like Anne-Eunice, she had a beautiful two-petaled name (as if she had been twins), but her family refused to call her anything but Bubs, because her hair was red.

It was afternoon; it was two o'clock—a shocking hour, when lessons ought to be over; but once a week the children had an Hour of Science. (Father was a Splendid Man, but very superstitious; he believed even in Science.) So the children sat in the schoolroom on the top floor of the great house in the old street. Each of them had a desk. Langston's was made of ironwood, because Father wanted him to grow up to be a Strong, Indomitable Man. Anne-Eunice's desk was of rosewood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, so she might grow up to be a Beautiful and Domestic Woman. Bubs had a tiny redwood desk.

Exactly at two o'clock in came the Science Man. He was little and weazened and old, with a long nose and beady eyes; he wore a rusty brown coat, with flapping tails, and, as he came hopping into the room, with his head on one side, he looked like a perfectly ridiculous bird. Anne-Eunice despised him; so did Langston; but Bubs didn't care one way or the other. She wasn't taking Science, being too young. Only she had to stay in the schoolroom during the lesson, because Father thought she might be able to absorb some of the Science which had floated over the heads of the other children, and it would be so much Science saved.

So Bubs sat on her little redwood stool at her redwood desk and stared at the Science Man. She always stared at him, blue-eyed, because she thought he looked like Fumfuh. (Fumfuh was not a doll, except for Bubs. Father said he was a Historic Relic of Rare Value. He was a

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mummified bird, and Father had brought him back from Africa when he was out there killing lions and elephants. Father said the negroes worshiped Fumfuh as a god; but Bubs had him for a doll, because he was hard as stone, although Langston had knocked off the tip of his beak and gouged out one eye.)

"I trust you have not forgotten, pupils, what a molecule is," said the Science Man.

"No, indeed, teacher," said Anne-Eunice politely.

"Nozer," said Langston; he was polite, too.

Of course they hadn't forgotten what a molecule was, because they had never known; they were truthful children.

The Science Man cocked his head on one side—which made him look more like Fumfuh than ever—and went on:

"Now this sheet of paper which I hold before you, pupils, is made up of molecules. When you look up into the sky at night, pupils, you see the stars. Between the stars are wide spaces. We scientists call that interstellar space. Now between the molecules which make up this sheet of paper, there is a space, relatively as vast as that which separates the stars. We scientists call it intermolecular space."

So the little Science Man went droning on. Anne-Eunice sat very erect and looked as if she were simply *drinking* it in; what she was really thinking of was lollipops, cake, and chocolate, ice-cream and cherry pie.

"When I push my pencil through this sheet of paper, what happens, Master Langston?" asked the Science Man.

"You make a hole," said Langston, "of course."

"Quite right, but what really happens is this: the pencil crowds the molecules together, leaving an intermolecular space through which it can pass. Now I like to think——"

At that Anne-Eunice and Langston turned toward each other and began to play "innkeeper" on their fingers, for they knew by experience that whenever the Science Man began to think he'd like to think, he'd go on trying to do it and forget all about them. In a sort of way, though, they heard that he was saying:

"Now I like to think that just as there is an intermolecular space between the molecules of paper, there is also an intertemporal space between the atoms of time. In the interstellar space there is room for comets, millions of miles long, to wander about. Between the tiny molecules of matter I can thrust this lead-pencil. Why should there not be room between the atoms of time for us to slip away from the present—far away into intertemporal space——"

It was Bubs who really grasped the idea. That was what she was there for—just to absorb Science so that when she got bigger she wouldn't have to study hard and get brain-fever and have all her hair fall out. When the idea struck her, she punched Anne-Eunice in the stomach and whispered: "Quick—come on!"

"We can't," Anne-Eunice whispered back. "It's only quarter after, and Science isn't over till three."

ANNE-EUNICE'S DESK WAS OF ROSEWOOD, INLAID WITH MOTHER-OF-PEARL, SO SHE MIGHT GROW UP TO BE A BEAUTIFUL AND DOMESTIC WOMAN.

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THE SCIENCE MAN.

"Come on!" Bubs hissed fiercely, frowning and shaking her red curls. "Quick!"

"I'd just as soon," said Langston. "I ain't afraid of him!" He got up softly and crept behind the desk.

"Oh, Langston, what will our kind parents say?" asked Anne-Eunice; but she, too, slipped out of her seat.

Bubs was terrible to look at, she had such a Determined Air. Under her arm she gripped Fumfuh. One pudgy hand she gave to her brother, one to her sister. Then the Fiery Child stamped her foot three times and shouted: "Come on. Go!"

"Children, children, what's all this noise!" said the Science Man, looking up with his head on one side and his little beady eyes snapping; but all he saw was Bubs's red head, Langston's knickers and yellow leggings, and one long, plump black stocking with the shoe falling off (which must have belonged to Anne-Eunice) as the children vanished between the atoms of time.

II

THE MOUSE-COLORED ROAD

And they came out upon a great turnpike.

There were no houses; there were no trees; there were no lamp-posts; as far as they could see there was nothing but the mouse-colored road. It was only a few weeks wide, but it seemed to be hundreds and hundreds of years long. They looked one way and could see no beginning; they looked the other way and could see no end—nothing but the highway running on and on. The great house in the old street in town, the Science Man, their kind but firm parents, four o'clock cambric tea, all seemed farther away than even the turnpike's end.

ALL THAT COULD BE SEEN OF THE CHILDREN AS THEY VANISHED BETWEEN THE ATOMS OF TIME.

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It was amazing; and yet they couldn't call it amazing. They couldn't call it anything at all.

Langston stood with his legs apart, breathing hard. He was not afraid, at least he didn't think he was afraid, but he frowned very hard—as if he had found himself in front of a large, strange dog. He looked at Anne-Eunice. That extraordinary girl was down on one knee calmly tying her shoe-lace.

This was too much for Langston. There he had been standing like a Boy of Iron, frowning defiance at the mysterious road, breathing like mad to show his contempt for danger; and Anne-Eunice calmly tying her shoe-lace.

"Come on," he said in a ferocious whisper. "You're always tying your shoe!"

Anne-Eunice was mildly offended, but she followed her brother, and Bubs trailed behind with Fumfuh under her arm. They didn't know which way was going back and which was going forward. Perhaps they were going farther away all the time, but there was no way of knowing. As they went on, Langston decided it wasn't much use being a Boy of Iron unless he had some one to talk to about it, so he turned back and took his sister's hand. He wanted her opinion of things so that when she asked for his advice he'd have something to say to her.

"You like to walk here?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said cautiously. "Do you?"

"I don't mind," he answered, in an indifferent way befitting a Boy of Iron.

Anne-Eunice wanted to ask where they were and whither they were going and when they would be there, but her brother's brow was dark and, womanly-wise, she did nothing of the kind. What she did say was: "We've walked a long time." She said it very softly, but Langston almost jumped out of his knickers, for afar the voice of Bubs was lifted in a mighty "O-o-o-o——!"

"It's nothing," said Anne-Eunice reassuringly. "She is only going to sing."

Then he remembered, of course, that whenever that kid began to sing she always tried her voice on an "O-o-o-o—," starting down in her stockings and going up to the base of her brain.

"But where is she?" he asked.

They looked ahead, they looked back, but they didn't see Bubs. Her voice came to them (it sounded like the voice of a ghost, and the turnpike had a graveyardy look)—

"O-o-o-o—! Here am I,
Little Jumping Joan!
When nobody's with me
I'm always alone!"

And Bubs was nowhere to be seen. And they couldn't tell where the voice came from, only this—it seemed to be about twenty-six minutes away. The Iron oozed out of the Iron Boy. In a shaky voice he howled "Bubs!" There was no answer, and the song had stopped.

"We gotto find her," said Langston desperately; he was thinking of his kind but firm parents.

Vainly Anne-Eunice whistled the compelling call of the clan. They ran this way and that, backward and forward, until they were quite bewildered and it seemed as if they had traveled years since they heard Bubs's wild song ringing over the graveyardy road. They were running hand in hand, calling her name, when, on the far edge of the turnpike, Anne-Eunice saw a glimmer of red. A moment later they discovered Bubs.

She was kneeling almost on the edge of the turnpike, looking down. When she heard their voices she started up and ran toward them, her red curls flying, and there was about her such an Air of Mystery that Langston forgot to shake her and Anne-Eunice withheld a kiss. If there is such a thing as a blue-eyed, red-curled, infantile Demon, that is what Bubs looked like as she grinned up at her brother.

"What have you been up to?" he asked sternly. "Don't you know it's time we were home?"

Langston took out his watch; it was a perfectly good silver watch which his kind parents had given him because he never forgot to use dental floss twice a day. He snapped open the case in his manliest way. Round and round the dial the two hands were spinning so fast he could hardly see them, and they were spinning backward! Even as he looked the wheels began to Bizz and Scream as if they simply couldn't stand it any longer, and then the watch exploded with a Great Noise and the pieces sailed away over their heads and vanished.

At that very moment, while the children stood dazed—even Bubs's grin fading from

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"ARE WE SAFE HERE?" HE ASKED IN A HOARSE WHISPER. "ARE YOU SURE THERE ARE NO GROWN-UPS ABOUT?"

her face—a Dirty Little Boy, with a rag tied round his head, crept up over the edge of the turnpike and advanced stealthily, one mysterious finger on his lips.

"Hu-uss-sh-h!" said the Dirty Little Boy.

III

THE KING IN RAGS

"I saw him first!" Bubs shouted.

"Hu-us-s-sh-h!" said the Dirty Little Boy. He put his hand up over his eyes (like a scout) and peered beneath it up and down the mouse-colored road.

"Are we safe here?" he asked in a hoarse whisper. "Are you sure there are no Grown-Ups about?"

And though he said Grown-Ups quite distinctly, he said it just as if he had said Tigers; indeed, Anne-Eunice believes to this day he said Boy-Eating Tigers and not Grown-Ups at all.

"Nobody but her," said Bubs sweetly, nodding toward her sister.

"She's not a Grown-Up," said the Dirty Little Boy. "I've got a sister bigger than

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she is. Oh!" he cried suddenly, and the tears came to his eyes and ran down his cheeks, making clean little runways. He threw himself on the road, sobbing; and somehow or other Anne-Eunice had her arms about him and was making tender noises over him—as if he had been a doll. Langston felt uncomfortable, but, being a Boy of Iron, he gave no sign. And the Dirty Little Boy wept his fill in the soft, kind arms.

He was a very raggedy boy. His little thin body was hardly covered with the torn gray jacket—the rags of what had been a shirt; his bruised knees peeped through the tattered breeches he wore; and he had neither shoes nor stockings nor hat; and his hands looked as if he never had worn gloves at all. There were golden curls (dingy with dirt they were) under the bloody rag tied round his head. His eyes were blue, very large and beautiful in spite of the red, tear-swollen lids. When he lifted his face from Anne-Eunice's lap his mouth and chin were quivering. Then he stood up and bowed in a very nice way and thanked her.

"You must excuse me, please," he said. "I've been Locked-Up so long! It's ages and ages since I've seen a Sister. I'll not cry any more."

The Dirty Little Boy turned and made another bow (but not nearly so nice a one) to Langston, and said: "Oh, oh, what joy it must be for you to have a Sister!"

Langston stared at him in amazement; he wondered whether the ragged boy were mad. Of course he did love his sisters dearly, because every boy knows what he'll get if he doesn't love his sisters dearly; but a joy! And Langston felt sorry, for he knew the poor boy must be demented.

What he said was: "Yes, indeed!" and he turned to meet Bubs's grin of perfect comprehension. (That was the awfullest thing about that awful kid: she was ancient and sagacious, and nothing was hid from her.) With Fumfuh stuffed under her arm, with both hands locked round a chubby knee, Bubs sat and eyed the ragged boy with perfect approval.

"I saw you climbing up," she said, "and I like you. I don't mind your being dirty. But I don't like that thing round your head."

"It's bloody," said Langston, as coolly as if he were a Professional Murderer.

"You poor child," Anne-Eunice murmured.

The Dirty Little Boy shook a small, clenched fist in the air. "It's a King's blood," he cried, "shed by a coward dog of a Grown-Up! And by the Great Oath and by the Secret of my Race, I swear——"

"Oh, hush, do!" Anne-Eunice said reprovingly (quite in her mother's best manner). "Little boys mustn't swear! It's shocking bad form and you'll go to hell."

"What did he thump you for?" asked Bubs.

The Dirty Little Boy shaded his eyes with his hand and scanned the road up and down; then he sat down by Anne-Eunice and took her hand; but it was at Bubs he looked, as he began:

"I am Louis—but don't rise—you may all remain seated—only that boy *might* take his cap off. Louis XVII., Duke of Normandy, King of France."

"I know!" Anne-Eunice exclaimed. "We had you in history! Didn't we, Langston?"

"They cut his father's head off," said that Boy of Iron calmly, "and his mother——"

"Shut up!" Bubs hissed fiercely. "Where's your manners!"

"But I thought you died in the Temple," Anne-Eunice said thoughtfully.

"That was just a common boy who died," Louis explained, "and they put me in a basket of dirty linen and carried me out of the prison. I remember it very well, though I can't remember when it was. I remember the Grown-Ups. There was a jailer and his wife who used to beat me, while the soldiers laughed. Then one day, after ages and ages, a Grown-Up with white hair, like a doctor, gave me something to drink. I knew I was falling asleep, but I wasn't quite asleep. I felt them put me in the basket and lay over me mountains and mountains of dirty linen, and I was choked and couldn't breathe. So then I did go to sleep."

The raggedy king shuddered.

"That was pretty bad, but it wasn't so bad as waking up. You know when your foot's asleep and you have to dance on it—that's the way it was, only all over. Oh, it hurt to get awake! And when at last I could stand up, I found I was all alone In-The-Dark, where there are neither walls nor ceilings and where there are Little Noises more terrible than cannon or giant crackers and where the Light Is Out.

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"All alone," the little King repeated, "In-The-Dark. And of course I wasn't really afraid—" he went on, frowning confidentially at Langston.

"Of course not," said Langston.

"—But I didn't dare to walk about because I was afraid I might stumble over It."

The children nodded. They knew that the real danger of In-The-Dark places is that It may plop down on you unexpectedly, or that you may put your foot down on It without meaning to, and that It is Squashy and Moans; they knew that It is the most fearsome thing in the world. It is always happening: It rains; It thunders; It's lonely; It's cold; It's time-to-go-to-bed; and, worse still, It's all over—go where you will, you can't escape IT.

His Majesty went on: "There wasn't anything there but Me. There wasn't any basket. There wasn't any linen. I wasn't surprised, because there never *is* anything In-The-Dark. So I shut my eyes——"

"Of course," said Bubs; "you have to."

"I shut my eyes and thought of Beautiful Things, of Flowers and Sisters and Horses and Drums and Cake with Lighted Candles and Happy Birthday. Then I felt better and got up and began to walk, keeping my eyes shut so that It couldn't see me. And I must have walked for ages and ages. I was tired, and my head always ached where the Grown-Up hit it with a besom. It was so lonesome I thought of everything, and said the multiplication table up to twelve times twelve, and all the Kings of France up to Me. I was just going to sit down and stop being King, when I heard a voice over my head and I opened my eyes and looked up and saw a Sister!"

"That was me," said Bubs, grinning rapturously. "I saw him first. And I told him to climb up. Didn't I, Louis?"

"But why didn't you wait for me?" the King asked.

"Oh, they were fussing," Bubs answered, looking at her big sister and her big brother, as if she suspected them of latent qualities of Grown-Upness.

"What you going to do now?" Langston asked.

"Don't go back to your kingdom," Anne-Eunice put in hurriedly. "They've had awful times there. I'll show it to you in history. Come home with us. I know our dear parents would love to have you live with us."

"He hasn't any clothes," said Bubs. "They're rags."

"Father wouldn't mind a King in rags," Anne-Eunice announced firmly. "He would love to have one in the family. Come on, do."

"For a little while," his Majesty said, after a moment's hesitation, "and then I must go back to my People and my Throne."

They set out hand in hand, though they were so Turned-Round they did not know which way they were going. It seemed to them they had walked for a long time, when suddenly the little King of France stopped in a startled way.

"Hush!" he said. "What's that?"

On the road were two little boys in black.

IV

A FAR-AWAY CITY

The two little boys in black sat with their arms around each other. One of them was quite a tall boy, with long brown hair and a bold face. He was saying: "Courage, little brother, it is not nearly so dark as it was—and we are together still."

The King called out to them: "What are you doing in my road?"

The boys in black jumped to their feet, and the tall one put himself in front of his brother with doubled-up hands; but after one glance at the children he smiled and said softly:

"It's all right, Dickon; they are not Men."

The eyes of Anne-Eunice were round with intelligence. On her brow were the Thought-Wrinkles she wore in the history class. "I know you both," she cried; "you're the Little Princes in the Tower! You are Edward and he is Richard."

"I thought they were only in books," said Langston doubtfully.

"I am Edward," said the tall boy slowly; he bowed to Anne-Eunice, "and my brother is the Duke of York."

"This boy's a King," Bubs announced haughtily, for she thought her ragged boy was being neglected. "He is King Louis of France."

"And you, too, are a King," said the ragged boy softly to Edward. "I remember now. It was my Mother who told me about you. It was a very sad story, but we were very sad, too. We were Locked-Up.

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There were bars on the windows. We used to sit round the table, and Mother read to me—and I had Latin lessons, too. So did my Sister. Until They took me away."

"Men? They were Men who took you away?" the little English King whispered.

"Like me," said the little Duke of York.

"Then I was alone In-The-Dark," Louis said, "until——" He stopped, and Anne-Eunice slipped her hand into his; that meant comfort.

"It was the same thing," the tall boy said slowly. "We were Locked-Up, because I was the King and Dickon was my brother. At first I was alone, except for the Men. Then Dickon came and we were Together."

"Where was it?" the other King-Boy asked.

"It was over there," Edward said.

On the far edge of the dust-colored road there was something gray and shadowy, and when the children looked they saw a city of stone and wood, with walls and a great Tower, past which a river flowed, darkly. It was like a dream-city, far away and faint. Even as they looked it began to fade out.

"I don't know where we are," King Edward went on in the same low voice. "We went to sleep, Dickon and I. . . . There was a terrible dream and there were Men's Voices. . . . The darkness pressed down on us and on our mouths and on our faces. . . . And then we were Here and Dickon was crying. He is only a very young Duke," Edward explained, "and had never been without a Mother and Sisters."

All the children were standing very close together in the gray road. For quite a while they were silent, Thinking of Things. Anne-Eunice was the first who spoke.

"We must go on," she said, "for there must be Something at the End of the road, because if there isn't it would not be Right. It would just be Cruelty and the Children in the Tower and the little Dauphin in the Temple and the Awful Things in history, without its ever coming out Right. And I know better than that! Come," and she put her arms around the two smallest Royalties—they were Louis and Dickon—and led them on. Langston and the tall boy in black velvet followed, with Bubs stalking between them, hugging Fumfuh under her arm.

Always the quiet road, the color of sleep. They walked on and on and on.

All of a sudden Bubs halted, angrily.

"Stop squiggling me," she said.

"I didn't squiggle you," Langston answered indignantly.

"You did! You squiggled me in the ribs!"

"Don't quarrel, dears," said Anne-Eunice, looking back.

"How'd you like to be squiggled in the ribs!" Bubs shouted. "There, he's doing it again!"

"It isn't me," Langston protested. "Look!"

Under Bubs's left arm Fumfuh was struggling fiercely, beating his lean wings. Bubs screamed like a Mad-Girl and dropped him. Fumfuh alighted neatly on his feet, flapped his long, slender wings, opened his broken beak, and gave forth a harsh and sleepy cry. He glanced sharply to right and left with his one eye, and then, after fluttering down the road for a short distance, sailed away and vanished over the edge of the road. (A long road, the color of dust, the color of Time.)

V

THE WHITE LEGION AND THE STAR

It was as if a swarm of white bees had filled the road, chasing away the emptiness and silence—a flight of white bees.

For the time-colored highway was suddenly thronged with a great multitude of children, dressed in little robes of white wool that fell to their feet; carrying white birchen staves (like pilgrims) and holding aloft tiny crosses of woven flowers; singing.

There were many, many children; there were thousands upon thousands of children, for no one standing by the dun road that runs through Time has been able to number them—whether there were twenty thousand children, or fifty thousand, or eighty thousand, so mysteriously they passed, singing. Always they passed like a swarm of white bees. And they murmured to each other "Courage!" for they were journeying very far, to capture from Paynim Men the Holy Sepulcher. They must make this white crusade, because the soldiers of the Grown-Up world had lost heart and faith

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and bravery. From the forests of Saxony and the Rhineland, from Burgundy and the pleasant provinces of France and the gray lands of Flanders, they had come, singing:

"Lord Jesus, give us back Your Holy Tomb."

With cross and staff the white army of the children marched. . . .

It was as if a swarm of white bees, innumerable, had flashed down the grayness of the road.

And Anne-Eunice and Langston and Bubs had drawn close together; and the three little royal boys stood near them, erect, with shining eyes—like Kings who see their soldiers pass on the way to Victory, or, perhaps, to Death. Then they walked on, but very slowly, whispering together.

In a little while they saw three children, dressed in white woolen gowns, like pilgrims, sitting by the roadside. They also carried crosses of woven flowers. One of them was a very small boy, with a thin face; and his eyes were shut. The two little girls who sat with him stood up, and one of them said:

"I am Allys and this is my little brother. He can't see, for he was born with his eyes shut fast, so we must go very slowly, for I must carry his staff and mine, too. I don't know who this little girl is."

"I am Yolande," said the other little girl in white wool, and she laid her arm around the blind boy's neck, "and I am waiting to carry his cross."

The children went on. They were all very quiet now. Even Bubs was quiet; she had taken Anne-Eunice's hand and walked at her side. And Langston gave a hand to Dickon, who didn't look very strong. It was as if they knew they were going Somewhere to the Something that is at the End of the road. King Louis stood for a moment and peered down the road, shading his eyes with his hand:

"Do you see any one coming?"

"No one," they answered.

They went on a little, then Anne-Eunice cried: "There is some one on the road. I see a shadow moving."

The others saw; slowly a man came toward them. He was a shepherd. A long cloak hung from his shoulders. He leaned on a crook. When he lifted up his face they saw that he was very young; his beard had not yet grown; his hair was pale and fine like a child's hair; his eyes were gentle and blue; his voice was soft.

"Did you see the star?" he asked.

The children shook their heads.

"The sky was full of stars, but there was one star——"

"I know," Bubs said. "It was in the East!" (But how she knew she could not have told any one; only she knew.)

The young shepherd stood by the wayside; and the children drew near him—the children from town and the little Kings, who had come they knew not whence, and the little Crusaders, Allys and Yolande, and the boy who was born with sealed eyes; and round them, shadowy, innumerable, swarmed the white legion—the tiny soldiers who carried neither swords nor spears, but lifted high victorious crosses wreathed with flowers; and shadowy and countless there came streaming down the road bands of children with shining faces; and some were lame and clung to each other; and they were children from all lands and from all times; and they filled the dim road with brightness.

But Anne-Eunice and her brother and Bubs looked only at the young shepherd leaning on his crook by the wayside.

"There was a star in the East," he said. "I led my sheep into the fold and lay down in my cloak, my dog at my feet; but I could not sleep. I uncovered my face and looked. The night was full of stars. I looked down into the valley. There I saw a procession of fire. It wound up the hill to Bethlehem. And everywhere in the night were fires. They traversed the sky and marched upon the earth. So I knew some Divine Thing was happening."

"Weren't you afraid?" Anne-Eunice asked, for she saw a world full of running flames.

"I was not afraid," the young shepherd answered, "when the angels passed above me. They flew very fast, and they had young, proud faces."

"Like boy-warriors," said Louis.

"And amid all the stars of the night there was one that journeyed slowly above the hills. It was a star of gold. It went toward Bethlehem. I followed it, and on my way I met other shepherds and herdsmen and laborers whom I knew. They were talking of the star. They were going slowly, for there were old men among them.

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so I went on alone. As I came near Bethlehem I heard the sound of many voices. People were calling to each other and asking about the star. The streets were encumbered with carts. In the inns the carters and farmers sat. All the stables were open, and I saw the horses and the oxen and the asses of the carters and peasants. Then I came to a little stable on the edge of the town. It stood on the hillside. The walls were old, and through the rifts a light——"

It was as if the shadowy children of the white legion and the shadowy children of all worlds and all times were singing a strange, new song—a song vague as the rustling of wings when the doves fly, a song bright as a star.

"Tell us about the light," Anne-Eunice whispered, "and what you saw."

"The light that came from the stable," the young shepherd said, "was brighter than any other. It shone out into the night. A light so wonderful!"

The children touched each other but did not speak—only the shadowy legions sang softly.

"I went to the door of the stable and looked in. A Child lay in a manger, in the golden straw, and all about Him was the wonder of the Light. A Mother sat by the manger. Her radiant eyes looked always at her Son. Her hair was the color of ripe wheat. Her gown was blue. A shepherd leaned over her shoulder and contemplated the Child. He lifted his hand and beckoned me to come near. I stepped close to the manger and looked at the Child. He was in the golden straw. And I forgot all the troubles of the time and the taxes and the murrain among the sheep and the hunger on the hills—for I had seen the Child."

Then the song was no longer a vague thing chanted by the shadowy legions; the innumerable voices rang like silver bells, and the new, strange song was:

"This day is born in Bethlehem
Our Saviour, Christ the King."

Anne-Eunice stooped and kissed the face of the little boy whose eyes were sealed; one after the other the children kissed each other, singing:

"This day is born in Bethlehem
Our Saviour, Christ the King."

And while they sang the shepherd went his way and none of them saw him pass.

VI

THE WAY OF STRANGE THINGS

"Langston wants to go home," said Bubs.

The white legion had vanished, and they were standing alone with the little Kings in the mouse-colored road; and when they looked at one another, they all knew they were thinking of their Mothers. But which way to go they did not know. Then they heard a hoarse, cawing cry. It came from very far off and filled them with Consternation. They heard the flapping of wings, and Fumfuh sailed into sight, flying very fast. He alighted on Bubs's shoulder.

"Ouf!" he said in a Rasping Voice. "It's lucky for you I came back. You were going the Wrong Way, and if you'd kept on you'd have been back before Creation, where you wouldn't have existed at all. I hope this Red-Headed Girl will remember what I've saved her from and not Thump Me About!"

"Where have you been, you wicked bird?" Bubs asked indignantly.

Fumfuh yawned. "There is an Early Worm over there—I used to know him. We were great friends. He is the straightest worm I ever knew. In fact, he is the Long Worm that has no Turning."

"Idiot!" said Bubs.

"Come on," Fumfuh shouted. "This way!"

He jumped down on the road and led the way, hopping and fluttering, at a tremendous pace. And the children ran after him. Soon Fumfuh began to lag. He wabbled on his feet; he could hardly wiggle his wings.

"Take me up again," he said at last, and when Bubs tucked him under her arm he yawned mightily, squiggled her once or twice, and fell sound asleep again like a stone.

They hurried on. Suddenly little King Edward gave a loud cry. There, far off, was a city of wood and stone, with walls and a great Tower, with a river running by.

"Good-by, good-by!" the two little boys in black shouted, and, hand in hand, they ran toward the far-off city. Bubs seized upon her little King in rags.

"Now don't you do that, Louis," she said, "for you're coming home with us. Isn't he, Langston?"

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"If you want him," said that boy, ironly indifferent. "Come on."

They had not gone far when Bubs in great excitement seized the little King by both shoulders and shook him furiously.

"Stop it!" she shouted. "You're getting littler."

It was the most extraordinary thing.

Not only had he grown littler; he had become another boy. The rags had vanished, and he was dressed in a suit of blue velvet and lace and had a little gold-and-ivory sword at his side.

"Stop it, whatever you're doing, you wretched King!" she screamed, stamping her foot. But the little blue-velvet boy laughed and shook his yellow curls and ran on ahead of them, waving his hand and calling: "Mother—I'm coming, dear!" and in a little while he faded into the grayness of the road and they couldn't see him any more.

As they walked on Bubs growled to herself, and even Anne-Eunice, who was a Bubs-Expert, did not know whether that Fiery Child were heart-broken or just cross.

"Oh, hurry!" Langston broke out at last. "It must be awful late!"

At that moment, tiny things like wheels and springs and disks of silver and glass, came sailing down over his head; and before he had taken a dozen steps, there in his hand was a Watch. The wheels were Bizzing and Screaming, and round the dial the hands were racing, as if they were ever so late and were desperately trying to Catch Up. Finally they slowed down, and Langston, looking carefully, said: "It's more'n a quarter after two—hurry!" and he snapped to the watch-case in his manliest way.

Then——

It wasn't a door that opened; it was just that it wasn't the road any more; it was a schoolroom on the top floor of a great house in an old street in town. And the children were sitting at their desks. A ridiculous Science Man, in a rusty brown coat with flapping tails, was talking; what he said was:

"Yes, I like to think that we might slip away between the atoms of time. I like to fancy that Great Deeds and Heroic Energies may tear the stuff of time, and that Little Deeds of Love wander to and fro in intertemporal space, unspeakably bright. But of course," said the Science Man apologetically, "this is very uncritical and unscientific. In fact, dear pupils, you will understand it is All Nonsense."

The children looked at each other quietly, unsmiling, with the ancient and mysterious sagacity of the Wise Folk.

Like the birds of the air and the flowers of the field, they knew things the Science Man had forgotten.

"BY USE, NOT YEARS"

BY ROY FOLLETT

Leaves of the summer's end, that flame and flare
  Athwart the somber-purple mountain-flanks,
  Or, archer-wise, from slumbrous river-banks
Dart shafts of fire through twilit waters, where
Sleek reed-phalanxes waver: well you wear
  Your blazon, well and bravely cry your thanks
  For so glad holiday, ere from the ranks,
The pageant ended, folded the banners fair,
  You shiver down.

So would I have my end—
  Full-blooded, free of quavering dotard fears,
By use, not years, brought low—so let me send
  Some gleam across the falling dark; let be
At lip the wine-red cup, and in my ears
  Surf-thunder of some wild, uncharted sea.

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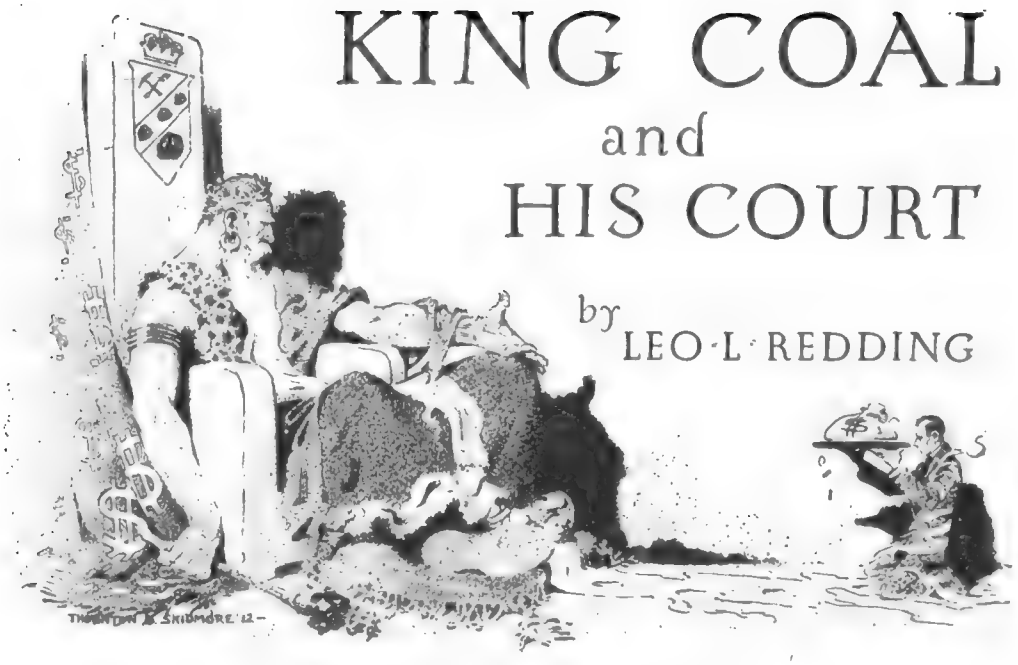
KING COAL and HIS COURT

by LEO L. REDDING



DECORATIONS BY T. D. SKIDMORE

Editor's Note:—Here is an explanation of why we pay so much for our hard coal: a study of the interests that control or own sixty-three per cent. of the world's supply of anthracite. In 1906 EVERYBODY'S published an exposition of this, "the most perfect of all monopolies," outlining its history up to that time. The present article covers the six years since then and demonstrates with appalling conviction that no force of law or of public opinion has served in the interval to break the grip on our hard-coal supply—and our pocketbooks. This winter Congress will investigate the coal railroads and the coal monopoly. You will remember—with pain—the price you have just paid for hard coal. You know you are oppressed. This article tells you why. Read it so that an intelligent public opinion may help Congress to do away with one of the most powerful and greedy of our greedy monopolies.

HAVE you laid in your winter's supply of coal? Yes? Sixteen tons of anthracite, eh? That will just about last you through unless the cold weather holds on longer than usual. If it does, you will have to buy another ton or two in the spring.

You paid more for it than you did last year, didn't you? They've been raising the price pretty regularly the last few years. You remember the first year you had the furnace: your coal cost you two dollars and a quarter a ton less than you have to pay now.

You and your neighbors have bought sixty million tons in the last twelve months at the increased price: one hundred and thirty-five million dollars added to your annual coal bill. Do you know why you pay so much for your coal—who THEY are who have been pocketing the enormous fortunes extorted from you, and how they have done their work?

I am going to try to tell you, so that you may have at least the satisfaction of knowing how and where your money goes.

"The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for by the Christian men to whom God, in His infinite wisdom, has given the control of the property interests of the country."

Since 1902 that pharisaical sentiment has been

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commonly credited to George F. Baer, then as now the master mind of the group of men controlling the world's supply of anthracite coal. Friends of Mr. Baer have insisted that he did not voice nor hold any such attitude of mind, though he himself appears to have waited till his seventieth birthday to add his own contradiction and explanation—an explanation different from the one offered by his volunteer spokesmen.

Of course, if the allegation has been in error all these years, Mr. Baer has suffered serious injustice in the public mind, and likewise by the publication in books and newspapers of the ostensible facsimile of a letter by Mr. Baer, on his stationery, containing that exact expression.

I do not believe that God, in His infinite wisdom, has given the control of the property interests of this country to any little clique of men. But since Mr. Baer and his associates have assumed in practise, if not in words, that it is so, the present is a good time to call upon them for an accounting. You who foot the nation's enormous coal bill have a right to know how these men have cared for the property interests which, whether by gift or by seizure, have come under their control.

One thing accomplished by them, and admitted by all men, is the perfection of the anthracite trust, which to-day is one of the most powerful and smoothly running financial machines in existence. It is in absolute control of the situation. Hostile legislation has been defeated; court proceedings have been vexatiously delayed; and a law which to us laymen seems to be plain and conclusive in its meaning, has been set at naught.

Until ten years ago, a large number of independent anthracite mines and breakers were in operation and a fair degree of competition existed. All of that has been done away with; most of the independents have been absorbed, and the price of coal is now established by one central authority. The production is held in such check that it never equals the demand. This gives to the trust the pretense of an excuse for the high price it compels you to pay.

Railroads desiring to share in the rich profits that result from the freighting of anthracite have attempted to force their way into the Pennsylvania fields, but invariably have been shut out by the trust. This was done in one case in spite of the fact that the state of New York declared that such railroad competition was necessary to public welfare and to the best interests of business.

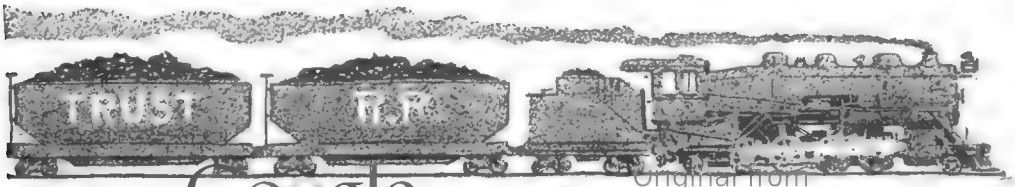
Not only has the anthracite trust added $135,000,000 to its revenues, but since 1900 it has taken from the public a gross profit of more than one billion dollars, a sum sufficient to wipe out the interest-bearing debt of the United States and leave a large margin on the right side of the ledger. Moreover, it has taken hostage from the future, and has capitalized for hundreds of millions of dollars the fact that you will continue to pay much too much for your coal. Railroad and mining corporation securities have been multiplied in number and in market value, and a heavy interest burden has been placed upon the public shoulder.

All of this has a direct and important bearing upon the cost of living in this country.

THE ANTHRACITE ROADS

In order to make impossible the formation of just such an oppressive combination as the anthracite trust, Congress twenty-two years ago enacted what has since been known as the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. Before that the state of Pennsylvania inserted into its constitution a clause forbidding the ownership or control of coal-mines by the owners of railroads. That clause reads as follows:

"No incorporated company, doing the business of a common carrier shall, directly or *indirectly*, prosecute or engage in mining



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or manufacturing articles for transportation over its works."

Plain language and easily understood, isn't it? Almost as direct as the commandment: "Thou shalt not steal."

But able lawyers have read the "rule of reason" into it, and for years it has been dead so far as practical application has gone. *The same men who own the coal and compel you to pay too much for it, own the railroads and compel you to pay exorbitant freight rates for the transportation of your fuel supply.* In fact, from the time a chunk of coal is first loosened by the miner's pick until you shovel its broken bits into your furnace, the trust takes a heavy profit at every handling.

The details that follow regarding the inter-organization of the coal roads and the coal interests are drawn from the brief of the Attorney-General of the United States in the prosecution now pending on appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. They follow exactly his allegations of facts as based on exhibits and agreed statements.

The world's only known deposits of anthracite of economic value, with insignificant exceptions, underlie an area of 484 square miles in eastern Pennsylvania. Of this supply sixty-three per cent. is controlled by the holding company of the Reading Railroad, of which Mr. Baer is the president. By far the greater portion of the remainder is owned or controlled by the other so-called anthracite railroads. These are the Central of New Jersey; Lehigh Valley; Delaware & Hudson; Delaware, Lackawanna & Western; New York, Susquehanna & Western; New York, Ontario & Western; Erie; and Pennsylvania. The last-named road does not, as do the others, depend upon the anthracite trade for its major prosperity. But all of the railroads named are so intertwined in their control and management as to make their interests identical.

THE WAY AROUND THE LAW

The formation of the present anthracite trust began in 1898, when Mr. Baer first became actively identified with the Reading as the legal representative of J. Pierpont Morgan. Shortly before that, the average wholesale prices per ton at tide-water of anthracite coal of the sizes you are accustomed to purchase, were: Egg $3.096 and chestnut $2.9793. These figures, taken from a bulletin of the United States Department of Labor, are particularly interesting in view of the fact that the present wholesale prices at tide-water are $5.25 a ton for egg and $5.50 a ton for chestnut. So if you are checking off my assertions, as I hope you are, you will see that, as I have said, you are now paying at least $2.25 a ton more for your coal than you paid before the trust was formed.

It was in the year 1898 that the Reading fell into some difficulties, and the courts, taking cognizance of the Pennsylvania constitution, ordered that it be separated from its anthracite properties. Mr. Morgan interested himself in the situation, and his counsel, Mr. Baer, outlined a policy of reorganization. The process, as you will see, was simple:

The Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company was reorganized. Then came the organization of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Company, which took over the Reading anthracite mines. After that, Mr. Baer, the legal necromancer, brought into existence the holding organization—the Reading Company—which by a Pennsylvania charter is empowered to buy and sell the shares and bonds of other corporations and to engage in any business, save only banking, from building and operating a railroad to keeping a pawnshop. This Reading Company, with a capital stock of $140,000,000, took over the entire capital stocks of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company and the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Company.

Glancing back at that quotation from the constitution of Pennsylvania, you will see that railroads are forbidden to have even an indirect interest in coal-mines. Bear that in mind when you consider how closely knit are the three Reading corporations, of each of which George F. Baer is the president, and each of which has practically the same board of directors as the other two.

Mr. Baer and Mr. Morgan found the Reading owning fifty per cent. of the Pennsylvania anthracite deposits. One-half the world's supply of any commodity would satisfy you or me, but we don't belong to that class of men to whom the property interests of the country have been entrusted. Mr. Baer, like Oliver Twist, wanted more. So one day in 1901 Mr. Morgan made the following laconic official announcement:

"I have bought the Jersey Central for the Reading."

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The Central Railroad of New Jersey, or, as it is better known, the Jersey Central, by means of a lease in perpetuity, controls the Lehigh Coal & Navigation Company, which owns 13,783 acres of anthracite. And it owns nine-tenths of the capital stock of the Lehigh & Wilkes-Barre Coal Company, which in turn owns 15,650 acres of anthracite.

Mr. Baer had himself elected president of the Jersey Central and president of the two coal companies, positions which he still holds. Members of the boards of directors of the three corporations were furnished by the Reading, which in its annual report for 1901 made this statement:

"Through this acquisition [of the Jersey Central and its coal companies] the Reading now owns and controls sixty-three per cent. of all the unmined anthracite coal."

I don't want to overburden you with figures, but to establish the practical existence of the anthracite trust, figures are necessary. They help to show how thoroughly the interlocking system of railroad ownership is in control of the coal deposits.

Included in the thirty-seven per cent. outside of the Reading's sixty-three, the New York, Susquehanna & Western Coal Company is controlled and largely owned by the New York, Susquehanna & Western Railroad, which in turn is owned by the Erie Railroad Company. The Erie also owns the Hillside Coal & Iron Company and the Pennsylvania Coal Company, and thus controls the output from 37,329 acres of anthracite deposits. The Erie and its mining companies have the same president, vice-president, secretary, assistant secretary, comptroller, auditor, treasurer, assistant treasurer, and directors.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, owning the Lehigh Valley Coal Company, Coxe Brothers & Company, Inc., the New York & Middle Coal Field Railroad & Coal Company, and the Locust Mountain Coal & Iron Company, is in absolute control of 42,358 acres of anthracite coal lands. The railroad company and the various coal companies have the same president, assistant to the president, treasurer, assistant treasurer, secretary, assistant secretaries, and members of the executive committee.

The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad Company is itself an owner of anthracite, which, in spite of the law to the contrary, it ships to market over its own lines.

You begin to see what a nice, compact combination these anthracite roads form, don't you? It was the plan from the start to bind as closely as possible the various interests, just as was done when the Jersey Central was purchased by the Reading.

Another close bond was formed when in 1901, by the arrangement of J. P. Morgan, thirty per cent. of the capital stock of the Lehigh was purchased by the Reading, the Erie, and the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western. After that purchase there was a rearrangement of the boards of directors making actual competition practically impossible. The remaining anthracite railroads were organized, as you will see, along similar lines, which made gentlemen's agreements as to division of business and profits easy to be reached.

The Delaware & Hudson Company, besides being a common carrier, owns and markets anthracite. It also owns the Hudson Coal Company, the Northern Coal & Iron Company, the Schuylkill Coal & Iron Company, and the Shanferoke Coal Company, with a total area of 25,180 acres of coal lands. The officers and directors of these four coal companies are drawn from those of the Delaware & Hudson Company.

The New York, Ontario & Western Railway Company owns the

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Scranton Coal Company and the Elk Hill Coal & Iron Company, which together hold title to 5,644 acres of anthracite.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, being the owner or controller of the Susquehanna Coal Company, Summit Branch Coal Company, Mineral Railroad & Mining Company, Lytle Coal Company, and Lykens Valley Coal Company, draws its supply of anthracite from a territory covering 16,867 acres.

It took many years to bring the anthracite trust to its present nicety. Many corrections and readjustments were required. In the early days, before the machine was running with perfect smoothness, it sometimes happened that more anthracite was sent to your local market than you and your neighbors were ready to buy. Even price-cutting was indulged in on very rare occasions.

WHY WE NEVER HAVE ENOUGH COAL

These crude methods were extravagant, and, to make further error of the same kind impossible, the gentlemen controlling the various anthracite railroads entered into a written agreement promising to keep out of one another's territory. A "Bureau of Statistics" was created for these purposes:

"To *establish from time to time* the monthly *prices at which coal shall be sold.*

"To provide for the increase or *curtailment of the total quantity of coal to be shipped in any month to competitive points*, according to the *requirements of the market.*

"To provide for the collection from time to time, from all members in the proportion of their yearly quotas, any funds which may be necessary to pay the expenses incurred or authorized, and

"To employ the services of an expert accountant to keep the tonnage amounts of the several companies, and to receive, examine, and report upon the tonnage reports received from each interest."

Fine machine, that Bureau of Statistics. It kept the markets from being glutted with anthracite. It prevented competition and saw to it that you paid a high price for your coal, which was furnished in quantities just below the amount you were ready to purchase. Perhaps you will draw the same inference I do from the fact that, in spite of the multiplied uses to which anthracite is put, its present production per capita is only a little greater than it was ten years ago. *My inference is that the curtailment of production is for no other purpose than to maintain exorbitant prices.*

The production of bituminous coal, by the way, has so increased that this year it amounts to a ton more for every inhabitant of the United States than was turned out ten years ago. There is no bituminous coal trust.

While the Bureau of Statistics served its purpose, it was only a makeshift. A more direct control was desirable. This was made very apparent when some of the independent mine owners began making trouble. These men called attention to the fact that when a railroad pays itself for transporting its own coal, high freight rates do not count. They also demonstrated that the freight rates charged by the anthracite roads amounted to discrimination against them.

After much protesting, some of the wealthier of these independents decided to build a railroad to carry their coal to market. They organized the New York, Wyoming & Western Railroad Company with a capital stock of $1,000,000 and began the survey of a route from Pittston, on the Susquehanna River, to Belvedere, New Jersey. A portion of the right of way was acquired, but it was not until several thousand tons of steel rails were purchased that the trust saw that decisive action was required to keep the poachers out of its preserves.

Mr. Morgan, who took the matter in hand, found that among the most influential of the independent operators were Simpson & Watkins, owners of eight collieries annually producing 1,300,000 tons of anthracite. These collieries he proceeded to buy, in order to detach them from the support of the projected railroad, accepting them without technical examination of the properties, and paying for them $5,000,000.

It was decided to take the opportunity offered by this transaction to bring together in one corporate organization the men who were controlling factors in the anthracite roads. Ready-made for this emergency was a small concern known as the Temple Iron Company, doing business at the village of Temple, on the line of the Reading Railway. Mr. Baer found time from his other presidential duties to act as president of this company.

The Temple Iron Company, in order that it might take over the Simpson & Watkins

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properties, increased its capital stock from $240,000 to $2,500,000 and issued bonds to the amount of $3,500,000. These securities were parceled out among the anthracite railroads in exact proportion to the amount of the Simpson & Watkins coal that each road had previously freighted under allotment made by the Bureau of Statistics. The Reading, which had carried the largest tonnage of the coal, took the largest share of the Temple Iron Company's securities—29.96 per cent. of the total issue, to be exact. The remainder of the securities was divided by the Jersey Central, the Lehigh Valley, the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, the Erie, and the New York, Susquehanna & Western railroads. Then it was agreed that each of these six railroads should receive the same share of the Temple Iron Company's tonnage that it had taken of its securities.

This Temple Iron Company is really worthy of your most thoughtful consideration. The presidents of the six railroad companies owning it form its board of directors. These directors meet at the office maintained by Mr. Baer as president of the Jersey Central Railroad, and there they discuss all questions of policy and *even decide whether the anthracite railroads shall raise or lower freight rates.* The books of each of the railroads, so far as they relate to the coal trade, are open to an agent of the Temple Iron Company. Which means, of course, that the six roads in effect are under a single control. Indeed, it might not be too much to say that the Temple Iron Company is the tangible form of the anthracite trust.

After the Simpson & Watkins collieries had been bought by the anthracite railroads, it became necessary for the independent mine owners to abandon their plans for the New York, Wyoming & Western Railroad. But the movement for an independent road from the anthracite mines to tidewater was continued, with the Pennsylvania Coal Company, then an independent concern, in charge. That company, mining about two million tons of anthracite, caused the Delaware Valley & Kingston Railroad Company to be organized in New York to construct a line across that state from Lackawaxen to Rondout on the Hudson.

Under the New York law a new railroad can not be built unless certified by the Railroad Commission to be necessary. Hearings were held, with representatives of the anthracite trust appearing in opposition to the plan of the independents. The Railroad Commission unanimously certified that the Delaware Valley & Kingston road was necessary, and that decision was affirmed by the courts on appeal. Thereupon the bed of the abandoned Delaware & Hudson Canal, from Lackawaxen to the Hudson River, was purchased for a roadbed, and terminal facilities were acquired at Kingston, from which city coal could be sent by river to New York.

The anthracite trust again saw its control threatened, and again J. P. Morgan entered into negotiations with the ambitious independent operators. Terms were easily arranged, and Mr. Morgan purchased the capital stock of the Pennsylvania Coal Company and the capital stock of the Delaware Valley & Kingston Railroad Company, paying $28,000,000. Subsequently this purchase was turned over to the Erie.

Discouraged by their repeated failures, the independent operators ceased their efforts to build a competing railroad, and

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turned their attention to an effort to create a public sentiment that might compel the anthracite-carrying roads to grant lower freight rates. Perhaps you lent yourself to that enterprise. Many of us did, and it had the effect of bringing the trust and the independents into an agreement, which, however, did not profit the purchaser of coal.

The independents agreed to deliver their entire output of anthracite to the railroads, receiving pay at the rate of sixty-five per cent. of the average wholesale price at the New York market. An ironclad contract, drawn, it is said, by Mr. Baer, and signed by both sides, provides:

That the seller shall "deliver on cars at the breaker to the buyer *all the anthracite coal hereafter mined from any of its mines* and any which shall be reclaimed from the culm banks.

"Shipments to be made from time to time *as called for by the buyer.*" The latter "to take the coal in as nearly equal daily or weekly quantities as *in its judgment the requirements of the market will permit.*

"The buyer to use its best efforts to find a market for the seller's coal so as to enable the seller's collieries to be worked as many days as practicable, *with due regard to the general market conditions;* and to give orders for shipments which will enable the seller to work its collieries as many days in each year *as other collieries work similarly situated.*

"The prices to be for all sizes above pea coal, sixty-five per cent. of the general average, f. o. b., prices of said sizes (from the same trade region) received at tide points at or near New York between Perth Amboy and Edgewater."

These contracts run for the *life of the mines*, and thus silence forever the operators who sign them. Another spike driven in the door that shuts out reasonable competition.

THE MODERN REBATE

From time to time you and I have read of the laws against railroad rebates. We have even held the opinion that that law was being enforced. Yet it requires no intellectual giant to understand that this contract provides an indirect rebate, and that those few independent operators who have refused, or have been refused, a contract, are at a great disadvantage. Just how this works out is easily illustrated:

The Hillside Coal and Iron Company markets, through the agency of the Delaware & Hudson Company, on a sixty-five per cent. contract, about a million tons of anthracite coal each year. Had the Hillside Company in a single year been compelled to pay the published freight rates upon its output, its freight expenses would have been $126,321.18 greater than they were under its sixty-five per cent. contract. The Hillside Company had just that much advantage over a less fortunate competitor, and the Delaware & Hudson Company paid $126,321.18 in the form of indirect rebate.

YOUR FREIGHT TAX

I have told you that the freight rates on anthracite are exorbitant. Let me show you.

It will be admitted even by Mr. Baer, I presume, that there is no more desirable class of freight than anthracite coal.

Ordinary freight is sent to the railroad in boxes, crates, or bales, and generally in less than car-load lots. It must be manhandled at each terminal. It may be perishable or fragile, and is particularly subject to damage in the event of a wreck.

Anthracite coal, on the other hand, comes to the railroad not in small quantities, or even car-load lots, but in train-load lots. A car is drawn under a chute at the coal-breaker, a lever is pulled, and the car is filled without further labor. At its destination a bolt is drawn, the bottom falls out of the car, and the load is emptied without labor. No station attention is required. Anthracite is neither perishable nor fragile. In the event of a wreck the coal remains absolutely undamaged. It may be shipped as the very slowest of freight and handled at the complete convenience of the railroad. It furnishes by far the major portion of the traffic of all of the anthracite railroads, with the exception of the Pennsylvania.

The distance from Scranton to Hoboken is one hundred and forty-five miles, and between those two cities the freight rate on the coal that you purchase is $1.58 a ton.* At this rate it costs much more to send a train-load of anthracite coal to the market than it does to send a trainload of general freight from Scranton to Hoboken.

*The Interstate Commerce Commission has just ordered the rate reduced to $1.35, but has granted the railroad a ninety days' stay.

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Perhaps some one will dispute this assertion. Use your pencil just a moment and prove to yourself that I am right. A train-load of anthracite coal of various sizes between Scranton and Hoboken earns in freight charges for the Lackawanna Railroad almost exactly $2,450. General freight loads about five hundred and five tons to the train, and the Lackawanna's average charge for hauling it the one hundred and forty-five miles from Scranton to Hoboken is $510. Draw a line and subtract and you have just $1,940 as an overcharge on the train-load of anthracite. Admitting that a train-load of anthracite weighs three times as much as a train-load of general freight, the discrepancy still remains astonishingly large.

It must be conceded that, as freight, anthracite coal belongs in a class with bituminous coal. But as the supply of bituminous can not be monopolized, the railroads are compelled to compete for the business of transporting it to market. The Reading, meeting competition, makes the same freight rate to tidewater on bituminous coal, carrying it more than twice the distance that it makes on anthracite.

The rate on bituminous being admittedly profitable, the illuminating fact remains that the rate made on anthracite is an obvious overcharge.

In the West the railroads make a freight rate on bituminous coal that is seldom more than half the rate made by the Eastern roads on anthracite, and frequently falls far below that fraction. It is also interesting to note that when anthracite gets beyond the limits of the railroads which produce it, it immediately loses its preferential rate and takes its proper place as freight in a class with bituminous. All of these facts simply prove that *when you buy a ton of anthracite coal you pay a heavy and unfair tax to the trust in the form of freight charges.*

Now notwithstanding the fact that you know you are going to be overcharged for your anthracite, you will be with me in line clamoring to be permitted to purchase more just as soon as your present supply gives out. Between us we make a pretty good market, don't we? We don't have to be solicited to buy, and of necessity we pay cash for our purchases. Yet the trust charges us fifteen cents a ton just for the privilege of dealing with it. That is what is known as a selling charge. It is to pay for keeping the books—for an expert accountant and perhaps to provide for a few trust relatives. A competent witness testifying before the United States Attorney-General expressed his opinion that four cents a ton would be a fair charge for selling anthracite.

That excess of eleven cents a ton doesn't sound big, but applied to sixty million tons it yields the very respectable income of $6,600,000.

Several times since the formation of the trust the wages of the mine workers have been increased, but never voluntarily. And each increase in wages has been followed by an immediate advance in the price of coal—an advance paid by you, and sufficient to take up the full amount of the new expense and turn additional millions into the purses of the Christian gentlemen who have charge of the country's property interests.

After a short tie-up of the mines, the trust last spring made wage concessions to its colliery employees that increased its total annual pay-roll $6,440,000. Then twenty-five cents a ton was tacked on to the price of anthracite, and an increased annual income of $15,000,000 was provided. Thus was an apparent hardship turned to an actual profit of $8,560,000.

The excuse for charging you $2.25 a ton more for your coal than you paid before the formation of the trust, is that the cost of producing anthracite has materially increased. I do not believe

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that that position can be successfully maintained even by Mr. Baer, shrewd and cunning as he is. On the contrary, higher wages and shorter working hours have meant greater efficiency of labor. The average number of tons of coal mined by each man in 1910 was greater by fifty than in 1900. Labor-saving machinery has been introduced in recent years, greatly reducing the cost of preparing the coal after it has been hoisted to the mouth of the mine.

But the most important economies consist in saving and marketing the smaller sizes of coal known as buckwheat, pea, and rice, which formerly were thrown aside as waste material; in redeeming from the waste banks millions of tons which already had been thrown away; and in mining an increasingly larger proportion of the coal in the vein. In 1907, 2,973,000 tons redeemed from the waste banks were marketed, and in the same year 6,204,000 tons of freshly mined small-sized anthracite were sent to the market instead of being thrown away as would have been done prior to 1899. These were sold at a price that netted to the trust $14,500,000, a sum more than sufficient to double the last increase of wages to the mine workers.

In 1903, for every ton of coal mined and marketed one and one-half tons were wasted or left in the ground as pillars. At the present time, for every ton of coal mined only one-half a ton is wasted or left as pillars. There is another saving that means millions of dollars every year for the trust. Figure it out for yourself.

The man who endeavors to deceive has something he wishes to conceal. That's a fair assumption, and it applies to the production of coal as well as to other affairs of life. Not long ago the Erie furnished to the United States Attorney-General figures to prove that it costs $2.59 to produce a ton of coal at the mine mouth. Investigation proved that the mine upon the working of which the Erie based its figures was so nearly exhausted of coal that it was abandoned a few weeks after the estimate was made.

A comparative estimate of the cost per ton of producing coal in 1900 and in 1908 was furnished by the Delaware & Hudson Company. The figures are given in the table below.

This estimate presents some remarkable points for analysis. No allowance is made for the very great saving of coal that formerly was wasted; no credit is given for the increase of profits that necessarily followed the increase of 2,300,000 tons in production. Telephones, traveling expenses, etc., increased the cost of production almost a cent a ton. Vouchers and affidavits would be required in some offices to explain an increase of this kind, which means $79,636 in a year for telephones and the like. Why a charge of more than $300,000 for a sinking-fund should be made against the cost of production in one year and not in another, remains to be explained, as does the new charge for "general office expenses," which, by the way, amounts to the very tidy sum of $452,154.26.

Now, Mr. Coal Buyer, let us be fair to Mr. Baer. We will admit that he is a genius of organization, and we will admit that he has indulged his genius to our cost. Before he lent himself to the task of making the Reading the controlling influence of the anthracite trust, the stock of that railroad company sold as low as $17.75 a share.

The Reading Railway Company now pays to its holding company an annual dividend of thirty per cent. Shortly before 1900 the entire issue of Reading common stock sold

	1900	1908
Tons produced	3,857,507.08	6,193,894.00
Pay-rolls other than Office	$1.1650	$1.5479
Pay-rolls Office, Surveyors, etc	.0182	.0242
Supplies, Machinery, Material, etc	.1452	.2666
Shaft Sinking and other Construction	.0173	.0549
Royalties on Coal Mined	.0710	.0493
Railroad Departments other than Freights	.0056	.0064
Sundries, Telephone, Traveling Expenses, etc	.0089	.0184
Sinking Fund	.....	.0500
General Office Expenses	.....	.0730
	$1.4312	$2.0907

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Year	Reading Co. June 30.	Lehigh Val. June 30.	Jersey Cent. June 30.	D., L. & W. Dec. 31.	Del. & Hud. Dec. 31.
1900	$ 9,645,557	$ 3,684,273	$ 7,389,476	$ 9,307,591	$ 6,129,264
1901	9,777,817	6,572,890	7,461,462	11,202,248	7,602,748
1902	10,745,535	9,938,769	8,024,323	8,115,337	5,474,996
1903	11,836,527	7,674,323	7,850,139	16,638,496	9,200,017
1904	13,790,802	10,011,437	8,408,493	16,191,419	8,256,404
1905	17,004,933	12,346,141	8,151,270	17,061,967	8,724,071
1906	14,887,202	12,637,646	8,098,621	16,898,812	8,476,763
1907	15,791,671	13,954,178	9,186,876	19,540,188	10,463,993
1908	16,268,639	13,704,600	10,120,538	18,930,191	10,339,104
1909	14,635,861	12,187,300	9,782,458	23,513,595	10,391,998
1910	16,793,804	14,494,124	10,781,045	18,669,096	10,664,875
1911	16,689,600	14,490,176	10,869,831	*19,000,000	*10,000,000
Totals	$167,787,948	$131,695,857	$106,124,522	$197,088,940	$105,704,233

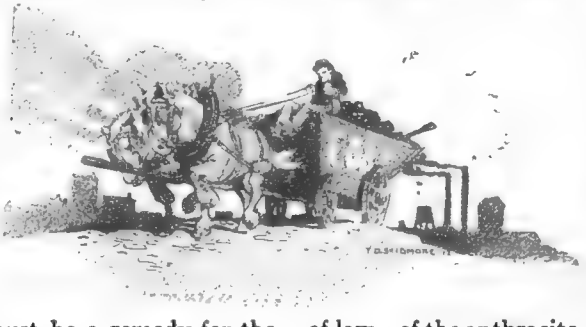
*About

for $12,425,000. Since 1900 the net earnings of the Reading have been about $170,000,000. In addition to the Reading's net earnings of $170,000,000, the securities of that company have increased $133,235,000 in market value.

Remember, too, that though the most important, the Reading is only one of the coal railroads. The net earnings of five of the anthracite roads since 1900 are shown in the table at the top of this page.

The total net earnings of the five anthracite roads for the years given amount to a trifle more than $708,401,600. Since Mr. Baer's reorganization of the Reading, the securities of all the roads in the anthracite combination have multiplied in market value. The full amount of this increase—about $480,000,000—added to the net earnings, carries the grand total of profits under Mr. Baer's general stewardship far beyond the billion-dollar mark.

You and I and our neighbors have had this billion dollars taken from our pockets and passed along to the Christian gentlemen who have assumed control of the anthracite deposits. We have paid the unjust tax levied upon our coal-bins, because we have felt ourselves to be helpless. But there must be a remedy for the evils of which we complain.



The idea of monopolistic ownership of the world's supply of any variety of fuel is as paradoxical and absurd as would be monopolistic ownership of sunlight.

The United States Supreme Court now has under consideration appeals from the United States Circuit Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania which decided that the anthracite railroads, through the Temple Iron Company, are joined together in a combination in restraint of trade, but which ruled in favor of the railroads on five important points. The Attorney-General of the United States is making an effort to dissolve the anthracite trust.

But his efforts and all other efforts along the same line will have little effect unless you get out where you may be heard of all men and declare that you will submit no longer to the unrighteous demands made upon you. When you brand as infamous and blasphemous such suggestions as that "God in His infinite wisdom has given the control of the property interests of the country" to a few men, you will have taken a long step in the right direction.

And when you hold to direct and immediate responsibility the men who represent you in Congress, demanding from them a return to the rightful owners—not by confiscation, but by proper process of law—of the anthracite deposits and other natural resources of the country, you will have taken another, and a longer step, toward the establishment of the common welfare.

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The PILLAR of LIGHT

BY TALBOT MUNDY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES B. FALLS

DAY broke on the Red Sea, pale hard-yellow, like low-grade molten brass. The big revolving light on Matthew ceased to turn, and its reddish rays sickened and waned and died; the dirty, shark-infested waves—oily and breakerless—reflected the molten shimmer of the sky, and the humidity increased by a degree or two.

No birds twittered. There was nothing, either animal or human, amid the awful desolation of the Twelve Apostles, that seemed glad to greet the dawn. Aloes were the only thing that grew there, unless you count the sickly-looking patch of vegetables, some twenty feet by twenty, that succeeding reliefs of sergeants had coaxed on to the bald, hot, hideous rock to make them homesick.

Sergeant Stanley, of the Fifty-Fifth (God's Own), arose from his sleepless cot in answer to the sullen summons of the bugler. Two minutes later he and the bugler turned out the shirt-sleeved guard. There followed in time-accustomed sequence the growled command—sweet-toned "reveille," wasting its sweetness over unresponsive desolation, the click of arms presented, and the Union Jack rising up a white-smeared flagpole; it flapped once or twice, and then drooped despondently.

"Order Um-m-ms!" commanded Stanley. "Guard . . . dismiss!"

Another twelve-hours' sun-baked idleness was under way.

Stanley saw to the sweeping of the guard-room, and the making of the serried rows of beds; then he strolled to the one and only bungalow, to ask whether or not his officer was up as yet. A Somali boy answered that he was not up. Stanley turned, and the boy rose and followed him along the winding foot-path that descended down the cliff-side to a ledge of rock beside the sea.

Near the bottom of the path they were preceded by a thousand scampering crabs, which fought with each other for the right of way and flopped into the water noisily, like frightened ghouls caught prowling after dawn. The Somali boy singled out the largest of them and crushed it with a well-aimed stone, and instantly a hundred other crabs cut short their scurry to the sea and swarmed to tear it into little pieces and devour it.

"Ugh!" growled Stanley. "You, Twopence! What in blazes d'you mean by that? Isn't there hell enough on this rock without your adding to it? Get back, d'you hear—back to your master!"

The Somali grinned, but he obeyed him. He knew the temper of the white man marooned on the Twelve Apostles, and he could gage the consequence of disobedience pretty accurately, from experience. Stanley kicked the struggling crabs into the sea, and watched for a while the huge fin of a tiger-shark, scouting to and fro in lazy, zigzag sweeps that scarcely produced a ripple on the blood-hot water.

As the sun grew higher, the oily waves died down—beaten down, it seemed, by the brazen reflection of the sky, and from the distance, growing gradually nearer, came the steady thug-thug-thug of a propeller. Big, black, bristling with iron wind-scoops, a Peninsular and Oriental liner hurried past, slam-banging down the Red Sea at sixteen knots to make a head-wind for her passengers.

"Not so much as a signal!" muttered Stanley to himself. "Lord help 'em, but they think they're suffering! Punkahs above the tables, and lemonade, and ice! Open sea ahead of 'em, and all the worst of it

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behind, and can't even run a string o' flags up to pass the time o' day! God pile 'em up on Perim!"

The sun turned paler yellow yet, and as it rose a yard or two above the cast-iron ring of the horizon, the sea below where Stanley stood turned pale green and transparent. He could look down into it, and see the million rainbow-tinted fishes feeding on each other—the everlasting cannibal-fight for the survival of the biggest. A shark, sneaking amid the coral out of reach of larger sharks, swept suddenly among the fish in lightning flashes.

Then, to digest his bellyful, he came and rested lazily beneath the ledge of rock where Stanley stood. And the long arm of a giant octopus reached out, flicking at the end like a beckoning finger, and pulled him — struggling — fighting — plunging — downward to the parrot-beak below.

Stanley shuddered. "That's no way to die!" he muttered. Then he glanced again over to the hurrying liner, and his look hardened into something scarcely civilized. "God send 'em down to that!" he growled. "It's for the likes o' them that the likes of us are festering here; let 'em pay the price! Let 'em say then if the Empire's worth it!"

Stanley was just one man of a hundred and fifty thousand who take their turns in guarding the Empire's outposts; only his happened to be a rather more than usually awful turn. He was a railway-porter's son, dragged up in the slums a stone's throw from Liverpool Street Station, and his history was like a thousand others: caught stealing; sent to truant-school by a paternal Government; claimed from the truant-school as soon as he was old enough, and broken in to selling newspapers and blacking boots and carrying hand-bags; taught to touch his forelock (he never had a hat in those days) to anybody who would tip him twopence; half-starved, wholly beaten, every inch of him, and rubbed into the muck of poverty and vice and crime; taught that a gentleman is a free-handed cad with money, and that a smug is a man who has a sense of duty. And then——

At the age of eighteen, caught and coaxed and cajoled by a recruiting sergeant. Sworn in, and drilled, and taught to clean himself. Treated like a man by his superiors, and exactly on his merits by his equals—a thing that he had never known before. Sardined in the bowels of a troop-ship, and introduced, along with prickly heat and fever, to a race who, from past experience with Englishmen, believed the things he said because he said them. And, barely yet recovered from the shock of his new-found sahibdom, starved and frozen and led—led all the time by men who understood the business—through a hill-campaign in Northern India.

Promoted after that to the rank of sergeant—a full-fledged, tested connecting-link between the bayonets and the brains. A man of pride now—pride of Empire—pride of decency—pride in his own word—preacher of pride and cleanliness to new recruits—straight-backed and polished as a service cleaning-rod.

But the desolation of the Twelve Apostles, as those Red Sea island rocks are named, had seeped into his soul. Even the British sergeant must be busy, unless he is to lose that indefinable, but absolutely certain Regimental grip that tightens up his moral fiber while it trains his muscles. There was nothing here to watch but fishes and the outlines of the eleven other barren crags. It was too hot to drill; the regulations allowed an officer to dispense with every routine that was not absolutely necessary to the preservation of good order and discipline. It was too lonely and wild and awful to do anything but quarrel with any one who was fool enough to speak.

A man could not swim for fear of sharks and worse things; he could not play games, because the ragged rock-surface was hot enough to raise blisters through the soles of ammunition boots; he could not read because the sweat ran into his eyes; and through the long, wet-blanket nights he could not sleep for prickly heat. It was hell, ungarnished. And there were five months and one week more of it ahead—for a second lieutenant, two sergeants, four corporals, and fifty men.

The Fifty-Fifth (and don't forget that they are God's Own, and ready to prove it in close order at a moment's notice) were stationed that year at Aden, fresh from a five-year breeze-swept residence on Shorncliffe heights; and Aden is a perfectly good copy of the Inferno on its own account, with devils and deviltry thrown in. But Aden is absolutely child's play—a pellucid, angel-haunted paradise—compared to any single one of the Twelve Apostles. And of all the Twelve, the one that men have

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christened Matthew is the worst—the baldest—the bleakest—the hottest—the one with most claim to be the model that Satan tried to imitate.

It was because of the coral-guarded natural wharf that Matthew was chosen and a light was built on it—two hundred feet above sea-level, and sixty-thousand candle-power; and because the coast-dwellers of the Red Sea practise piracy as a religion, and had yet to have instilled into them their latter-day disrespectful awe for the would-be Pax Britannica, the Fifty-Fifth were forced to send a six-monthly contingent to guard the brass and copper fittings that were worth a Red Sea fortune.

Once a month, or thereabouts, the Admiralty steamboat came, with stores and year-old magazines for the lighthouse-keeper, and mail from home (perhaps); and once in six months came the cockroach-ridden transport with the fifty-man relief. In the interim was torment, in which pirates came no nearer than the sky-line to curse the warning pillar of light that prevented so many profitable wrecks.

Sergeant Stanley shuddered at the sea and at the aching sky-line, and then turned and shuddered at the baking rock behind him. He loafed up the path again and found the men squabbling at breakfast; it was beneath his dignity to join in the discussion, but there were four corporals to snub, and he did that properly; and the other sergeant was a ten-year enemy of his. By the time he had insulted him sufficiently—with caustic service-comment on his method of maintaining discipline—he had worked himself into a frame of mind that looked on suicide as foolish only because it deprived the dead man of his power for harm. His mental attitude

NEAR THE BOTTOM OF THE PATH THEY WERE PRECEDED BY A THOUSAND SCAMERPING CRABS.

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emanated from him like an aura, and was quite obvious in his perfunctory salute when he reached the bungalow again.

"Rounds all correct, sir!" he reported.

"Morning, sergeant!" said the one-starred representative of Empire, nodding to him from his long chair on the veranda, and hitching his pajamas into more official shape.

"Morning, sir."

Second-Lieutenant Brasenose laughed aloud, with all the cynicism of one-and-twenty fun-filled years.

"Come up and sit on the veranda!" he suggested. "Have some *chota hazri* with me—these eggs aren't more than a month old!"

"It'll be another bender of a day, sir!" said Stanley, taking the proffered seat, and wondering to himself at the whiteness of the skin that showed down the front of the pajama-jacket. "Tender as a chicken!" he thought.

"Just like any other day, sergeant! They mold 'em all on one pattern hereabouts! There's no originality—rocks, Arabs, heat, Somalis — everything's the same as it was in old King Solomon's time! Go on, help yourself to eggs. Twopence! Where are you? Bring the sergeant a cup, can't you! 'Pon my soul, I believe the lighthouse-keeper's been here since Solomon's day too!"

"He's the ignorantest man I ever talked to!" said Sergeant Stanley, sniffing at an egg suspiciously.

"That one no good?" asked the officer. "Chuck it away—try your luck on the next; my second one didn't stink a bit!"

"It beats me, sir, how you keep your appetite!" said Stanley, with grudging admiration.

"The answer to that's easy, sergeant. I keep busy! It's perfectly obvious why you men don't enjoy life on the island: you lie on your cots all day and smoke and quarrel until you're peeved all to pieces—any fool could explain that! What is puzzling is how the lighthouse-keeper enjoys himself so much. He simply loves his job. He doesn't take any exercise beyond climbing up and down the tower every now and then; and he hardly ever reads; he doesn't drink, and he doesn't smoke, and he eats his service rations and prefers 'em to soft tack; and 'pon my soul and honor, I believe he's the happiest man I ever met!"

"He's too ignorant to understand, sir!" said Stanley.

"He understands natives well enough!" answered Brasenose. "Have you noticed how he's tamed his Somali assistants? A man who can tame Somalis isn't ignorant—he's wise!"

"I'd as soon tame sharks, sir!" answered Stanley.

Brasenose leaned back and looked at him through puckered eyes. "Have you tried catching 'em?" he asked.

"How—catching 'em, sir?"

"Hook and line—fun of the world! They fight you for half an hour sometimes. See here!" He bared a freckled forearm that was lean and brown and sinewy beyond belief. "I got all that catching 'em. Look at this!" He showed the callous where a thirty-fathom line had ripped across his fingers. "A shark did that—a thirteen-footer. Caught him out beyond the reef there—fought him for three-quarters of an hour, and gaffed him right in among the rocks. You ought to have seen the fun, too, when we got him into the boat! He thrashed about like a good 'un, and all but did for one of the boat-boys before we settled him at last with an ax! You ought to take to fishing sharks, sergeant—it 'ud be no end good for you—keep your mind off grouching, and all that kind of thing, and give you enough exercise to keep you fit!"

"I'd get sunstroke, sir!" said Stanley, who had no enthusiasm left.

"Go out at night then. I go in the daytime, but there's no reason why you should; they'll take the hook all right at night. Take a whale-boat and two or three of the boys to-night, after I get back, and try your luck!"

"How about the men, sir?" suggested Stanley. "They're in need of watching! They're quarreling like wild-cats half the time, and if I go away for more than half an hour at a stretch, they fight!"

"Let 'em fight! Do 'em good! Besides, there's another sergeant, and I'll keep a pretty close eye on them myself. Take a whale-boat to-night. If you're not back by daybreak it won't matter—I'll see to everything. Come up here and tell me what luck you've had after you get back."

It almost amounted to an order, and Stanley, whose theories on sport had been picked up in the slums of Whitechapel and

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were closely associated with the art of sitting still and betting on a certainty, cursed him inwardly for an interfering jackanapes. To his face, though, he was civil.

"Very well, sir," he answered, getting up to go. "Shall I take the barrack servants?"

"Yes; take four of them, if you like. And take some food along with you; they'll eat it, if you won't, and they'll show you where the best fishing is—round between Simeon and Levi is a pretty good spot—tell 'em to take you there first. So long, sergeant!"

Second-Lieutenant Brasenose went in, whistling, to dress, and then—after a careful inspection of the men and quarters—ran singing to the wharf, where he started off for another day's hot but unqualified amusement. But Stanley, when inspection was at an end and the men were sprawling on their cots again in steaming discontent, stood down by the shore alone for a whole hour, gazing eastward to the hard horizon. Beyond it there was land.

What kind of land was immaterial; it was not the Twelve Apostles!

That afternoon he packed stores into a whale-boat, and added fish-hooks and a line as an afterthought; and he spent a whole hour choosing four from the ten half-naked barrack servants. It was noticeable that he picked the least contented.

That night, as the first rays of the giant revolving lantern lit on the oily sea, and began to sweep its surface in sixty-second, astronomically perfect, revolutions, they showed up for a second the glint of a regulation helmet in the stern of a four-oared boat. It was headed east by northeast, and there lay no islands in its course.

Ten minutes later still, while Second-Lieutenant Brasenose—pajama-clad again and sun-burnt—sat writing up his daily official log, a knock came at his door, and it was followed by the grizzled, wrinkled face of the lighthouse-keeper, silhouetted in the lamplight.

"Has any one got leave of absence?" he demanded.

"Yes. Sergeant Stanley has—and four boys. I was just writing in the log here that the climate and conditions seem to be very trying to the men. I told Stanley he might go shark-fishing, to try and get rid of his grouch. If that's a success, I shall try to get the men interested too."

"Did you tell him where to go?" asked the lighthouse-keeper.

"Yes—more or less. Between Simeon and Levi, I suggested."

The lighthouse-keeper nodded, and closed the door behind him again without another word. Brasenose sat still and listened to his heavy footsteps crunching the coral in the direction of the light.

"Strange old codger!" he muttered to himself. "I wouldn't care for his job! Lord! Fancy a lifetime of it!"

Fifteen minutes after that, the four-oared cutter from the lighthouse slid down the ways into the sea, and the phosphorus creamed and dripped and bubbled from its bows.

"Now hurry!" said the lighthouse-keeper, and some one grunted. Then, with the short, quick, deep-in-the-middle stroke of Somali oarsmen, the cutter sped into the night, east by northeast—a trail of phosphor-fire behind it, and a string of oar-dipped iridescent pools on either hand.

And, still five minutes later, the lighthouse-keeper paused at the threshold of

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his light to answer Brasenose's question.

"Yes, that's my cutter gone away."

"What's she after?" asked Brasenose. It was none of his business, but he was curious.

"Catching things!" said the lighthouse-keeper surlily, and he shut the door in the lieutenant's face.

II

There was no moon, and the stars hung like round balls of polished metal suspended from the black dome overhead; the black waves followed one another lazily, showing only a splash of milk-white foam here and there, but lighting up the whale-boat and the oars and the whale-boat's wake with phosphorus. Around them was blackness, broken here and there occasionally by a splash of distant white, as a bigger wave than usual caught up the wave in front of it; then there was fire in that spot for half a second.

Stanley leaned back in a corner of the stern, with his right arm hooked up above the tiller, and one eye all the while on the Somali who was rowing stroke. The Somali's gaze was fixed on the big revolving light behind them; every once in a while he would jerk his head sideways, one way or the other, and Stanley would put the helm up or down—in the direction of his nod. But no one spoke; the glow of Stanley's pipe, the *kung-tunk*, *kung-tunk* of oars against the thole-pins, and the heavy breathing of the boatmen were all that distinguished them from the Flying Dutchman's jolly-boat.

The brown skins of the Somalis blended with the night; Stanley's khaki shirt was of a piece with it; and the boat's sides, dripping phosphorus, were but another splash of dancing light amid the luminous, life-laden blackness. They were low-sided—half-hidden in the trough of a beam-on Red Sea swell—rising over it second after second, only to sink between again, invisible. And behind them, up above their heads, the revolving light on Matthew kept up its ceaseless vigil, winking at them every sixty seconds with a bloodshot eye.

It irritated Stanley. He could feel it every time that it revolved. It seemed to be taking one quick look at him every minute of the sixty that made up what seemed to be a year, as if it watched him to be certain where he was. He began to turn his head at the second he expected it, to catch the reddish gleam from the corner of his eye, and look away again; and when he fought that inclination, and gazed steadfastly ahead of him into the blackness, he caught himself wincing when the light was due.

Then he began to count the periods—and then the seconds in between them. The chunking of the oars against the thole-pins became the measured intervals before the light appeared, and it irritated him when their tale differed. He swore at the Somalis, ordering them to keep better time; and the Somalis swore back at him. That was his first reminder that authority depended now upon himself, and that he was alone, with no traditions and training of the Fifty-Fifth to back him up. The discontented men whom he had picked had consented readily enough to row him shoreward; for on Matthew he had been a sergeant, and what he said seemed good. But here, in the welter of the sea, he was nothing but a white man at the mercy of four blacks. Ashore they would be the men who knew the ropes, not he; conditions would be reversed, and he would have nothing but a very little money and a nearly inexhaustible supply of ignorance to sustain him in command. Might and right and the proof of both of them are what give control in Red Sea waters; here were wrong and helplessness, and the Somalis recognized them—and began to show it. They snarled. He drew out a small revolver and laid it ostentatiously upon the seat beside him.

For a while after that the heavy breathing and the laboring at the oars went on in silence. The Somali who rowed stroke had only one foot braced against the stretcher; the big toe protruded up above it, and it moved—once toward Stanley, once away again—with each strain at the oar. Thirty times between each two revolutions of the light the stretcher creaked, and the toe jerked forward and back again. If it were thirty-one times, or twenty-nine times, the universe was wrong, and Stanley was ill at ease. That timing of the toe became more important than direction even.

Before long, if the big toe beckoned to him thirty times exactly he would have luck that night, and if it didn't— He hated to think what would happen if it

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didn't! He counted, and it beckoned twenty-nine times; so he tried again. He might have counted wrong, he thought, or have missed one movement in the darkness. He waited two revolutions, and then commenced — One . . . *kunk* . . . two . . . *kunk* . . . three . . . *kunk* — twenty-nine, and no light had appeared. He lived a lifetime almost, between the last stroke and the reappearance of the light, screwing his head round to catch the first glint of it, and listening with both ears for the squeaking of the stretcher. And when the light did come, the Somalis had stopped rowing!

The luck was out, then! Well, luck or no luck, he was going on! He rose from his seat and cursed the rowers, letting the tiller bang to whichever side it would while he emphasized his rhetoric with shaken fists.

"Row, curse you!" he growled savagely at them. "Thirty times a minute, d'ye hear!"

He could see the stroke-man's face, but not the others. He heard a voice, though, from the bow—one low, guttural exclamation that made the stroke-man prick his ears and look behind him; when he looked back he was grinning, and from then on he ceased to watch the light.

When he started to row again, he set the time barely half as fast as formerly; and, count how he might, Stanley could not make the oar-strokes fit in with the light. He cursed them, and coaxed them, and threatened them, and offered them rewards; but they only laughed, and kept on pulling at their own pace. Away up forward, somewhere in the illimitable blackness, the bow-oar began to croon a Somali boat-song—leisurely as the gait of centuries, minor-keyed and melancholy — and the pace slowed down still further to the time

THE SOMALIS PULLED THEIR LOIN-CLOTHS OFF AND TWISTED THEM LIKE TOURNIQUETS AROUND HIS ELBOWS, AND STANLEY YELLED ALOUD WITH THE PAIN OF IT.

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of it. And suddenly the stroke-oar shouted —a long, deep-throated, ululating howl that pierced the blackness all around them, and brought the gooseflesh breaking out on Stanley's skin.

He thought he heard an answering yell, but he told himself that would be impossible: there was no land between him and Matthew, or between him and Arabia either. His pipe had gone out, and he tried to light it, to show how perfectly at ease he was; but his hand, curved into a shelter round the blazing match, shook so violently that the stroke-oar grinned. And Stanley knew, too, that his face showed white and drawn and fearful in the crimson glow. The match went out, and he did not strike another. And the stroke-oar grinned again.

He looked behind him, to judge how great a distance lay between them and the lighthouse, and—one on either hand, twenty yards away, and well outside the phosphorescent swirl the oars had made—he saw two other little pools of fire that kept pace with them. He forgot the steering then, to watch them, fascinated. Sometimes they diverged a little to the right or left, but they always followed, and when the rowers ceased, to call his attention to the steering, the pools of fire came nearer—much nearer. One came right under the counter of the boat, and from the middle of it a big black fin protruded. And something bumped the bottom of the boat.

"Damn you, row!" yelled Stanley.

He picked his revolver up, in a frenzy of night-intensified horror, hurled it at the fin, and missed. The revolver bubbled downward in a splurge of phosphorus, and the shark rolled lazily and dived after it, belly upward—eighteen feet of black, fire-dripping, hungry cruelty.

"Give way there!" shouted Stanley, beside himself now with fear. "Curse you, row!"

He had no revolver now to point, but he shook his fists at them, and the stroke-man suddenly unshipped his oar, and thrust at him, and sent him sprawling on the seat again. The other shark swept nearer silently. The stroke-man shouted. And Stanley drew his hand inside the boat one-fiftieth of a second ahead of the snapping jaws. The shark's nose brushed his sleeve! The boat rocked as the whole length of the horrid monster rolled, porpoise-like, against its side; and Stanley leaned forward with his head between his hands, and shuddered. He was voiceless, almost—physically sick with fear.

"O God!" he groaned. "Not that way! I can't die that way!"

The Somalis began to row again, listlessly, and not troubling about direction; and Stanley slipped off his seat on to the bottom, and sat there where the sides of the boat would hide the horrors from him. They seemed less awful when he could not see them. The stroke-oar shouted again, and stopped rowing, and this time Stanley was sure that he heard an answering shout. And then, suddenly, he caught the chunk of oars behind him. He leaped up like a maniac.

He was a deserter. They were after him! Was this to be the end of his attempt! Back to the torment of the island he had left—with disgrace, and irons, and trial, and ignominy added to it! Reduced to the ranks—two years—maybe four years on the Andamans. . . . caught like a noosed steer —punished—and turned loose, pensionless and without a character!

He would die sooner! He would dive among the sharks before they caught him! With the foolish, childish instinct of a man hard gripped by fear, he began to pull his boots off.

Then another thought occurred to him. He sprang forward and sat down on the stroke-man's thwart and seized his oar. The man resisted, and Stanley kicked and pushed him away toward the stern. After that, he set the pace himself and made it a rouser—rowing until the veins swelled on his temples, and his breath came in noisy gasps, and his head grew giddy with the heat and sweat and effort. The others had hard work to keep pace with him, but he kept them going until he noticed that the Somali in the stern had put the helm hard up and held it so. And when he saw what had happened, it was too late. Splitting the phosphorescent wave in front of it like a fire-lit wedge—chunking regularly like the stroke of Nemesis—swirling, fire-hung, and beautiful—a four-oared cutter swung out of the darkness suddenly, bow-on. The fire-splashed oars tossed upward—the helm went hard over in a gurgling, phosphorescent welter—and the two, lighthouse cutter and station whale-boat, rose and fell side by side in the same trough of the lazy-looking waves.

Then long brown arms reached out and

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seized Stanley by the shoulders and the legs; and—too sick with fear, and shame, and disappointment to struggle even—he was lifted out and laid, back downward, in the cutter.

"*Hayah!*" said a voice he had not heard before.

"Ho!" came the ready answer.

"*Hung . . . kunk! Hung . . . kunk! Hung . . . kunk!*" began the oars again.

But this time the revolving light on Matthew grew nearer, and the oars were echoed by the laboring whale-boat crew, who kept their station close behind the cutter, in between the following tiger-sharks. The stroke-man passed Stanley a can of drinking-water, and he emptied it.

"Who sent you?" he demanded.

But no one answered him. Only the revolving light on Matthew winked at him, and grew brighter every time it turned.

III

A black crag loomed up from the blackness; the oars flashed upward at a muttered order and rattled on the thwarts; and the cutter's side ground against stone steps hewn at the lighthouse foot.

"Bring him along!" said a quiet voice. And Stanley looked up to see the shadow of a grizzled man who held a lantern and looked down on him from the top step with little more than curiosity.

The Somalis seized him and carried him, protesting, up the steps, where they held him for the lantern-bearer to look him over. It was old Jim Bates, the lighthouse-keeper; and Stanley flushed from head to foot.

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"ROW, CURSE YOU! THIRTY TIMES A MINUTE, D'YE HEAR!"

"Is this your doing?" he demanded. "What in the devil d'you mean by——"

"That'll do!" said the lighthouse-keeper, lowering the light.

He turned his back without a word of explanation and walked up the winding path that led to the white tower on the cliff above him. The Somalis hustled the unwilling Stanley up the path behind him; he struggled, and the sweat on his wrists made them slippery, so that he almost broke away. Then they pulled their loin-cloths off and twisted them like tourniquets around his elbows, and Stanley yelled aloud with the pain of it. But Jim Bates never once looked round.

A moment later, Stanley saw him talking to the sentry on an upstanding crag that jutted out seaward by the lighthouse; he could just make out their two forms, like black shadows—the sentry leaning on his rifle, and the old man pointing somewhere away beyond. But the Somalis hustled him along and pushed him through the lighthouse door and up some more steps, and turned the key of a round, whitewashed, bare-walled room on him.

There was no light in there, but a little that was something less than light filtered in through a slit in the outer wall, and once a minute he could see the flash as the revolving lantern up above swept round on its interminable vigil. On the floor above him, too, he could hear the purr and click of the revolving mechanism.

Ten minutes later the door opened again and a Somali beckoned him.

"Come on!" he said, and preceded him without any explanation.

Stanley followed. He felt like a fool, obeying the behest of a nearly naked savage. He wanted to be proud, but he could not feel proud; he had to do as he was told, and follow up the winding steps.

The door was open on the floor above, and he saw Jim Bates, with a long-necked oil-can in his hand, stooping down above the mechanism, testing something. The Somali left Stanley standing there, but Jim Bates never once looked up. Stanley coughed, to call attention to himself, but Bates continued oiling; then he pulled his watch out, and studied the indicator, and gave a half-turn to a finely threaded screw, and watched the indicator again. After a while he appeared satisfied, for he laid the oil-can down and walked toward the door.

"Come on!" he said to Stanley, as he started up the steps.

And Stanley, without the slightest notion why he did so, followed him.

They wound on and on, up the narrowing spiral—past a clean-swept sleeping-room, through which the shaft of the revolving lantern passed; past a kitchen and a living-room, with indicators in them, so that the man in charge might watch the revolutions of the light even while he cooked and ate; past a store-room, and an oil-room, and

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another engine-room—up on to an iron-railed platform round the outside of the light.

"Sit down!" said Jim Bates, jerking his thumb in the direction of a camp-stool.

Stanley sat on it, for his knees were trembling from the climb, and the steamy heat affected him. He tried to speak, but the light raced round and dazzled him; up there on the platform it seemed to be turning three times to the minute instead of one, and before he had time to recover from the glare of it, it was round again, purring on its roller bearings, and looking straight into his soul and mocking at him.

"Look out yonder!" said the lighthouse-keeper. "Don't try to face the lamp!"

Stanley did as he was told. He looked out and downward across a world of blackness that might have been the Pit. Once in every minute every single inch of the horizon and the black welter in between was eyed out by the blood-red rays behind him; and dancing on the night-black wave-tops, the phosphorescent fire seemed to be laughing back at the man-made, man-watched, man-protecting lamp.

"See yonder!" said the keeper, pointing.

Over to the eastward twenty little lights were dancing on the water, irregularly spaced. They were yellow and they looked like hearth-lights.

"Dhows!" said Bates, as if the one word conveyed a history, and a treatise on the history, with a lecture on morality thrown in. It was five minutes before he spoke again. "They dowse them glims when they're busy!" he said presently.

Stanley cared nothing for the lights; he was busy thinking. What evidence was there against him? Nothing! He had got a night's leave, and had gone off in a whale-boat, and had come back again. How, and when, and why he came back, was nobody's concern except his own—unless he chose to force an explanation from the lighthouse-keeper!

"They're fishing now!" confided Bates suddenly, in his usual abrupt tones that invited no reply. "They come where they can see the light and curse it while they fish!" he added, as if he felt rather sorry for them.

"Good luck to 'em, then!" growled Stanley. "They can't curse it more emphatic than what I do!"

But Bates took no notice of him; when he did talk he seemed always to be talking to himself, and he never appeared to listen to an answer.

"If any one deserted from this island, they'd catch him sure!" he volunteered, after another five-minutes' vigil with a watch in his hand and one eye on the lantern.

"Who said I was a deserter?" snarled Stanley promptly. Here was his opening at last; he could clear himself of suspicion and make the lighthouse-keeper feel like a fool!

But Bates did not answer him. He waited until the light flashed round, took one quick, keen look at him, and then went down the steps again. He was gone ten minutes, while Stanley sat motionless, with his chin resting on the blood-warm iron rail in front of him.

"They'd kill a man for the buttons on his shirt!" said a voice behind him suddenly, and Stanley started, to find that Bates was back again, looking across his shoulder at the dancing lights.

"Used to be a wreck here, maybe once a month!" he added. Then he walked round the platform, and leaned against the railing on the far side.

Stanley wanted to curse him, but the words would not come. He wanted to jeer at him for an interfering fool—to laugh at him—to threaten him with dire vengeance—to force an apology—to reassert his dignity and sergeantdom. But Bates's silence and the darkness and the mystery of the night had taken hold of him, and he had begun to feel very unimportant, away up there above the purring engines. A sergeant of the Line seemed a very little thing, and his personal opinions even less, amid that teeming, hungry desolation with its black, steel-dotted dome.

"See yonder!" said Bates, after a minute or two of communing. He certainly was communing, this grizzled veteran; his silence was as eloquent as other people's speech, if only one could understand it, as the Somalis evidently did. He pointed to another group of lights—four of them this time, red and green beside each other, and two white lights up above; they were far away on the horizon.

"She's headin' this way!" he remarked.

The white lights spaced a little, and the green light disappeared.

"Changed her course, you see!"

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The steamer light grew gradually nearer; other lights blazed out as her sides came into view, and she passed—a little group of heaving and falling dots of fire, that died away at last below the southern sky-line.

"Three more of 'em!" said the lighthouse-keeper. "Look!" A liner passed them, in a blaze of light, and with a dull-red glow above her smoke-stacks; Stanley could hear her twin propellers chugging, and—when the great light swung its rays to wink at her—he could see the bellying windsail up on the forward mast.

"She'll be a Frenchman! There'll be eight hundred souls aboard of her!" Jim Bates seemed in a communicative mood.

SILENCE FOLLOWED, BROKEN ONLY BY THE PURRING OF THE LAMP AND THE SWISHING OF THE WAVES BELOW.

"Why should we watch out for Frenchies?" demanded Stanley, in another effort to assert his manhood.

"Why not?" said the lighthouse-keeper, pulling out his watch, and counting revolutions. Then he went down the steps again, and was absent for ten minutes.

Stanley sat still and watched the sky-line, facing alternately to the north and south. Almost incessantly the steamer lights seemed to pop upon the sky-line—coming and going up and down the hell-hot gateway of the East.

"Frenchies!" said a voice beside him. "Dutchmen — Germans — Roosians — Eyetalians — Norwegians — English — they're maybe half o' them English. They make us from the north or south, as the case may be, and steer wide. '*Hum dekta hai!*' as the lascars say. 'I'm on the watch!' "

"What do they care?" growled Stanley.

And Jim Bates walked once around the platform, and pulled his watch out, and checked off a revolution before he answered him. "The point is, we care, my son!"

Then he went down again, and Stanley sat and watched the heaving steamer lights for fifteen minutes. By the time Bates came back he had decided to make friends with him. He had not exactly changed his opinion about Bates's ignorance, but he felt forced to admit a certain respect for him; and it was just possible, too, that Bates had decided not to report him to the lieutenant in the morning. He decided to do a little tactful questioning on the last point.

"Have a smoke?" he suggested, holding out his pouch when Bates appeared again.

"Don't smoke!"

"Try a chew, then!"

"Don't chew!"

"Why not?"

" 'Tain't right and proper! I've got this light to watch! I keep fit to watch it! See those lights yonder?"

The fishing lights were still bobbing up and down upon the water, and Jim Bates stood and gazed at them for three or four

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minutes before he spoke again. "If this light wasn't here," he said presently, "them pirates 'ud quit fishing. They'd hang around this rock. There'd be a steamer—maybe two or three of 'em—pile up here in half no time, an' dirty work done. If I weren't fit an' well to run the light, it 'ud mean the same thing. An' if you soldiers weren't here to hoist that flag in the morning an' guard me, this light 'ud be here just as long as it took them pirates to get here! D'you begin to understand?"

This time it was Stanley who did not answer for a full five minutes.

"How about when the light goes wrong?" he asked then. "What if the engine gives out? What then?"

"I sweat her round by hand, son, with one eye on the indicator! I sweated her round once fourteen nights hand-running until the relief-boat came—me and the Somalis takin' turns!"

"An' you did that for a lot o' foreigners that can't even take the trouble to dip an ensign when they pass?"

"No. Nor yet for the pay, neither!"

"What did you do it for, then?"

Bates looked hard at him.

"Struck me it was the game!" he answered. "There's a crank there for that purpose."

The oily waves swished up against the rock below; the phosphorescent glow danced interminably through the darkness. Down the middle of the narrow sea, from six to ten miles, wary of the twelve night-hidden rocks, the liners and the tramps ploughed busily with swaying masthead lights. Round and round purred the tireless lantern, blinking warning of the danger to every point in turn; and the yellow lights to the eastward of the sea-lane bobbed and dipped and rolled. From somewhere in the blackness came a human voice, high-pitched in a sing-song cadence.

"Hark!" said the lighthouse-keeper; and Stanley pricked his ears for what he knew was coming.

Then, from down below him, where the big up-ended crag protruded seaward, deep-throated and resonant rose the voice of the sentry whom he could not see:

"Num—ber . . . F-i-v-e. . . . A-l-l-'s . . . w-e-l-l!"

"*Hum dekta hai!*" hummed the lighthouse-keeper without looking at Stanley.

"A-a-a-a-ll's . . . w-e-l-l!" came another distant voice. And silence followed, broken only by the purring of the lamp and the swishing of the waves below, which seemed part and parcel of the silence.

"Hell take it!" growled Stanley, swallowing a lump, and shifting his position restlessly. And the lighthouse-keeper nodded, and turned from him and went below.

Stanley laid his chin on the iron rail again, and stared at the distant moving lights, with eyes that took in nothing. He was thinking of the past—Houndsditch and the cold, wind-swept street-corners where the newsboys stood; bustle and clamor and dirt, and nothing in the world to fight for but elbow-room and bread—begrudged pittance of the starveling underdog; suspicion; sometimes the cold, uncomfortable hand of charity and always the everlasting, haunting fear of hunger. Home, sweet home, in fact! What did he owe the Empire, or the world at large?

The lighthouse-keeper brushed past him on his way around the platform again, and Stanley held out a hand and stopped him.

"Where was you born?" he demanded.

"Bermundsey—Long Lane. In the rookeries back o' the big glue factory."

"Well—you had a chance, didn't you? You lived—you didn't have to fight?"

"I begged, son, until the truant-officers got hold of me. When they were through with me I sold papers, and blacked boots, and carried bags for a living; d'you know what that means?"

Stanley did not answer him. He laid his chin on the rail again and gazed out into the night. The lighthouse-keeper checked the revolutions, and went below, and came up again; the dancing yellow lights moved off to the eastward; the red and green and white lights came and went along the sea-lane; but Stanley never moved. The breeze fell, and the heat and the humidity intensified. Away over to the eastward the faintest fore-flickering of yellow light began to play on the horizon, and from below him came the deep-throated sentry-call:

"Oh-a-l-l-'s—w-e-l-l!"

Then the light went out with a suddenness that hurt, and the purring of the engine ceased. Stanley stood up with a jerk and rubbed his eyes.

"Had a bad dream, son?" asked the lighthouse-keeper, emerging through the door on to the platform. "It's time to turn the guard out!"

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The Earth

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

I

To build a house, with Love for architect,
Ranks first and foremost in the joys of life.
And in a tiny cabin shaped for two,
The space for happiness is just as great
As in a palace. What a world were this
If each soul born received a plot of ground—
A little plot, whereon a home might rise,
And beauteous green things grow!
We give the dead,
The idle, vagrant dead, the potter's field,
Yet to the living not one inch of soil.
Nay, we take from them soil, and sun, and air,
To fashion slums and hell-holes for the race.
And to our poor we say: "Go starve and die
As beggars die; so gain your heritage."

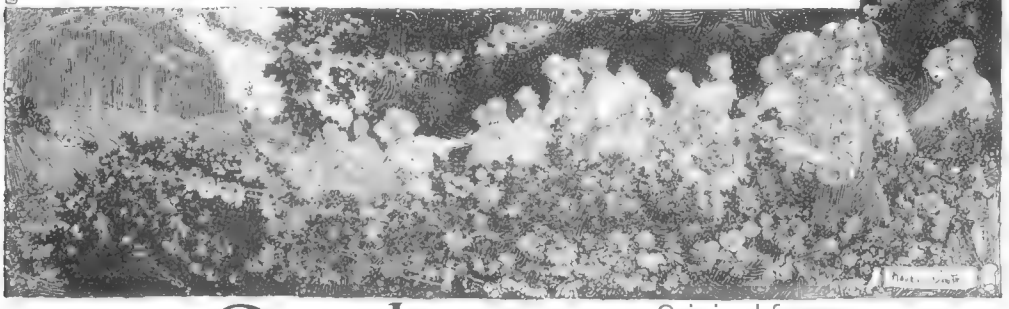
II

That was a most uncanny dream: I thought the wraiths of those
Long buried in the potter's field in shredded shrouds arose;
They said: "Against the will of God
We have usurped the fertile sod.
Now will we make it yield."

Oh! but it was a gruesome sight, to see those phantoms toil:
Each to his own small garden bent; each spaded up the soil
(I never knew Ghosts labored so);
Each scattered seed, and watched, till, lo!
The graves were opulent.

Then all among the fragrant greens, the silent, spectral train
Walked, as if breathing in the breath of plant, and flower, and grain.
(I never knew Ghosts loved such things;
Perchance it brought back early springs
Before they thought of death.)

"The mothers' milk for living babes; the earth for living hosts;
The clean flame for the un-souled dead." (Oh, strange the words of Ghosts!)
"If we had owned this little spot
In life, we need not lie and rot
Here in a pauper's bed."



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HUMAN WEAR and TEAR

by

S·H·WOLFE

A SHORT time ago something went wrong in a large manufacturing plant. Perhaps the operator was careless, or the machine was defective, or the owners had failed to provide adequate safety devices. At any rate, the operator's arm had to be amputated.

In due time, the injured man, guided by well-meaning friends, visited a lawyer, who promptly brought suit against the employer. The usual tactics followed. Demurrers were interposed and overruled (or sustained). Permission to amend the complaint was given (or refused). The right to do this or that was granted (or denied). It didn't matter which side was successful, the other appealed to a higher court.

Meantime, the injured man was battling to supply the barest necessities of life to his family.

At last a compromise for $2,000 was effected. At an appointed hour the injured man called at the lawyer's office, and, after being effusively greeted and signing certain documents which he didn't understand, he sat down to watch the lawyer divide some crisp bills into two piles—one of $1,500 and the other of $500.

Then the lawyer addressed a few well-chosen words to his client, congratulated him upon having fallen into the hands of one so well qualified to deal with complicated legal matters, handed him the $500 pile, and turned to other important matters upon his desk.

The plaintiff in the action so happily concluded tucked his hat under the stump of his arm, put the bills in his pocket, and went slowly to the door. At the threshold he paused, turned around, and, waiting until the learned counselor looked up with a frown, said hesitatingly:

"Excuse me, Mr. Blackstone, but whose arm was cut off?"

It is because of such experiences of delay and of fees which make the award ironical that state legislatures are enacting laws to remove the lawyer as one of the necessary adjuncts to the payments of claims by employers to injured workmen. Other countries realized the importance of such laws a long time ago, but it is just beginning to dawn upon us in the United States.

What steps are we taking to enable the injured workman to do without litigation?

In the first place, to keep pace with the change in industrial conditions, we are completely changing the relationship of the employer and the employee.

When an employer had a limited number of men working for him, the question of compensation for injuries was comparatively easy. That he whose carelessness caused the injury should be held responsible for the damages resulting therefrom, is a doctrine which in simple communities is easy of enforcement, and works no hardship. Given that idea, it is easy to follow the reasoning that an employer should not be held responsible for the injuries caused by the negligence of a fellow employee. And before complex machinery made its appearance, it was not unjust to assume that a man seeking employment was supposed to know what risks were peculiar to his employment.

Therefore, in simple communities the doctrines of contributory negligence, fellow servant, and assumption of risk were logical and proper.

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But industrial conditions have changed. The substitution of corporations for the individual employer, the development of the use of power in plants, the incr ase in the number of employees working in one shop, and the general labor conditions have all created changes which it seems the law was the tardiest to recognize.

Then came the second step. The wear and tear on machinery have long been considered proper elements to enter into the cost of production; as such, they were tacked on to the selling price and the consumer paid them without a murmur. Then some one asked: "Is it not equally just and proper to consider the wear and tear on human machinery in the same way?" So workmen's compensation laws have been placed on the statute-books, with the idea, not of fixing *the blame* for an accident, but of relieving any possible distress of the injured workman and his family. And the laws are so framed that an injured workman presenting an honest claim does not have to employ a lawyer to enforce it.

There are four distinct methods at present being tried, or about to be tried, in this country. While some that I have grouped together differ in certain particulars, they are similar enough to fall within these broad classifications:

The Washington idea.
The Ohio idea.
The New Jersey idea.
The Massachusetts idea.

In the State of Washington, while the act, which became effective October 1, 1911, ostensibly applies to "extra-hazardous" occupations only, in reality it embraces all of the principal industries. Factories, mills, workshops using machinery, printing-shops, telephone plants, and laundries are included, as well as powder-mills and blast-furnaces.

Every such employer is compelled to pay into the state treasury each year a certain percentage of his yearly pay-roll, the percentage being based on the nature and hazard of the particular industry as fixed by the Industrial Insurance Department, a body of three commissioners appointed by the Governor. These commissioners have great power: they can appoint auditors and assistants at an expense of not more than $60,000 per annum, employ *one or more* physicians in each county to make examinations at five dollars each, and they may require all employers to install and maintain a uniform style of pay-roll.

Now suppose a workman is injured: if the disability be of a permanent, total nature, he is entitled to a monthly payment of from $20 to $35, based upon the number and relationship of those who are dependent upon him:

If the disablement is total, but temporary, an amount not in excess of sixty per cent. of his monthly wages is payable during its continuance; and when his earning power is partly restored, the amount payable is the proportion of the former payment which the new earning power bears to the old.

In case of his death, a widow receives $20 monthly during her lifetime and widowhood (in order that matrimony may not be discouraged, she is allowed a lump sum of $240 if she remarries) and $5 a month for each child until he reaches the age of sixteen, but in no case more than a total of $35 per month.

Similar benefits are provided in case the deceased workman is unmarried but leaves other dependents.

There are certain characteristics of the Washington law to be noted:

All employers of labor engaged in "extra-hazardous" occupations *must* join; others may.

The employer pays all of the premiums.

The state administers the plan, and private insurance companies play no part in the scheme.

The old-time common-law liability is abolished so far as it applies to the risks covered by the act.

Perhaps the reasoning underlying this act may be gathered from Section 1 of the act:

Section 1. The common-law system governing the remedy of workmen against employers for injuries received in hazardous work is inconsistent with modern industrial conditions. In practise it proves to be economically unwise and unfair. Its administration has produced the result that little of the cost of the employer has reached the workman, and that little only at large expense to the public. The remedy of the workman has been uncertain, slow, and inadequate. Injuries in such works, formerly occasional, have become frequent and inevitable. The welfare of the state depends upon its industries, and even more upon the welfare of its wage-worker. The State of Washington, therefore, in exercising herein its police and sovereign power, declares that all phases of the premises are withdrawn from private controversy, and sure and certain relief for workmen, injured in extra-hazardous work, and their

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families and dependents, is hereby provided regardless of questions of fault and to the exclusion of every other remedy, proceeding or compensation, except as otherwise provided in this act; and to that end all civil actions and civil causes of action for such personal injuries, and all jurisdiction of the courts of the state over such causes, are hereby abolished, except as in this act provided.

The only other *state* workman's compensation plan is Ohio's. The State Liability Board of Awards has been created, composed of three members appointed by the governor.

But notice one difference between this and the Washington plan: In Washington it is compulsory upon the employer to accept the act; in Ohio it isn't.

Any employer who doesn't come into the state's scheme may be sued for damages by an injured workman, and in attempting to evade payment the employer can not avail himself of any of the following common-law defenses:

That the employee was negligent; that the injury was caused by the negligence of a fellow employee; that the employee had assumed the risk of the injury.

The Board of Awards divides the employers into classes with respect to the degree of hazard and fixes the premium rates to be paid. And now comes the second point of difference. *The employer pays ninety per cent. of the premium, and the workman pays the remaining ten per cent.;* and the employer is authorized to deduct this amount from the employee's pay.

THE OHIO SCALE OF AWARDS

The compensation payable in the event of injury is on a different basis from that used in Washington:

No benefits are payable during the first week after injury, except for "first aid" services and funeral expenses. In addition to any other payments which may be awarded, employees are entitled to receive medical, nurses', and hospital services, and medicines, as well as reasonable funeral expenses.

In case of partial disability, the employee receives sixty-six and two-thirds per cent. of the impairment of his earning capacity, not, however, for more than six years or in excess of $3,400; for total disability, the payments continue until the death of the injured workman. In both of these cases the maximum weekly amount payable is $12 and the minimum $5. In case of his death within two years, leaving persons wholly dependent, sixty-six and two-thirds per cent. of the average weekly wages shall be paid for the remainder of the period between the date of death and six years after the date of the injury, not to amount to more than $3,400 or less than $1,500. If partial dependents only are left, the Board of Awards fixes the term for which the payments are to continue.

All of the foregoing payments will be made *if* there is money enough in the State Fund to meet them. *The state does not guarantee the payments and assumes no liability for them; but it collects the premiums and distributes the benefits.*

As yet, but a small percentage of employers has elected to come under the act.

The Ohio and Washington compensation arrangements are, I think, the first examples in the United States of a business of this magnitude and character being conducted by state governments instead of by private corporations.

THE NEW JERSEY IDEA

In the third group, which I have designated as the "New Jersey idea," are the laws of a number of states, among them New Jersey, Illinois, Wisconsin, Rhode Island, and California, which differ among themselves in minor details or in degree, but have the same underlying basis.

The employer, having accepted the act, becomes liable for the specified compensation; if he doesn't accept the act, he is not allowed to plead any of the three defenses referred to above in any action brought by an injured employee.

Unlike the Washington and Ohio plans, under which the employee can not refuse to accept the benefits granted him, if the employer accepts the terms of the act, his *employees have the right at once to give notice that they prefer to retain their common-law rights.* In this group of acts no classification of employments is made, no premiums are collected by the state, and no benefits are paid by it, the state contenting itself with specifying what the compensation shall be.

In New Jersey no compensation is payable during the first two weeks, but during that

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time the injured employee is entitled to receive reasonable medical and hospital services and medicines, not to exceed $100 in value. For total disability he receives fifty per cent. of the wages paid at the time of the injury (not less than $5 and not more than $10) during disability, not, however, beyond four hundred weeks. In case of specific injuries the fifty per cent. is payable as follows:

Loss of arm	200	weeks
" " leg	175	"
" " hand	150	"
" " foot	125	"
" " eye	100	"
" " thumb	60	"
" " first finger	35	"
" " second "	30	"
" " third "	20	"
" " fourth "	15	"
" " great toe	30	"
" " other toes	10	"
" " one phalange	½	of above

The loss of both hands, both arms, both feet, both eyes, or any two of these parts, constitutes total disability.

This schedule gives evidence of careful thought in weighing the relative disabilities caused by different injuries, and the same idea has governed the payments in case of death. The New Jersey act provides that if the widow is the only dependent, twenty-five per cent. of the deceased's wages shall be paid to her; forty per cent. if she and one child remain, and five per cent. additional for each other child until the maximum, sixty per cent., is reached. No compensation of more than $10 a week is payable, or less than $5, unless the injured workman was earning less than $5, in which case his actual wages are payable.

In some states, such as Wisconsin and California, a State Board is created, to pass upon questions arising under this act; in others, such as New Jersey and Illinois, the questions are referred for settlement to one of the lower courts.

The Massachusetts act provides similar benefits to those in New Jersey; it leaves the employer to decide whether he will accept the terms of the act or defend actions at common law with the three important defenses removed; after the employer has made his choice, the employee may decide whether he will come under the act or stand on his common-law rights.

But the great step in advance is that the employer who elects to pay compensation must furnish his employees with a guarantee that when called upon he will be in a financial condition to pay the compensation.

This guarantee may be effected in one of two ways: he may take out a policy with any company authorized to transact liability business in the commonwealth, or he may become a member of the Massachusetts Employees Insurance Association, an organization fostered by the Commonwealth so that Massachusetts employers may get their protection at absolute cost. Premium rates have been adopted, and more than 200 employers with about 40,000 employees have become members.

At the same time that the Legislature created the Association, it also provided for an Industrial Accident Board, to which must be referred all disputed questions on the subject of workmen's compensation.

The Washington plan is the only one which *requires* all employers to become contributors to the scheme. Neither Washington nor Ohio, however, guarantees the payment of the benefits when they mature, although both insist that the premiums shall be paid into the State Treasury.

The group of which New Jersey is typical contents itself with specifying the benefits to be paid and making it desirable for the employer to agree to pay them. Massachusetts not only does those things, but also insists that some evidence of financial responsibility shall be produced, and has placed the prestige of the Commonwealth behind a mutual organization.

None of these plans has been in operation long enough to afford a thorough test. Some of them, it must be admitted, contain crude absurdities, which later will require drastic correction.

But there is one point on which all states seem to agree — the new idea in workmen's compensation: that no part of the money intended for the relief of an injured workman shall be spent in litigation.

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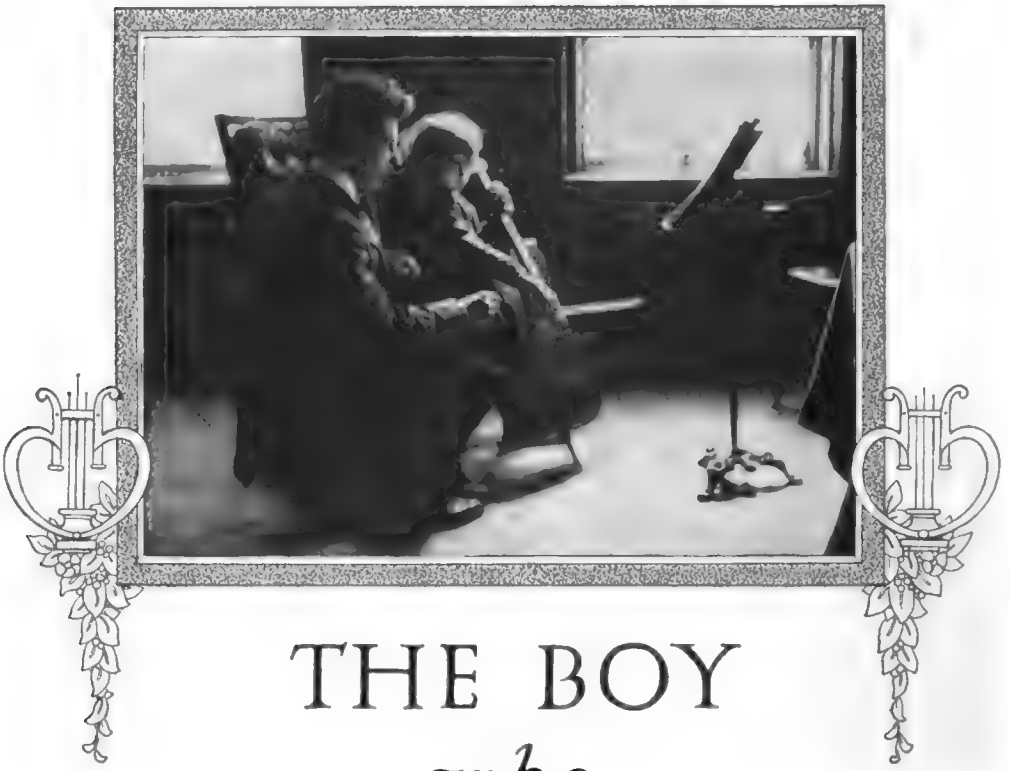

THE BOY *who* WANTED A FIDDLE

by

CARLYLE ELLIS

ONE compelling passion had filled the heart of Isidore since he was four years old—and he was just turned eight. He had voiced it daily for four years thus:

"Fader, I *do* want a fiddle."

Sometimes Isidore's father was patient and sometimes he was not. It made much difference in the tone of his unvarying answer:

"For why, Izzie, can't you wait yet a little, till the money comes?"

Generally the tone was cajoling and tender; at other times it was sharp, with a touch of bitterness.

Once when Isidore had told his mother for the thousandth time of his great desire, she had hid her face in her hands and sobbed. This awakened a whole new set of sensations in the small boy, and he threw his arms around her and manfully told his great lie:

"Mutter, I don't want a fiddle any more."

Whereat his mother gave one sob bigger than all the others and hugged him till his breath came hard. After that Isidore avoided the Great Subject when his mother was in hearing—as often as he could remember.

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Isidore was but one of thousands of New York boys and girls in whom the love for music, inherited from Old World parentage, has come to full flower in the new land. Remarkable as his heritage proved later, he was but a type-example, and that is why his story is set down here.

The boy, with his mother and father and baby sister, lived in two small rooms of a tenement on Allen Street, which, as you may know, is east of the Bowery. Isidore's father was a worker on vests. So, for many hours each day, was his mother. Between them they made just enough to pay the ten dollars a month rent for the two rooms and to clothe and feed, meagerly enough, the four of them.

A fiddle meant an investment of not less than five dollars, and in three years of struggle that munificent sum had failed to accumulate. It was still a shining goal afar off, and, for all that his parents could see, Isidore's small fingers must go on indefinitely seeking relief in fingering imaginary melodies on the handles of the copper pots.

But one gray fall day Isidore's mother climbed the three dark, narrow flights to the two small rooms purposefully and without a pause. Once inside, she hurriedly dropped her armful of small purchases into the stationary wash-tub, changed to her other shawl (the one Isaac gave her when they were married), and as hurriedly departed.

She made straight for a broad, neat, red-brick-faced building on East Third Street; the number was fifty-five. Its breadth (equal to three ordinary houses) and its

AT THE READING TABLE IN THE REAR WHERE THE PUPILS WAIT, READ, LAUGH, AND TALK, USUALLY OF MUSIC AND THEIR LESSONS.

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EACH ROOM, WITH ITS LITTLE SQUARE WINDOW, HELD ITS PUPIL, ABSORBED IN TURNING WRITTEN NOTES INTO SOUND.

neatness made it conspicuous in the neighborhood. They also made Mrs. Shalinsky hesitate, to battle against a wave of discouragement.

She studied the modest sign beside the wide doors. It said "MUSIC SCHOOL SETTLEMENT." With some difficulty she recognized the words music and school and, her thoughts going home to Isidore, took hold of her courage. Finding no row of push buttons, she at last pulled open the door and stepped inside.

Isidore's mother was greeted by a many-voiced but weirdly-muffled tumult. It seemed to be everywhere, yet nowhere in particular. It was all mixed up and meaningless, but she was quite sure it was music, for she could hear thousands of notes, and above all the thin, high voices of fiddle-strings. She thought again of Isidore and turned to the attendant in the hall with a timid question:

"Please, sir, can I see the boss?"

She was directed down a short, broad flight to a large sub-basement room where two busy women sat at desks behind a railing, and a group of children devoured magazines around a reading-table at the other end.

One of the women looked up, caught her eye, nodded, and smiled. Instantly she felt comforted, reassured.

"Please, miss," she said very earnestly,

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MR. MANNES, THE DIRECTOR OF THE MUSIC SCHOOL SETTLEMENT, WATCHING A PUPIL-TEACHER GIVE A LESSON.

"my Isidore is eating his heart out to play the fiddle. Since three years he has wanted it more than anything else, and we couldn't do nothing for him. And to-day I heard tell about this place, that it makes it easy for children like my Isidore. So I came."

"Has Isidore had any lessons?" asked the lady at the desk very gently.

"No ma'am, he hasn't yet a fiddle. We couldn't—" The words seemed to stick back of her tongue, and she glanced involuntarily at the big glass case of shiny red violins in the corner.

It was an every-day situation at the Music School Settlement, but the lady at the desk found it hard to tell Isidore's fearful-eyed mother bluntly that the school did not and could not give away violins and that after one was obtained came lessons, week after week, that cost money—not much, it is true—but too much for many to pay. She did tell her that always there were children waiting, waiting for their turn to enter the school as pupils; that every half hour of lesson time from the letting-out of the other schools till late at night was bespoken and the waiting list was daily growing longer. Only by rare good fortune, it seemed, did newcomers sometimes find a place.

But Isidore's mother was to bring him to the school, where he would get a card. And

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she was not to give up hope that a way might be found to teach him to play tunes on a fiddle.

An hour later she was back at the Music School, and Isidore, shining of face, was with her. Now the halls and waiting-rooms were filled with hurrying children. A row of them stood along the rail in front of the lady at the desk, and she knew, apparently, what they wanted before they asked; she called them all by name and made little marks for each one on sheets of ruled paper. When she saw Mrs. Shalinsky she at once picked out Isidore in the group of children.

"Come here, Isidore," she said. "I want to ask you something."

The boy's eyes opened wider than ever as they turned from their passionate adoration of the glass case full of fiddles, to the strange lady who knew him without any one's saying a word.

"Do you want very much to learn to play the fiddle?" asked the lady.

"Yes, ma'am," said Isidore promptly, and the answer seemed to him so all-embracing that he could think of nothing more to say. It was a very queer question to ask of a boy like him, anyway.

"You know, Isidore, that learning means lots of hard work and lessons here at the school every week," said the lady.

The boy was not in the least appalled, and his eyes fairly shone. He found tongue to say that he considered learning easy. Once Ikey Abramovitch had let him hold his fiddle and he made a tune on it the first thing. All in the world he wanted was an opportunity to prove himself, or, as he himself put it:

"Please, lady, give me just one chanst."

The lady was evidently inclined to favor the idea, and she made it known that in

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certain rare cases where children showed special aptitude the school awarded a scholarship. This meant that his lessons would be free for a whole year, but, she was forced to add, it did not include the gift of a fiddle.

Isidore was given a card. That is, he was card-indexed, with a record of his requirements and capabilities, and he was told that he must wait patiently until it was found what could be done.

A day or two later Isidore's mother had a caller.

The sight of her turned Mrs. Shalinsky into a silent, suspicious, and rather frightened woman. The caller was young, pretty, and very neat in her up-town clothes. They were simple enough, but their smartness did not belong in this place.

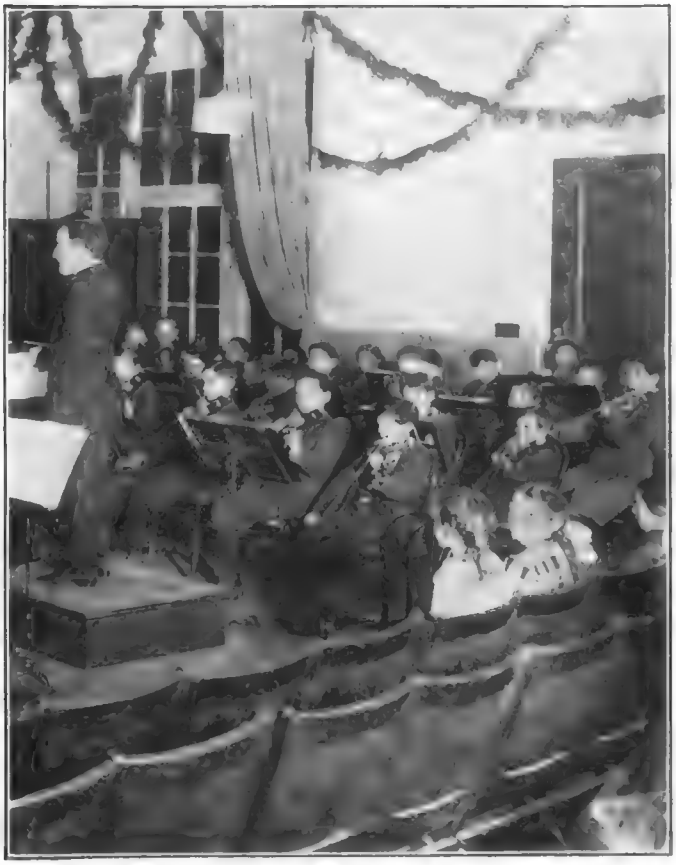
"Is this Mrs. Shalinsky?" asked the young lady, and her voice was very sweet.

"Yes," said the woman, scowling and backing away.

"I'm from the Music School."

A light broke into the woman's understanding and came out on her face in smiles that made her almost pretty. With oft-repeated apologies she led the way into the little flat and seated her visitor in the lighter of the two small rooms. It was littered with half-made vests, but showed signs of recent cleaning. The young lady, it appeared, was one of the regular visitors from the school, and it was her work to become acquainted with parents of prospective pupils. In this way, she explained, teachers and parents could work together for the children's progress.

She asked about Isidore, and his mother unloosed the flood of her maternal adoration. Ah! such a boy for music! Since he had walked he had tried to follow the street



OTHER NUMBERS FOLLOWED, BEAUTIFUL THINGS THAT GREW MORE AND MORE LOVELY AS THE CONDUCTOR, WATCHING, EXPLAINING, SOMETIMES PLAYING A LITTLE ON AN INSTRUMENT BORROWED FROM THE NEAREST PLAYER, IRONED OUT THE ROUGHNESSES AND BROUGHT ORDER AND FINER BEAUTY TO EACH PHRASE AND MOVEMENT.

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"THE BOY WHO WANTED A FIDDLE" AND GOT ONE, HAS MANY FEMININE COUNTERPARTS AT THE MUSIC SCHOOL.

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organs from block to block. But fiddles he worshiped. He had kept all the pictures of fiddles that he could gather and put them in a little book. Here (a frantic search through the contents of the stationary wash-tub) it was. And here was his music. He brought home every scrap he could find and carefully put it away.

"I'll need it when I get my fiddle," he would say, and he would look at it for hours, trying to understand what made it music.

The young lady said very little—what need?—and she made no promises; but her visit gave Isidore's mother the feeling that her boy was not lost sight of and would be remembered. As soon as she was away from the house, the visitor took from her hand-bag a small packet of cards. Isidore's was on the top. She made some notes on it in pencil, then, reading the address on the next, walked smartly away.

In due course Isidore's card came back to the lady at the desk, and it was marked "Scholarship—Deserving."

Isidore's father was sent for. He came one bitter autumn night, shivering, without an overcoat. There was a scholarship for the boy, he was told, which meant that he could be a member of the school, with all a member's privileges, and have two lessons a week. This was unusual, but the examiners believed that the boy had talent. He must, however, have a violin. They could be bought here, by pupils, at cost price, cheaper than anywhere else. But if Isidore could not have one now he could begin——

"Yes," said Isidore's father, promptly, "I got it." And he drew from his pocket a small, dirty purse and from the purse a tightly rolled five-dollar bill.

The registrar of the Music School Settlement thought very hard and very quickly. Then she knew. She pretended to accept the money.

"You had a cold walk, Mr. Shalinsky. It's bad weather to be out without an overcoat."

"I don't mind," he answered; then added, craftily, "Besides, I got one."

"It's too bad you are not going to be able to get the good of it this winter—" very casually.

"Oh, that's all right," said the little tailor hastily, and recollected himself just too late.

"You got the money. Give me the fiddle for my Isidore," he blustered.

The money was put back into his hand. He was told to bring Isidore and the overcoat and fifty cents, all together, as soon as he could get the second out and the third in, and could feel assured of being able to make further payments of fifty cents a month. Still shivering, but grinning happily, he went out into the night.

Next evening Isidore's father was back at the school, with Isidore, the overcoat, and the fifty cents. This time the lady at the desk put the new pupil's name on a great big card that had names all over it in little ruled oblongs. There were already several Isidores on it. The new boy's name filled the only blank space on the Monday card. It was under the letter "S" and opposite the figures 4:30. That meant that his lesson was at 4:30 on Monday in Room S.

Then he was given a shiny red fiddle, all strung, and reposing in a beautiful black case. Isidore was quite speechless, trembling, and a little frightened. His small hand caressed it tenderly, much as he had caressed the new baby when it first came to the Shalinskys'. Then the case was snapped shut for him and the handle put into his hand. Deaf, unseeing, and still speechless, he was transported home (or so it seemed); breathless he arrived, the black case held out before him; tenderly he laid it on his cot with one end on the pillow, a resting-place it was to share with him for many a night, and ran half-choking to the arms of his mother.

Monday at 4:30!

It seemed weeks off. The days dragged heavily—days of timid, tentative trial of bow on strings. After all, he could not play a real tune—at least, not much of a tune. There was a trick to it somewhere; he was sure of it. But he could not figure out the trick. The teacher would show him and then it would be easy.

On Monday afternoon, Isidore, with his violin, reported to the lady at the desk at exactly 3:45. He rather expected that she was going to be cross with him, but instead she laughed and sent him to wait at the reading-table in the rear.

There he found more magazines than had ever been available to him before, and he began his habitual search for pictures

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of fiddles, keeping an eye, however, on the big clock.

But mere pictures of fiddles lose their interest when you have a real one of superior color, shine, and beauty—your very own. Isidore's attention wandered from the open case in his lap to his neighbors at the table. As to looks they were much like the children at public school, he thought, though their hands were cleaner. But their behavior was strange. They were animated, but did not quarrel or dispute, and their voices were subdued and pleasant. He connected this somehow with the music voices that seemed always to fill the building.

The children at the table spent about half their time in reading and the other half laughing and talking in a most fascinating and inexplicable jargon. It must be about music, but it did not connect with any music talk he had ever heard. Instead came all manner of vagrant associations. One of the larger girls said that last week her teacher had given her the Mozart Concerto, and Isidore jumped. Once his father had threatened to give him the devil, in a certain contingency, and he was terrified at the mysterious prospect. But this was longer and sounded far worse.

Four-thirty was heralded by a great ringing of bells in the corridors, as indeed had been four o'clock. Isidore was waiting, violin in hand, and another pupil was sent with him to find Room S. They mounted the stairs, passing a floor where piano notes came from behind all the closed doors. Then they climbed to the third floor—the floor of the fiddles. Down a long, narrow hallway, lined with white doors, each with its little square window, he was piloted. He glanced into as many as he could and saw that they were all occupied by people with fiddles, two to a room. And all were earnestly absorbed in turning written notes into sound.

Isidore's teacher was a young man of seventeen, who immediately greeted him cheerfully with, "Hello, Isidore! Ready for work?" So the cloud of strangeness was lifted at the start. The young pupil-teacher was very smiling and patient and matter-of-fact, and he showed the youngster about holding the bow and his fiddle and placing his fingers, and taught him the names of the strings and where they were on the staff. Then he sounded a note and had Isidore sound it after him, first low and caressing, then loud and affirmative, and the boy tingled all over with its revelation. Now he began to understand.

The teacher did not seem to mind explaining over and over again in different ways or replacing the boy's unaccustomed fingers where they belonged as often as need be; and when the half-hour was prematurely up, Isidore was quite sure that his was the best of all teachers and that he had learned a part, at least, of the secret.

The next Monday the boy was letter-perfect in the first lesson—A-plus, the teacher called it—and won a special word of praise. Even the young pupil-teacher was impressed at the clearness with which he had remembered and thought things out.

His mother was radiantly proud of him, and by the time he was playing the single octave scale she had confided to the neighbors that it was such a comfort to have a little music in the house evenings; it did rest one so. And the neighbors did not audibly dissent.

It would be a pleasure to follow our young hero's musical progress from week to week, for it was indeed remarkable. We would enjoy also watching closely his expansion into the multiple activities of the institution of which he was one of some eight hundred and fifty direct beneficiaries. But we must be content to view him only in his most epochal advances, his most spectacular flights, and judge from these the character of his awakening.

There was the day when the boy's teacher gave him his first duet—it was not many weeks after the first lesson—and had him play his part over alone two or three times. It was hardly more than a simple exercise in broken scales, and Isidore, though intent on its correct rendition, felt no music there. Then, unnoticed, the teacher picked up his instrument and came in softly with a major third below. The second part filled out, took a course of its own, and was enriched with fifths.

The boy thrilled. Suddenly his simple theme had gained a meaning. It was lively; it was impish; it was playing pranks on the soberer, matronly second. The idea of the thing took hold of his imagination as nothing had before in all his eight years and, utterly oblivious of time and place, he played what he felt with an abandon that made his teacher marvel.

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The new pupil had just reached chromatic scales in the first position—as he himself could have told you—when another opportunity came to him. He invariably arrived at the school an hour before his lessons and, in fact, haunted the place as much as he dared.

Drawing by Modest Stein.

EVEN THE YOUNGEST OF THE STUDENTS TAKE THEIR MUSIC SERIOUSLY AND WITH ENTHUSIASM.

One afternoon the boy climbed to the top of the building and, finding a classroom unoccupied, took possession. There was a blackboard on one wall all ruled with music lines, and in the corner a piano. He had never played on a piano in his life and here was a longed-for opportunity. He was deep in exploration of the keyboard and its possibilities when by chance he struck A in the middle octave. He was suddenly overwhelmed with the conviction that this was the note of his fiddle's A-string.

Miss Diller came into the room at this moment. Miss Diller was the instructor in musical theory and she had arrived to take a class. Musical theory had not yet come within Isidore's ken, but Miss Diller had. She was a friend of his.

"Please, Miss Diller," he asked, striking the A again, "isn't this the note of my A-string?"

The instructor in musical theory looked at the boy in some amazement. Eight is an early age to develop the perception of absolute pitch. But she said: "Why, Isidore, don't you know your notes on the piano?"

"No, ma'am," answered the boy, reddening, and added, "I never had a piano before."

"You are right, Isidore, that is A; and if you can, you may stay and listen to the theory class."

It was a beginners' class, and most of the pupils were about the boy's age. He listened tensely while they went through the most extraordinary and incomprehensible lessons he had ever heard. First they all sang numbers—one, three, five, three, one, seven, one—and similar combinations. Then the teacher said that "one" was to be C and they were to sing the same air to the letters. He found himself joining in without difficulty—C E G E C B C.

Miss Diller, watching the puzzled but eager boy in the corner, found herself trying to make the classwork understood by him. So she reviewed the previous lessons, explaining the scale and its reason for being, and the intervals and their significance. Isidore's mind was hard at work, and now he began dimly to see that here was being laid bare to him the mechanism of music. Here was the equipment he would need to

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translate musical ideas into formulated music, and this into sound.

For that was what these children were doing, and then, reversing the process, translating the sounds, as dictated from the piano by Miss Diller, back into their symbols. And they did it all, singing, playing, and writing on the ruled lines, with a swiftness and ease that fascinated Isidore, as indeed it has fascinated far older and wiser heads.

But one day he got into one of Miss Diller's advanced classes and found a world still strange to him. This was not remarkable, for these young people of from twelve to eighteen were in fluent practical use of all the machinery of music—an equipment that is rare indeed among professional musicians. They united all the ordinary abilities of the musician with a deliberately trained capacity for "playing by ear," improvization, musical invention—a capacity that is ordinarily discouraged in young music students, or even forbidden.

There was one exercise that utterly confounded the young Shalinsky—an exercise typical of the odd way things were done. It went something like a problem in mental arithmetic. Miss Diller would say very rapidly:

"Begin with E flat—a major third up—is the super-tonic of—and the subdominant of that—change enharmonically—the result is the leading tone of—whose relative minor is——"

"G sharp," answered the class in instant unison.

This kind of thing went on until Isidore was dizzy. Then came melody writing, which was nearer his understanding, for he had already seen it in the beginners' class. But this sort was more complicated. The class wrote original musical themes; then one was selected at random and a student played it on the piano at sight, improvising an accompaniment and changing the key at request, while a third wrote the whole thing on the blackboard in a sort of musical shorthand as fast as it was played.

The boy did not know that this was amazing work for children in their second year of study and was made possible by the unique method of training developed by Miss Diller for this work at the Music School; but he did understand that it was what composers did, and he decided forthwith to be a composer.

So Isidore became an ardent and regular theory pupil and through it made another friend among the faculty in Mrs. Seymour, instructor-general of the small army of piano teachers, whose interest in him—an interest generously spread among the school's hundreds of earnest youngsters—gave him a much-desired opening into the realm of piano playing. The boy was omnivorous and insatiable.

Isidore had not cared to think beyond the end of his year's scholarship, but when the time came, as you can easily guess, he found that it went on as before. His second year contained less of the spectacular than the first, but he was too busy with his violin studies and harmony to add many other activities. He did, however, join two of the school clubs and discover the personal application of the music library.

When it dawned on the boy that here at his hand was most of the great music ever written, he began a disorganized browsing among the composers whose names he heard oftenest. He was allowed to take whole volumes home with him, and the reading he gave them with his fiddle in search for the soul-satisfying at least improved his technical fluency.

Technique! There was the rub. Always his musical understanding kept ahead of his fingers. So, needing and actually wanting more technique for a comprehended purpose, he went after it in that spirit, thus reversing the too usual order that begins with technique as an end—and ends with it. In this the boy, with hundreds of others in the school, was fulfilling the dream of an inspired director, David Mannes, who, in Isidore's company, you may shortly meet.

Then the boy was taken into the Junior Musicians, a club of lads formed to study the lives of the composers, with Miss Rosenthal of the teaching staff as its guiding spirit. This directed his musical reading, for the great creative men were taken up one by one, their personal history recounted, their individuality analyzed, and their works studied and played by a double quartette of the members. As each personality grew vivid and real to Isidore, he plunged into his work, trying to connect the man and his music.

The other club that he joined awakened him along quite different lines. It was called the Edwards Civic League, and each

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member was given a most impressive-looking metal shield to wear. It was enough like a policeman's shield to be extremely pleasing to any normal boy, and Isidore was a normal boy, despite his musical passion. In fact, he was almost two boys: the musical one quiet, serious, reflective, and intense; the other full of shouts, mischief, and childish importance. But as he grew, the musician was to submerge the rowdy. It was already dominant, and the Civic League would play a most effective part in completing the transformation—as it is doing in the lives of scores of other East Side boys.

This club has for its purpose the abatement of dangers to the public health. It meets one evening each week at the school; it has a full set of officers regularly elected from its membership, and a corps of district inspectors that exhausts its entire membership. The duty of the inspectors is to patrol their respective districts once a week or oftener, and, where ignorance or defiance of city ordinances or Health Department regulations is found, to do all within their powers of persuasion, backed by the shield, to have things set right, and to report the violations to the League, which may, in the case of a persistent offender, carry the matter to the authorities.

The proceedings of the League are conducted on strict parliamentary lines, and their guiding genius is Alexander Dushkin, an unselfish and able young settlement worker with ideas and the gift of getting them lived where they are of greatest value.

The appeal that such work as this would make to the impressionable Isidore is evident. He put his shoulder to the wheel of progress and parliamentary procedure with a will, and was soon holding office, drawing up committee reports, and giving opinions on the application of obscure points in the regulations. Between times he was interviewing surly janitors who dumped garbage on the pavements and quoting the law and its penalties to them with great accuracy and some effect.

Here, indeed, was a citizen in the making, as well as a musician.

The commencement of Isidore's third term at the Music School Settlement opened to him much that was new and delighting. Even the summer, when there were no lessons, had its new experiences. The roof of the school was open each day as a playground, in charge of one of the resident staff. Here he met many of his fellow musicians and became cemented to the institution in a new way. He also spent a magic fortnight in the country as the guest of the school's summer cottage.

It was the boy's first sight of wild woods and open fields, and though the New Yorker in him longed for the surge and smells of his familiar streets, the musician discovered with unspeakable content the explanation of much that had been foreign to him in his music, and a new source of inspiration for his theme-writing. He was astonished to find how many of his musical emotions were reawakened by the beauties he saw, and, having found a new standard of comparison, he wondered if there was not, or could not be, music for his East Side streets and the crowded, jostling life that appealed so strongly to his affection.

The boy's first thrill on his return to school came from an invitation to join the Young Symphony Orchestra, a school club that met on Saturday mornings. Thus was another of his burning ambitions fulfilled. He was to play in an orchestra. Naturally, he had not been in the school for two seasons without knowing that four orchestral rehearsals of four separate organizations took place there each week. The first time he had listened to one of these had been momentous in his awakening. In the chorus of string voices, so unimaginably rich in emotional material, he found all that he had missed in the playing of some of the famous soloists who performed for the school of a Friday evening. A great longing came to him to be part of one of these wonderfully appealing wholes.

Now his chance had come, and Saturday morning found him seated at a stand beside a sweet and smiling little girl of his own age among the second violins. His friend, Miss Rosenthal, was conducting, and there were about sixty children in the orchestra, the youngest six and the oldest about fifteen. Before rehearsal began there was a tumult of tuning and trying over of parts that, despite its chaos, strangely elated him. Then Miss Rosenthal came in and the din began slowly to subside.

"One, two, three, four." The baton swung downward and the rich, low, open A came softly in unison from sixty strings. Thrilling to his fingers and toes, Isidore lost

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himself in the part that now carried him climbing above the 'celli. Then in the third bar came a rapping of the baton, and the boy came back to earth uncomfortably, as the voices thinned out under the signal for silence. A 'cello was being played out of tune, some of the first violins had overlooked a bar's rest, and the seconds were not enunciating clearly—many things were the matter. Miss Rosenthal explained very exactly, and another start was made—with no better success. The parts were taken separately and some of them played again and again. Isidore had to learn a new lesson in patience.

A third beginning was made, and a fourth, and this time there was no interruption. The boy, losing himself once more, was swept onward by a new combination of stimuli: the thrill of the music itself, the enriched harmonies and moving volume of the many voices, and the inspiration of a conductor who understood and felt and made you do both with her. Here was the wonder of perfectly coordinated effort; the Utopian dream of complete human harmony come true. Isidore was too young to philosophize on this theme yet, but in later years he saw in this early orchestral drilling a tremendous factor in the making of efficient men and women.

There followed soon for the boy promotion to the Junior Orchestra under Mr. Stowell, who also conducted the symphonic orchestra of volunteers from outside the school that met there on Tuesday nights. In the Junior Orchestra the younger pupils of longer training were drilled by that ardent enthusiast and indefatigable conductor to an efficiency that delighted the heart of the conscientious boy musician. During this year the Junior Orchestra was called on for an important concert engagement, and Isidore, after arduous rehearsing, faced his first large audience.

This added still another element to the scheme of his musical universe. Now he found that the music he helped to make was not only to enthrall him, but that it could reach out to strangers and fill their hearts with emotion—sorrow, repentance, content, hope, and promise—so that they went out to their work in the world with a new conviction and a new courage. His own people had found life less hard—had actually been able to earn more money—since he had brought music to them—a fact authenticated and recorded, unknown to him, by the school's watchful district visitors.

Some day a most illuminating and almost revolutionary message to mankind will be drawn from the Music School Settlement's records.

A further step was made when Isidore was chosen as violin in one of the trios that were prepared for public performance by Miss Lockwood. The school's new Concert Bureau was finding much demand for the services of its earnest young musicians at public functions and the gatherings of the well-to-do up-town. The idea was encouraged, for it meant needed earnings of money by those whose musical education, not yet over, had, almost without exception, cost great sacrifices and bitter toil. It was also regarded as a stimulus to study and a valuable human experience.

There was a steady call for ensembles—quintets, quartets, and trios of strings. And Isidore found himself not only one of the many voices to an orchestral part, but a single voice in a wonderful musical conversation between his fiddle, a 'cello, and a piano, where every phrase must needs be beyond reproach. It taxed his musical mettle as nothing else had done.

He learned much, too, by the contact with a new and stimulating personality. Here was an instructor whose thought went always far beyond his own, but who inspired his imagination to follow undismayed. Miss Lockwood was pleased only with at least relatively perfect work, and while he struggled with clinched teeth upward to the seemingly impossible standard, his reverence and affection grew for the spirit that made it seem so well worth working for.

Two more events of vital importance to Isidore came almost simultaneously, though somewhat later, and they mark the final period of his career as a Music School pupil. One day he was sent for and asked quite suddenly if he would undertake to give a new pupil his lesson. Some small emergency had arisen that gave the unexpected opportunity. Isidore returned his invariably prompt, "Yes, ma'am," and at once went solemnly off to meet the new and strange responsibility.

During the lesson Mr. Mannes slipped into the room, and his quiet, "Go right on, Isidore," was somehow so reassuring that neither the pupil-teacher nor his smaller

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pupil thought to be self-conscious at the director's presence, and did go right on.

Isidore's first pupil listened intently while the older boy corrected and explained in a quaint mixture of musical terminology and the argot of the street—a mixture that was yet vivid and clear. The boy's intelligence and patience were undoubtable.

Mr. Mannes's thoughtful face was hidden in his hands as he effaced himself in a corner. Apparently, he had forgotten them, and they quickly forgot him. The lesson lacked but five minutes of being over, and a difficult point had been reached, when he looked up.

"Would you like me to help you with that?" he asked Isidore, and the boy thought that never had a man's voice spoken to him with so great a gentleness and understanding. He handed over his fiddle and his face reflected a depth of gratitude and fidelity.

Then Mr. Mannes talked to them, and he made meanings clear as none else had done. He made them see the *why* of all they were doing, and then, to explain the *how*, he put Isidore's five-dollar fiddle under his chin and played the simple exercises one by one. He found in them excellences unguessed, meanings hidden to every one else in Isidore's world. It was the boy's great revelation, and he fairly reeled with the import of it. Then the half-hour bells clanged in the corridors, and Mr. Mannes handed back the instrument with a smile that meant much.

"Can you come to my room at half-past five?" he asked Isidore. "Then come, and we shall have a lesson."

He was to study under the master!—an honor won by few, indeed, of the pupils in the school. The boy had many times seen the tall, thin figure as it went intently about the building to and from classroom and rehearsal, and he had sometimes come within range, impersonally, as he thought, of the compellingly radiant smile that made such deep lines on the musician's face. Little did the boy guess how well he was known and how carefully his progress was watched.

The time for his lesson came. The director's room contained a piano, and a young girl was there—a pupil-teacher whom he knew—to play his accompaniments. Oh, wonder of wonders!

At first the master seemed to give all his attention to the piano part, and Isidore, inspired anew by the rippling, commentating music that joined with his, forgot all but his playing.

But the master had heard every note, and now he interpreted and explained and illustrated till the thing grew in beauty beyond the boy's innermost dreams.

In the lessons that followed, his reverence for the man constantly deepened. Especially he liked the way Mr. Mannes would stop in the middle of things and talk about music and life and their subtle relations. He talked very earnestly and well. It often seemed to Isidore himself that all the sorrow and trouble and puzzles of life that he knew were healed and vanished in his music; but music had been to him always a thing apart. Mr. Mannes seemed to have the idea that the two worlds were very close together; that music actually did help to solve the problems of life. It was a very wonderful idea, though a little beyond the boy as yet.

Drawing by Modest Stein.

A YOUNG SAINT CECILIA OF THE EAST SIDE.

But one day Mr. Mannes said to him: "Don't you see, Isidore, that music is the one universal language, the one universal religion? Whatever our nationality, we can always understand the great message it brings, and through it we find our own way, our own individual standards and ideals. Surely this helps to prove that there is great work for it to do in the world to-day."

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Isidore did see quite clearly for a boy of twelve, and it led to another discovery. The fine spirit of the school—that subtle friendliness which had won him at the start and stimulated his awakening through the years—was the spirit of this man who saw so clearly, who felt so keenly, and worked so unceasingly for his splendid ideals. Without knowing it, the pupil had all the time been guided by the insight and experience of this musical poet and philosopher.

Isidore continued to teach, and his joy was unspeakable when he found that he was to be paid for the pleasure at fifty cents an hour. It seemed absurd to take money for music, yet it was a great thing that his beloved fiddle was able to help lift the burden that rested so heavily upon his parents. He became a regular pupil-teacher, the youngest in the school. Then Mr. Mannes took him into the Senior Orchestra.

Sunday morning found him early in his new place, this time among the first violins. All the routine of orchestra work was familiar now: the medley of tuning and part trying while the members took their places, the distribution of the day's music, and the gathering of the audience of parents, visitors, and younger children.

Mr. Mannes came in and looked them over with a smiling greeting. He gave a special little nod to Isidore. Then he raised his baton for silence.

"The 'Chorale in D,'" he announced, and a minute later the beat came and the thrice-repeated opening note, with its succeeding interval of a full major fourth down, filled the hall. It is a beautiful Old World canticle with which the Sunday morning rehearsals are opened, and it breathes the spirit of childlike trust in the worth of living and of thankfulness for manifold blessings on earth. Whether it was the music itself or the souls of the children players that caught its secret, this November Sunday morning, the full-voiced harmonies enveloped the little audience as with a tangible presence, and many eyes were dimmed. Isidore himself could hardly see the notes.

Other numbers followed, beautiful things that grew more and more lovely as the conductor, watching, explaining, sometimes playing a little himself on an instrument borrowed from the nearest player, ironed out the roughnesses and brought order and finer beauty to each phrase and movement.

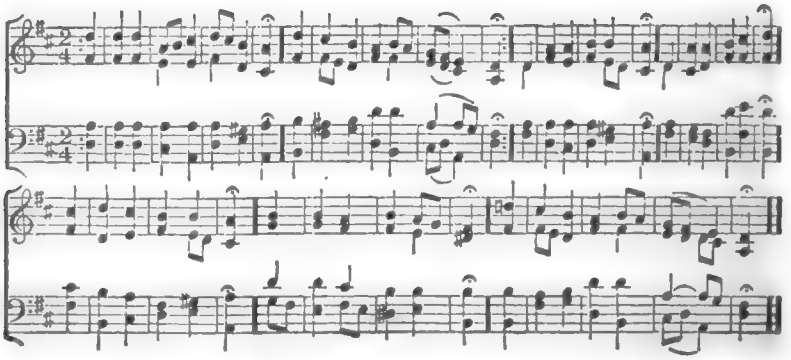
Then he stopped and made an announcement. Alexander Post of the Grand Army of the Republic was this day to present the school with a flag. A brief ceremony followed. The presentation was made by a little band of medaled veterans; the great, bright emblem was unfurled against the wall; the orchestra at a signal opened "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the audience, rising, sang with it. Then the flag was accepted for the school by its president.

At the end Mr. Mannes raised the signaling baton and turned to his musicians. Then characteristically he paused and, his hand still raised, said to them:

"*This flag is the symbol of our ideal of government, a government by the people for the people. So must our ideal of music be a music by the people for the people.*"

Isidore's eyes fairly blazed in comprehension of this momentous idea, and they found the kindly eyes of the master—his master. Then there came from the kindly eyes to him a look of such complete understanding and sympathy that he caught his breath chokingly with the wonder of it.

"Let us close with the 'Chorale in D' again," said Mr. Mannes, his hand still raised; and this is the answer that, a moment later, his players gave back to him:



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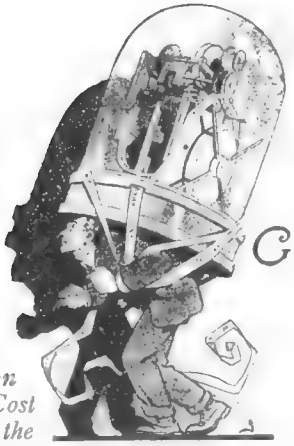
The REMEDY

by THOMAS W. LAWSON



Stock Gambledom

Editor's Note—Mr. Lawson makes clear in "THE REMEDY" the cause of to-day's High-Cost Living and the way to restore Low-Cost Living. In the November number he demonstrated that the people pay 2,000 millions of dollars annually in Stock Exchange gambling tolls. Sixty billions of the one hundred and thirty-one billions of total wealth in the United States is represented by stocks and bonds. Mr. Lawson says that forty billions of this sixty billions is counterfeit capital coined through the gambling end of the Stock Exchange, and that this forty billions of counterfeit capital collects annually for its supposed use 2,000 millions of dollars from the price of the people's necessities—an organized system of picking the people's pockets.

In this chapter Mr. Lawson vividly describes the machinery of the Stock Exchange and drafts a law to cure Stock Exchange gambling.

I HAVE played the stock-gambling game two hundred and fifteen years.

Don't start, my honest, old-fashioned reader, as if I had yelled "Burglars!" I have had the finest sort of associates during my long sit-in—ministers, priests, college professors, doctors, lawyers, century-plant-bloom pluckers, knights of the pen and knights of the brush, statesmen, reformers, philanthropists, merchants, manufacturers, bankers, tinkers, tailors, sailors, grand dames, and demi-dames. 'Tis the game of games of moderns. All play it—that is, all who have the price of the chips.

The only quarrel between us of Stock Gambledom is the name, not the game. My associates persist in calling it "Speculation," while I can find no snugger word than "Gambling."

When I told you last month that High-Cost Living was caused by a trick worked through the gambling end of the Stock Exchange by which forty billions of dollars had been coined from the price of the people's necessities, I spoke with full knowledge of the gambling game in all its phases.

I have played the game continuously, frenziedly for two hundred and fifteen years. Yes, I mean it—for two hundred

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and fifteen years, measured as is measured the time the ordinary player plays it. I began to play the game at twelve. I am now fifty-five, and have a tagged and tilted chair at the game's "nothing-but-red-and-blue-chips" center table—that is, I have played forty-three calendar years.

The ordinary player plays the stock-gambling game ten hours a day, other games five hours, and sleeps nine hours. I never play any for-dollars game but stock-gambling; and mine are twenty-hours-a-day sit-ins—five getting ready for the ticker to tape; five while it tapes; ten after that, fingering the tape back all round the world it has traveled to its next day's tickering. Forty-three years at twenty hours a day makes, at the ordinary player's standard, eighty-six years.

Then I have played the stock-gambling game twice as hold-your-breath-don't-let-your-heart-beat-nor-your-soul-pant-edly, twice as hereafter-edly, as the ordinary player. That makes one hundred and seventy-two years.

TWO CENTURIES OF TRAINING

And then all the time I have been "Frenzied Finance"-ing the game against the day, this day, when I could club it with the Remedy; and as the other fellow has never played this part of the game, the laboratory-dissecting-table-morgue-and-over-across-into-hell part of it, that means another forty-three years, or, as I have said, two hundred and fifteen years altogether.

Yes, easily have I played the stock-gambling game two hundred and fifteen years to the ordinary player's forty-three. That's why I have the nerve to say, unqualifiedly, *that Stock Exchange gambling is the hell of it all, that the hell of it all can be destroyed, and that the Remedy will destroy it.* And more, that's why I say that no man can proclaim, with assurances of his proclamation's circulating at par, that he has a remedy that will actually remedy, unless he has played the game—two hundred and fifteen years.

To be qualified to hand the people a sure remedy for their High-Cost Living, one must have so played the game, moreover, through all its stages, as to have heaps of reds and blues when one hands out one's remedy; that is, one must have played it in such a way as to be margin-call-proof, so that Stock Gambledom can not yell: "Oh, it beat him—he is just a sore-head!" One must be in a position that will compel all to yell: "What does he mean? Why, he himself will be one of the biggest losers by his Remedy's operation!"

That's my case. All Financialdom knows right now as I lay my Remedy before the people that I will suffer in pocket by its operation as much as any one. The world need not take my word for it. If they horse-sense it a bit, they will see that it must be so.

In forty-three years' active playing of the stock-game, it has brought me average profits of more than a million a year, so I have no grudge against it.

During "Frenzied Finance," the System and the System's rabble screamed that I was sore on the game because I had wrangled with it and it had barred me from its inner sit-ins. But the truth is that the game was never kinder to me than it has been in the past six years, since I kissed my hand to the public in my "Frenzied Finance" adieu. In none of these years have my winnings averaged less than two millions a year.

I had no sooner announced: "Since you, the American people, are willing to sit by and listen to the System's yarns that my work is foundationed in revenge because they barred me from the game, I will leave you to their tender mercies and go back to their profitable play"—I had no sooner announced this than the waiting System masters filled my lap with their choicest commissions.

A MILLION A WEEK

As an illustration, take "Yukon." In the quickest and most sensational deal Stockdom had ever seen, I put into my purse, for less than two weeks' work, two million dollars of the System's yellowest coin; and in doing it I compelled the System to give the public a gold-dollar-for-fifty-cents show.

It was a pretty deal, and one that lights and shades the game. Here was a man reeking red from a long battle for the people against the System, entrusted with one of their fat jobs and handling it out in the open. For I spent two hundred thousand dollars advertising throughout the world the facts that some of the System's leaders, requiring millions of new capital and not

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finding it convenient to get them from the System's hopper, had hired me to get them from the every-day people. There was no disguise, there were no pussy-footed System methods—just a plain, fair, open statement of actual conditions.

In answer there came a roar from the people everywhere which stood the System on its head, spun it sideways a few cart-wheels, and on the reverse a few more. And while mounted police surrounded the mobs which fought for Yukon in Wall Street, while like mobs blockaded the financial districts of Boston and Philadelphia, frantically fighting for a part of the flotation, I sold more shares of stock in a single day than any three System houses had ever actually sold in any thirty-three weeks in the Street's history—and this after all the mud-slinging and sewerage upheavals of a long "Frenzied Finance" campaign.

DOUBLE-CROSSED

And right in the middle of my triumph, the System, again realizing that though I was with them, I was not of them, gave me as pretty a knockdown as it ever handed its easiest backwoods victim; it filled my eyes with carbolic, my ears with sulphuric, it rapped me across the back of the neck with a crowbar, and blackjacked me as I toppled, and inside of another forty-eight hours my triumph was a leaking-bag-piped funeral, with me for corpse, parson, and mourner.

But after a few days of System celebrating over my fall, I reappeared and renewed the Kilkenny affair by burning up my profits, and more, in a vain attempt to put the System in the hole it had dug for me.

Then, too, Financialdom knows how in the 1907 panic the System begged—yes, begged is the word—my aid, offering me its fattest job, and I slipped another two millions to the fuzzy side of my margin bag; and how I followed this with Chino, where, in a single copper battle with the System's leaders, I added to the first two pickings another round six millions.

But these stories are for later telling. I merely touch upon them now to lantern-light my readers to the fact that no man today should be so pumpkin-headed as to accuse me of bringing out my Remedy because of soreness with any one or thing; no man so pin-pated as to yell, or whisper, that I return to my public work for personal gain. Because all men may quickly learn, by even the bandiest-legged sort of investigation, that I have big stakes, hair-balancing the System's stakes, which will surely drop into the flames with theirs when my Remedy is a-saddle the Stock Exchange.

MY ONE MOTIVE

Many of my readers will wonder why I say these things about myself at this early stage of my work. I say them now because it is absolutely necessary that, right at the beginning of my Remedy campaign, I make you, my readers, understand my motives and my qualifications for tackling this great evil.

I ask you now if you really think that any man with as much wealth as any man should have, or could honestly use; with an experience so vast as to have covered almost all, to the very last one, of the high and sizzling dollar spots of earth's activities; with health and mind to enjoy all the worth-while things of earth; with as interesting a family as could be found anywhere; with a pen that is still in the word markets of the world on roller-skates, and with a literary personality still in demand by the "movies"—I ask you, would such a man voluntarily set himself up in the public square as a target for every sewer-mouthed blatherskite, every black-jacking-hearted System tout, every asafœtida-scented, verdigris-fingered soul-plucker, for any price within man's limit—*unless* he was impelled, propelled, and compelled by an unquenchable desire to benefit those countless poor devils who have not been as fortunate as himself?

ON THE WAY TO GOLD LAND

Here are a few things for my readers to mull over that should assist them to decide whether I have been in the game two hundred and fifteen years or only as long as those critics of "Frenzied Finance" and "The Remedy" who have been and who are working overtime to pooh-pooh my work.

When I was twelve years old I walked into Boston one day from my home town, Cambridge. I had my books under my arm, for I had started for school. I had read the Aladdin tales of a mysterious world of gold, tales more marvelous to a boy's mind than

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those of the conquests of Cæsar or Napoleon, or Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea"—tales that told how one man with no other weapons than honesty, pluck, nerve, energy, and ambition might single-handed give battle to all the world, and win, and how, winning, he might command the power of kings and live the life of fairies, with the power to smite the five-armed, to speed the single-legged, and to aid in making his country the greatest on earth.

Enchanted with these marvels of Gold Land, I had decided to peep at its mysteries.

"OFFICE BOY WANTED"

Standing at the head of State Street, looking down over the wharves into the harbor that, a hundred years before, had been the scene of that historical episode which hangs high and glowingly to the vision of all American lads—the dumping-of-the-tea episode—is the old State House. On the ground floor, in the days of which I write, there was a big open-to-all marine exchange, and, running round the outside, a single jack-knife-hacked-and-initialed wooden bench.

It was a four-mile walk from my home to that welcome-all bench, and my young legs had been lock-stepped to my curiosity and ambition, and with a grateful sigh I dropped down among the old skippers who were airing themselves before returning to their crafts, which danced in the offing just beyond the street's end.

I had been but a minute on the bench when I saw beckoning to me from the banker's plate-glass window diagonally opposite—"Office Boy Wanted." Ah, but Fate was a jolly fay even in those 'way-back-beginning-life days! My tired legs forgot their kinks, and in a jiffy I was standing, all of a tremble, before the opening in the mahogany and etched-glass counter, on the other side of which, only six feet away, and in full range of my now bulging eyes, was a long bin heaped high with the shining eagled and Liberty-headed gold of my dreams.

The coin was stacked in five-, ten-, and twenty-dollar heaps. A young man was shoveling, actually shoveling it—as if it had been the pebbles of the beach instead of the world's motive mover—from the bins into brass scales.

Every time the balance-pan tilted, a bell announced, "$5,000." And the shoveler would pour the heap into a canvas bag, knot a string round its neck, and, sealing it with red wax, toss it aside.

I was so intent on the operation that I hardly heard the banker's voice: "What can I do for you, little boy?"

I pointed to the sign, and with my heart astride my wish-bone I asked: "May I have the place?"

He smiled, for I was a little chap, and my spick-and-span striped linen waist and my strapped bundle of books spoke louder of mother's apron strings than of "business."

But it took us only a few moments to consummate the greatest trade I have ever had hand in. I agreed to deliver my best services from half-past eight A.M. until half-past four P.M. six days in the week, and in return the house agreed to pay me three dollars a week. Oh, how big the amount sounded, and how I admired the banker for so nonchalantly rolling it off as if he was unaware of its ponderosity!

He had evidently followed my startled eyes, for he asked: "Can you shovel gold?"

Could—I—shovel—gold? *Could* I? I nearly collapsed at the thought.

In a few moments I was shoveling gold.

That was forty-three years ago. I have shoveled gold continuously ever since—no, not continuously. I was sent back to school the next day, and it was two days before conditions were propitious and I again appeared at the banking-house—this time with tears, to ask if my gold-shoveling job still awaited me.

THE BEGINNING BANKER

It was the following week before I could get away from school again, and then, at the end of a tearful confession, the banker put me in his brougham, and together we drove out home, where he and mother (my father at the end of three years in the saddle with Sheridan had gone to a soldier's grave) made a more businesslike bargain than the one I had arranged under the lure of the "Office Boy Wanted" sign. He would see that I had afternoon instruction and that I was made—a banker.

As I said, this was forty-three years ago, and I am still shoveling gold.

In those days, unlike the present specialized ones when a boy learns but one branch of the stock-gambling profession, a lad

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began at the shoveling end and slowly and laboriously was schooled through each and every department: banking, gold, currency, foreign exchange, city, town, state, and federal bonds; railroad financing in all its details; and then the gambling end of the business, railroad stocks and bonds.

At sixteen, although still attending to my duties with "the house," I was a full-fledged operator on a small scale. Twelve or fifteen of my Street associates banded their savings with mine, and I directed the pool operations. One day when I was between sixteen and seventeen, we had $60,000 in the bank and a venture out that we dreamed would turn our "pot" into $160,000; but between morning and night $59,841 of our funds disappeared in a single gamble.

THE FIRST BIG KNOCKDOWN

But we were young, with the world all before us, and aglow, and our vote was unanimous for a $159 dinner at "Young's." Old head-waiter Horace, up to his death two years ago, never tired of reminding me of that glorious day when from two in the afternoon until after midnight "you lads ate, drank, and made merry, and gave me what there was left as a tip, five dollars and odd."

My private offices are only a few doors from the room in which we celebrated our first big knockdown.

Since those days I have had hand or eye in all the great and small stock-gambles which in retrospect appear one wild, frenzied, hurly-burly, heart-soul-and-dollar potpourri. I have been through all the big and little panics with my eyes awheel and my note-book lensed to their high and low and in-between spots.

I have made five millions of dollars between the setting of one sun and another. I have had the executive charge of deals such as Amalgamated, where my work was the gathering and slicing up of a hundred millions of new-"made" money.

As I showed in detail in "Frenzied Finance," I have sat in to the four-part division of forty-six millions of profit.

I have bought and sold, traded in and traded out, every prominent stock on all the American exchanges and on the leading world exchanges, London, Berlin, and Paris, and in 1,000 ($100,000), 10,000 ($1,000,000), and 50,000 ($5,000,000) share lots.

I have organized, capitalized, and consolidated corporations, and have financed and managed old and new ones. I have not in the past thirty-five years been off the boards of corporations.

I have been the managing partner in Boston and New York Stock Exchange houses. My wires for my personal operations run to scores of prominent Stock Exchange houses, and I have been in no place in Europe or America in many years where I could not within a half-hour's time have my orders executed on the floor of the London or New York Stock Exchange for at least 100,000 shares ($10,000,000).

I deeply regret being compelled to rehearse these things, but there is no other course open to me. This present work of mine, The Remedy, is a serious one, and to carry it to success I must have the confidence of the public to the extent that they will feel sure I am qualified to speak upon the big questions I will undertake. They can not have this assurance without knowing what has been my experience in the affairs of which I treat.

A CURSE THROUGH THE AGES

My subject is an old one, just as murder, bribery, and theft are old crimes; just as tuberculosis, diphtheria, and blood-poisoning are old diseases; just as gravity and electricity are as old as man; but—old as were tuberculosis, diphtheria, and blood-poisoning, it was for the twentieth-century scientists to find their destroyers; old as was gravity, it was for the great Newton to discover its law and formulate it for humanity's benefit; and old as was electricity, it was for the latter-day humans to make it man's servant.

Stock Exchange gambling has been recognized for hundreds of years as a curse to humanity—in Holland of the seventeenth century, in England of the eighteenth, in early nineteenth-century New York; but unlike murder, bribery, or theft, as yet no laws have been made to fit the crime. But this does not mean that there can not be, will not be.

I want to say, right here near the beginning of my work, to all who may now and hereafter take up the System's cudgel, that I am not going to concern myself with past battles against the Stock Exchange—the old-time Stock Exchange—which holds the

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same relation to the present-day one that eighteenth-century four-for-a-shilling canvasbacks hold to the twentieth-century birds at $3.50 each.

I am not going to stop to refute the fallacy of the argument that as there has always been stock-gambling, there always will be stock-gambling.

I am not going to concern myself with the fact that there may be countries where High-Cost Living prevails as in America, but where there is no stock-gambling.

I am not going to concern myself with the refutation of the argument that, as stock-gambling existed before the American people's High-Cost Living, it can not possibly be responsible for High-Cost Living.

As an illustration of the absurdity of arguing from the stock-gambling of the past, I will merely point to the fact that stock *speculation on the New York Exchange, after the trust machinery became well oiled, increased 600 per cent. in the years from 1890 to 1906.*

This is the problem before the American people, and I am not concerned nor going to be concerned with anything but these material facts:

High-cost living *does* prevail in America.

It is caused by Stock Exchange gambling, and

If the Stock Exchange gambling is destroyed, High-Cost Living will go with it, and

It is my job to show these things to the American people in such a way that a schoolboy can see them, so that when I have shown them, and the American people see them and have stopped the Stock Exchange gambling, High-Cost Living will have disappeared.

THE AMERICAN STOCK EXCHANGE—THE MONSTER GAMBLING HELL

In 1792 a group of public brokers met and resolved that the welfare of American business called for the organization of a reliable market for the buying, selling, and trading of public stocks.

Until 1792 it was the habit for brokers trading in public stocks to meet under the old Buttonwood Tree which stood in front of No. 68 Wall Street, and buy and sell and trade. But so active and defined had become the business, even in that early day, that in 1792 twenty-four public brokers banded together into an "exchange" and agreed upon a fixed and common commission of a quarter of one per cent. for the purchase and sale of public stocks.

This was the beginning of the Stock Exchange.

Later, in 1817, this organization was perfected, and the Exchange headquarters, which had moved from the Buttonwood Tree to the Tontine Coffee House at Wall and Water Streets, moved to 47 Wall Street, to Wall and William Streets, to Beaver Street, and, in 1865, to its present site on Broad Street.

In the very earliest days it was the habit of the brokers, as it is to-day, to foundation all of their public movements and discussions in the broad business philosophy: "The world could not exist without stock trading."

There was no lack of historical authority for solemn warnings to the common people not to interfere with Stock Gambledom, because it was a world within itself and beyond the possibility of their comprehension. They told in those days of Joseph, the broker who foresaw the shortage of corn in Egypt, and how his wisdom enabled him to supply the commodity when the thoughtless people were on the verge of starvation. And wisely they would nod their heads, squint their eyes, and forefinger-sledgehammer their palms as they told how Thales, 'way back in the dawn years of humanity, cornered the olive presses in Miletus, so that when the great harvest came Thales was "it" and able to squeeze the population to the limit.

Later, the New York Stock Exchange developed its stock-gambling devices by adding, feature by feature, the European methods that were fast systematizing themselves into a gigantic tribute-from-the-people-collecting system. To-day all its 9's are upside-down 6's, and its 8's can by a secret spring be ungeared promptly into 00's. It has push-button-"Stop here"-"Stop there"-combinations for the public, and others for use by the partners against each other —chiefs against lieutenants, lieutenants against their army, the army against its camp-followers. Winners are paid in counterfeit coin, and no loser escapes with his soul or his body clothes. Whether big or little losers, as they shiver out through its turnstiles they hear its soft "verily-verily"-voiced gate-tenders cooing: "Don't forget

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the number, and remember that the Lord loveth a cheerful loser."

The finished New York Stock Exchange of to-day is an unincorporated association of eleven hundred members, with a meeting-place, the Stock Exchange Building, which cost more than a million dollars. In this building, between the hours of ten and three on each week-day but Saturday—when the hours are from ten until twelve—the members gather for the purpose of buying from and selling to each other for customers and for themselves the stocks and bonds of the incorporated industries of America, which to-day amount to more than sixty billions of dollars.

BULLS, BEARS, AND LAMBS

This is the method of their business:

A. B. & Co. have a large office in Wall Street with branches in other cities, and one, or more, of its partners is a member of the Stock Exchange.

Into A. B. & Co.'s office, through the mail, by public or private wire, or in person, come each day from different parts of the world orders from merchants, bankers, farmers, clerks, capitalists, widows, and orphans, with from a few hundred dollars to millions to invest—orders to buy or sell so many shares or so many bonds of this railroad, that industry, or the other mine. The Exchange member of A. B. & Co. goes at ten o'clock to the Stock Exchange and "offers" the stocks he has orders to sell, or "bids" for the stocks he has orders to buy. And the other Exchange members of other Exchange houses "take" the stock he "offers" for sale to "fill" their buying orders, or "fill" his "bid" for the stock they have orders to sell.

The "floor" of the Stock Exchange from ten to three is at most times pandemonium. That is, pandemonium to a layman onlooker from the gallery above, where visitors are allowed to witness the antics of the "bulls," "bears," and "lambs."

A Stock Exchange "bull" is one who is trying to put the market up. A Stock Exchange "bear" is one who is trying to put the market down. A "lamb" is the public—the unsophisticated speculator who, from every nook and corner of the country or the earth, sends his order to buy or sell to be executed on the "floor." "Lamb" is the regular roast of the Stock Exchange.

Around the "floor," or pit, of the Stock Exchange—the great room to which none is admitted but the members and the army of pages who rush hither and thither with orders — are telegraphs and telephones operated by the best experts that money can buy.

When a "trade" is made on the floor it is transmitted by telephone and telegraph to the outside world—first to "the ticker" headquarters, which is equipped with every device known to the modern telephone and telegraph service for quick transmission. The "ticker" is a self-operating telegraph-machine which prints upon a roll of "tape" the transaction that has just taken place, thus:

U. S. 1,000 79 1-8. 2,000 ¼. 400 ¼—meaning that 1,000 shares of Steel have just been "bought" and "sold" at 79 1-8, or $79,125; 2,000 at 79 ¼, or $158,500; and 400 at 79¼, or $31,700.

These tickers, of which there are thousands installed in national banks, insurance companies, hotels, banking and brokerage offices, newspaper offices, merchants' counting rooms, and bar-rooms, in every large city in the country and in thousands of small cities and towns, keep the public in instant touch with the doings of the game; and hundreds of thousands, probably millions, of Americans, women as well as men, everywhere, hang over these tickers, reading the tape.

TICKER TAPE AROUND THE WORLD

Ticker prices are flashed on the instant of their recording, by telegraph and cable, to the entire civilized world. So perfect is this price-distributing machinery that a trade on the New York Stock Exchange is recorded within a minute or two in London, Berlin, and Paris, and the American ticker, while recording the American Exchange transactions, will print on its tape the transactions of the London, Berlin, and Paris Exchanges.

Financialdom speaks of the ticker as the "heart" of civilization and the ticker tick-tack-record taping as its "heart-beats;" and there is much truth in what Financialdom says.

Tickers in every city in this country may be recording the ordinary transactions of a monotonous day. Standing around them, watching the tape as it jerkily rolls

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out, are the business man, the clerk, the investor, and the big and the little gambler.

Suddenly the ticker jumps up its pace, prices "run off" sharply, that is, they drop rapidly, then one hears around each ticker:

"What's happened?" "The German-English war-cloud must be blackening." "The Berlin Socialists must have broken loose in riot." "Italy has opened fire on the Turks."

The "running off" ceases. The "running up" begins. The long faces around the ticker broaden, and there is shouted:

"False alarm! Plunger So-and-So feeling them out. Plunger This-and-That caught raiding and driven over the wall."

THE NATION'S NEWS IN TICK-TICKS

I stood by the ticker on a beautiful July forenoon with as pretty a "bull" market on as one could wish to see, when suddenly the ticker began to hiss and snarl and scream louder and louder, until its screaming and the tumbling cataract of prices became deafening.

It was all so sudden that it was impossible for the hundreds of thousands or millions of poor devils caught "long" with stocks on hand to dump them in time to prevent loss, perhaps ruin.

What could have happened? Men with blanched faces and scared eyes shiveringly stared into others' blanched faces and scared eyes, and pitifully but mutely shaped the words: "What can have happened?"

In a minute they knew, for from the ticker came the message: "An anarchist has shot and killed President Garfield."

Again at a later period the same news was repeated on the tape — President McKinley had been assassinated.

So perfect is the system of Stock Gambledom that the ticker tells everything of importance that happens in any part of the world, tells it in a thousand different inflections of voice; and tells in another thousand inflections all sorts of secrets—to those who know its language.

The ticker in my private office in "Young's" may go on for hours with a monotony that never interrupts my writing "The Remedy," or my sonnets to my honey-bees and my butterflies, when suddenly it gives a peculiar purr, a tick, tick-a-tick, tickety-whirring hiss, and I am alongside in my reachingest strides.

U. S. 700—59; 1600—58 7-8; 1000—¾; 4000—½; 200—½; 6000—¼; 400—1-8; 9000—58; 2000—57 7-8; 5000—7-8; 2500—½; 2000—¼; 5000—57; 2000—57; 1000—57; 1900—57.

Nothing in between; no other transactions; all Steel, and a violent break of two points and a halt and then activity.

I examine the yard or two of tape. I finger it back and forth, dwelling on this amount, lingering over that price, all the time mentally rushing through all the American events of the past few days, the past few weeks—business affairs, crops, legislation, banking institutions; and then I make a quick jump all over Europe—war situations, diplomatic situations, strikes, throne overturns; and then I seven-league boot it back to Yankeeland — and all the time the ticker is ticking away Steel at 57. Some one is throwing Steel over in big lots, but some one is buying it in equally big lots.

What does it mean? The man who can guess first will get the biggest slice of the easy money which is being chucked about in big hunks; for if Steel has dropped in four minutes from 59 to 57 and is going to drop from 57 to 55 in four minutes more, he who can sell 50,000 shares "short" at 57 will be able to "take" it back in another four minutes at 55, "bagging" by the operation $100,000—real dollars.

On the other hand, if it is going to halt at 57 and turn and in the next four minutes jump back to 59, he who buys 50,000 shares at 57 will be able to sell it at 59 and "net" $100,000—real dollars.

A MILLION IN THIRTY MINUTES

But, if this two-point drop means that the big head of Steel has fallen dead with heart disease, or been killed in his automobile, and this drop of two points is the selling by some one who has advance information, it means that the man who sells 50,000 Steel at 57 may inside of another half-hour be able to buy it back at 37, and thereby make in thirty minutes a whole million dollars of very easy money.

But then, too, if one's diagnosis of the cause of this two-point drop is wrong, one can as quickly and as easily be parted from as much of one's own real money as one

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can take from the other fellow by diagnosing it right.

After a few minutes' mad mental gallop through all the fields where lies the information necessary to the proper diagnosis, I get my bearings, and in another minute I have on eight or ten different wires eight or ten of the best-informed Stock Exchange members, whose business it is to tell me what they know. But after they have told me all they know, I still have not the solution, for they too are guessing.

That string of sales quotations on the tape can have come only from a limited number of sources. My experience, my lifetime of sleeping, eating, drinking, and playing with the ticker, tells me that—and tells me that if something real has happened, the orders must have come from one of a few particular "houses." I know them all, as a good kennelman knows the dams and sires of fifty or sixty mixed-color pups that look alike to the dog amateur who has had no kennel experience.

If it is only manipulation, that is, merely "a deal" incubating, the stocks obviously must have been "thrown" on to the market by one or another of the very few master manipulators.

WHEN THE TICKER COOS

So I lay out an elimination test to get at the true diagnosis of that two yards of tape. I take up telephone number one:—"Sell 4,000 Steel at the market"—the market is still 57. That order goes to one of the most active brokers on the floor, a man who knows his business.

On telephone number two:—"Sell 3,000 Steel at the market." This to a conservative commission house which hates to be classed in with floor manipulators.

Telephone number three:—"Buy 5,000 Steel at the market." This to a two-dollar "floor operator" who can get the best prices going with two crooks of his finger.

On telephone number four:—"Buy 2,000 Steel at the market"—and so on up and down my line of wires.

Then I finger the tape and watch it perform, and listen to the ticker coo for the next minute or so. The figures come stringing out, up, down, down, up. Every amount, every price, every fraction, every click means something. One by one I eliminate the various possibilities, and in another two or three minutes the ticker's voice sounds very loving to me. I pat the tape fondly and say: "You're a dear old lovey-dove to tell me all you know."

Then I pinch it. Every time we drop the tape we pinch—crease—it, at the last-recorded trade, that we may know upon our return where we were when we left off. So far have we brought the science of the game that it might pay to give a $10,000 or $20,000 tip to a big manipulator's office-boy for a diagram of the tape "pinches" on a busy day—they might show how this "up" or that "down" drove him to his telephone.

A DEAL IN STEEL

I have the situation: So-and-So, one of my competitors, an old-timer, has just been employed by the "Steel crowd" to rush Steel up for a three months' campaign. So-and-so always starts in—doesn't know any other way to do the business—by "working them down a few points," that he may get a load or two of "cheap stock" before "the deal" strikes its up-swing.

My testing orders have shown me the situation almost as truly as if I had been at his desk when he was laying out his campaign. It has cost me—for I have sold only the same number of thousands of shares through one set of brokers that I have bought through another—a paltry ten to fifteen thousand dollars in commissions (paltry compared with the profits to come), and I am ready for "business."

I order one broker to buy five thousand Steel, another ten, another ten, another five, another three, and so on, until I have, say, 40,000 shares on hand, and they have cost me, say, 58 on an average. I began to buy at 57. It is now 59, and going up.

My competitor, in his den in New York, is going through the same operation. He is calling over his various wires to his brokers to find out who besides himself is in the market, who is butting in on his deals; and presently the tape tells him, as it told me, and he mutters, "Damn him." But he has little time for damning any one, for I have got my 40,000 shares, and have diagnosed his operation thus:

The Steel directors have been secretly "loading up" for the past two months with Steel for their own private account, and with three or four or five hundred thousand

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low-priced shares on hand, they are now starting a campaign to buy for the treasury of the Steel Trust, with the stockholders' money, any amount necessary to lift the price to a desired point, say 95—the point at which these same Steel directors will unload the low-bought stock on to the fool public. This means to me that the Steel directors are going to let out "good news" about increased dividends and other "bull points" which will "send Steel soaring"—news which, after Steel is at the top of its soaringest high place, they will deny ever existed.

And the denial will bring Steel crashing back to its starting-point—59.

My diagnosis is published on the "news sheets;" the public rushes in to buy, as it always does in a bull market, and Steel jumps from 59 to 79; and I have on paper $800,000 of some one's money, which I proceed to make real money by selling my 40,000 shares, although I might get another $800,000 by holding on a while longer. It might go up another twenty points.

But experience has shown me that the nights are too long and too uncertain for an outsider to carry 40,000 shares of Steel through to the point where he might get a full profit—that is, as much profit as an insider — so I take my half and get up on the fence and wait until months afterward, when my old friend the ticker again starts in her sputtering.

This time my diagnosis shows that the Steel philanthropists have been unloading for weeks on a frantically buying public that has been stimulated to believe Steel is going up to 150. They are now selling Steel "short," preparatory to breaking the market with "bad news." I, therefore, sell 40,000 shares of Steel that I don't own, and I complete my deal later—when the world has been flooded with "bad news" to shake out the public, and prices have dropped—by buying Steel at twenty points below my selling price.

VELVET—BUT NOT FOR YOU

It's a sweet, pretty game, isn't it? I ask you—you American people. If I, the outsider, from "reading" the tape can make $1,600,000, what do you think of the chance of insiders, the ones who "make" the tape, to "make" easy money out of your hard-earned wages and incomes?

And yet the wise writers and lecturers and statesmen and philanthropists and reformers tell you this must be allowed to go on, or business, legitimate business, will cease!

THE EXPENSES OF THE GAME

The stock-gambling game burns money faster to pay expenses than any other game on earth, than all other games combined —and a thousand, yes, ten thousand times faster. And the money to keep it running comes from all classes of the American people. Here are some of the items:

The market value of the memberships in the New York Stock Exchange is one hundred millions of dollars. The interest on this amount, at five per cent., is five millions annually. A billion of dollars is invested in the stock-gambling business. The interest on this amount, at five per cent., is fifty millions annually. The amount of money borrowed to carry securities is more than two billions a year. The interest on this amount is a hundred millions annually.

Over fifty per cent. of all the telegrams sent in the United States are connected with stock-gambling.

Telegraph wires in connection with stock-gambling run to every part of the globe. One may purchase a hundred thousand shares in London, Paris, or Berlin quite as easily as if one were sitting in a Wall Street office.

Last year, while spending some weeks in Portland, Oregon, three thousand miles from the Wall Street maelstrom, I was guaranteed service in four and three quarter minutes. That is, from the time I gave my order I had my report back in four and three-quarter minutes. And while buried in the glorious ranch country in the center of Oregon, hundreds of miles from a railroad, by the use of telephone and telegraph I could have back my completed gambling report in nineteen minutes.

An order to buy or sell Wall Street's gambling chips "securities" in London is telegraphed across the ocean from New York, executed in the London Stock Exchange, and reported back to New York in six minutes.

Why do we use the London Exchange?—you ask. Gambling on the American Exchanges is from ten till three—and from three in the afternoon until ten the next

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morning the game stops? Not by a long chalk. There being five hours' difference in time between London and New York, the stock-gambling game in American securities can be resumed at five in the morning, American time, on the London Exchange.

For instance, the other day election returns at about half-past one in the morning showed such startling results that I was able to sell 40,000 shares of Steel in London while the great American public slept, and the following morning to buy back on the New York Stock Exchange at over $100,000 profit, what I had sold in London; for Steel was being frantically thrown overboard by the at-that-time-much-awakened American people. Think of it—more than $100,000 pay for one night's sit-up!

PLAY OR NOT—YOU PAY

And the money—where did it come from?

Only one place—the wages and incomes of the poor-devil public who slept, firm in the belief that they were losing nothing because they never gambled in stocks. But they did know when they awoke that beef was three or four cents a pound higher, and that coal was up two dollars a ton.

A wire is leased to the broker by the telegraph companies at the rate of $20 a mile per year and an added charge of $500 a year for each "drop" to a town through which it passes.

A private wire from New York to Chicago costs $16,000 a year, and a "drop" at Pittsburgh or Cleveland adds $500; a wire to Palm Beach, $36,000; and a San Francisco wire costs $60,000.

One house in the Street has its private wires stretched 25,000 miles, from ocean to ocean and from the Lakes to the Gulf, at a cost of over $700,000 a year. And this is only the cost of the wires.

Rents of Wall Street offices run from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars a year, and there are up-town branch offices where rent runs from ten to thirty thousand.

Not only are Stock Exchange salaries larger than in other businesses for the same character of service, but there are big Christmas bonuses and extra distributions, to say nothing of the opportunity to share in the profits of speculation.

An office manager who can command the business of a few large operators gets from $10,000 to $20,000 a year, some even $75,000 to $100,000. Any man who can bring a million shares of business a year, meaning a commission of $125,000, can get $40,000 to $50,000 of it as his salary.

A Wall Street gambling-shop of very moderate size with an up-town branch and two or three out-of-town offices, costs $175,000 to $200,000 a year to run. A house of this character may have a capital of $500,000 to a million divided among the partners. It must have at least one Stock Exchange seat—$68,000 to $100,000. It should also have seats on one or more of the out-of-town Stock Exchange and commodity gambling hells.

A Boston Stock Exchange seat costs $35,000; a Chicago Stock Exchange seat, $5,000; Cotton Exchange, $17,000 to $18,000; a Chicago Board of Trade, $3,500; a New Orleans Cotton Exchange, $3,500; a New York Coffee Exchange, $1,750.

Single Stock Exchange houses have as many as eight Stock Exchange memberships worth from $600,000 to $800,000.

Single Wall Street houses owe the banks, day in and week out, month in and year out, from fifty to a hundred million dollars.

A Wall Street gambling house must deal in at least 4,000 shares of stock a day to pay expenses of $500 a day. This amount of business in a year is 1,200,000 shares, $120,000,000. Houses of this size may do business of from $300,000,000 to $500,000,000 a year. Larger houses will do $25,000,000 a day. Some of these gambling shops cost over $1,000,000 a year to run.

AND SUNDRIES

Here are the expenses of one gambling shop for a year (and this gambling shop collapsed in a recent panic):

Its total yearly expenses were $800,000, divided among its main gambling shop in Broad Street, seven up-town smaller shops, and thirty out-of-town puller-in shops. Its main office expenses were $375,000. Its Waldorf and Plaza branches cost $50,000 a year to run; its Chicago branch, $50,000. Through its Plaza Hotel office alone it paid out salaries of $12,500; $17,000 for rent; sundry expenses—rum, cigars, and small gambling outfits—$14,000.

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In its main office it paid salaries of $140,000; $60,000 for private wires, $25,000 for rent, and $150,000 for sundries, meaning the usual entertaining paraphernalia, such as would be found in any gambling hell.

The Hughes New York Legislative Investigating Committee touched on certain phases of these gambling hells as follows:

> "Complaint has been made of branch offices in the city of New York—often luxuriously furnished and sometimes equipped with lunch-rooms, cards and liquor. The tendency of many of them is to increase the lure of the ticker by the temptation of creature comforts, appealing thus to many who would not otherwise speculate."

Not infrequently these houses, after paying all these enormous expenses, make from two to five million dollars a year.

THEY GET YOU GOING AND COMING

It is safe to say that the cost of running the stock-gambling game each year is a billion dollars, that is, *the public must pay a billion dollars to those connected with the game, outside and independent of huge profits taken by the System.*

The only legitimate way this money can be taken from the public is in commissions on the amount of business transacted, and in interest charged on the amount of money loaned to carry stocks. The Stock Exchange commission is one-eighth of one per cent. of the par value of the stock, or twelve and a half dollars on a hundred shares. For every transaction registered there must be a buyer and a seller, so that a million-and-a-half-share day is in reality a three-million-share day for the brokers, because they have been paid to buy a million and a half shares and to sell a million and a half.

In 1906, 285 million shares of a value of 24 billion dollars were traded in—285 million shares sold in a year means 285 million shares bought, or 570 million shares altogether. The commission on this year's business would have been $71,250,000, and if the interest and incidentals charge brought the amount up to $300,000,000, it would still be a long way off from the amount of money actually taken from the public to meet the expenses of the game.

In addition to the billion dollars required by this end of the Stock Exchange game, there are the two billions required for profits by the other end—the System with its System masters, the sure-thing end of the game.

The System secures its two billions by manipulating the price of stocks and bonds, unloading them at the top and shaking the public out at the bottom, by manufacturing new securities and inflating old securities, and using the illegitimately high prices as instruments for taking from the public the surplus wealth which they produce each year.

When an order is sent by an outsider to a Wall Street Stock Exchange house to buy, say, one hundred shares of United States Steel stock at 95 per share, or $9,500 for the hundred shares, the method is:

The sender of the order puts up ten points "margin," that is, he sends to the Stock Exchange house $1,000. The Stock Exchange house purchases in the Exchange 100 shares for $9,500. It gives the seller its check for $9,500, which is $8,500 of its own money and $1,000 of its customer's money.

Simultaneously with this, it takes the hundred shares of stock to one of the Steel Trust national banks or trust companies—and this means pretty nearly any national bank or trust company in the country—and borrows the $8,500. It borrows this money "on call," which means that the bank can call for it at any time.

THE "CALL" LOAN SQUEEZE

This is one of the important devices in the System's machinery, for any time the System masters decide to shake the public out they have but to start calling their "call" loans; the brokers will "call" upon their customers to take up their loans, and, the customers not being able to do so, their stock will be "sold out." And when all the Stock Exchange members' customers, meaning the public, are being sold out at one time, there is a slaughter in the price. So that **as a practical working device the purchase of stocks on "margin" is as perfect in the System's hands as if they had that section of the American people who buy and sell stocks (and they number millions) bound hand and foot and gagged, for the going-through of their clothes, with the "profits" limited only by the amount of money their victims had about their person.**

The Stock Exchange house pays the bank for the call loan at the rate of 2½ per cent.

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a year. It charges its customer 6 per cent., making a profit of 3½ per cent. on this end of the transaction. If Steel stock goes from 95 to 105¼ and the customer sells, there is realized from the sale the $8,500 borrowed from the bank, the $1,000 put up by the customer, the $1,000 profit of the customer, and the Stock Exchange's commission of one-eighth of one per cent. each way for buying and selling.

But if, as happened in the actual case which I have been citing as an illustration, Steel does not go to 105¼, but instead drops to 85, then the customer is called on for another $1,000 margin, and another, and another, until when the price of the stock gets to 55 and he has up $4,000 of margin, and can put up no more, he is "sold out" with a loss of $4,000.

THE OLD STORY

The reason this particular customer of the Stock Exchange house went into this transaction was that Steel had steadily risen from 24 to 95, and the press and all the reliable stock-gambling authorities had asserted most positively that it was to continue rising until it sold at 150. The customer, a bank officer in Pennsylvania, believing those stories, concluded he would get some of the easy money. He purchased, not the 100 shares I have used in my illustration, but 3,000 shares, putting up as margin $30,000; and when he was shaken out at 55, his losses amounted to $120,000.

Since he had stolen the money from his bank, he is now serving a long-term penitentiary sentence, while his delicately brought-up wife and daughters are balancing the world, that world which is bordered on one side by the poorhouse and on the other by the Street—not the Street of Financialdom, but the cold, hard, heart-and-soul-paved Scarlet Street which always offers ready refuge for the womenfolk of stock-gambling victims.

This is the Stock Exchange world which Financialdom would have us believe is absolutely necessary for the existence of civilization's business and social structures—a world where, according to Stock Gambledom, things are conducted under the same code of ethics and morals that prevails in all other business worlds; a world that is based on finance, investment, and legitimate speculation; a world that has in it no robbery and not even any ordinary gambling.

No department of civilization has so many fallacies advanced to support its existence as stock-gambling. Here are extracts from hackneyed stock-gambling literature.

One of the great financial writers says:

> "The world's great things have been done by men who were willing to take risks and whose willingness was inspired by the picture of success which they have kept constantly before their minds and ambitions. There is a tendency, chiefly the expression of ignorance, to confuse speculation with gambling. There is, however, not the slightest justification for the assumed synonym. Gambling may be defined as hazard without intelligence or intelligent effort. Speculation, on the contrary, while necessarily involving hazards, is only justifiable as it may be undertaken in the spirit of intelligent research and experience. All speculation is legitimate provided it is based on adequacy of capital and resources and requisite intelligence."

Is it not using the intelligence of the American people as a punching-bag to thrust such stuff in front of them in connection with a game which is infinitely lower, morally, ethically, and horse-sensedly, than any of the old forms of gambling?

A HUNDRED TIMES TOO MUCH PROFIT

Imagine an intelligent writer trying to justify Wall Street methods on the ground that the incentive to build up our country has been the big profits that are made from its loaded dice and marked cards!

And yet this is the stock-in-trade argument most often heard. It assumes this shape:

Our great railroads and industries would not have been built if those who were in the start had not been given an opportunity to make tens of thousands of per cent. profit on the capital put to hazard. If the only reward for building the Union Pacific Railroad across the plains had been two or three hundred per cent. profit, the

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home and foreign capital never would have built it.

I will pass the argument with this single comment:

There is no great railroad, no great industry in America, that could not have gone to its present position, without Stock Exchange gambling, as quickly and as surely with one hundredth, possibly with one-thousandth part of the profit which its promoters took from the people.

INTELLIGENCE?

Cohn, the German economist, says that speculation is the struggle of well-equipped intelligence against the rough power of chance.

Imagine the well-equipped intelligence of scores of the multi-millionaire industrial captains who have made the name American the laughing-stock of the refined people of the old as well as the new world.

Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court, in one of his decisions, says:

> "Speculation by competent men is the self-adjustment of society to the probable. People will endeavor to forecast the future and to make agreements according to their prophecy."

Imagine the competency of men in the adjustment of society who will sit in a Wall Street office and bet a hundred thousand dollars that a certain rain-drop, trickling down the plate-glass window, will reach the sill before another!

President Hadley says:

> "The success or failure of a man engaged in manufacturing, in transportation, or in agriculture, depends more upon his skill as a prophet than upon his industry as a producer."

Imagine the skill as a prophet of the multi-millionaire System captain who left a poker game at two in the morning to deliver this message to the captain-general of the System forces: "In regard to that L. & N. deal, I'll put an injunction on it in the morning unless you send me a round five million dollars to-night, and every five minutes that pass before I get your answer will mean another million added to the five."

Imagine the skill as a prophet of the man who could adhere to this resolution to the extent of actually securing ten millions of real money which was subsequently found to be capitalized into the railroad.

Former President Baldwin of the great Fourth National Bank of New York, in a public speech some time ago, said:

> "Next to the Christian religion, the New York Stock Exchange has been the greatest civilizing influence in the world."

Imagine the intelligence of the audience composed of the pick of Financialdom, who listened to this statement without bursting the laughing buttons of their waistcoats.

A noted writer says:

> "It is a consummation devoutly to be wished that the evils incident to speculation could be abolished. Legitimate speculation fosters development and makes progress and prevents economic chaos. You can not do without it. It is an economic necessity. Neither can you check the abuses by legislation without interfering with legitimate speculation. It were better to try to change humanity than to mix legislation, ethics, and economics in the jumble suggested by those who would abolish stock speculation entirely."

I would have my readers ponder this language, for it is from one of the foremost preachers for the maintenance of Stock Exchange gambling as it exists to-day: "It were better to try to change humanity than to mix legislation, ethics, and economics in the jumble suggested by those who would abolish stock speculation entirely."

In other words, it would be better to try to do the impossible than to prevent a score of the System's Stock Exchange hirelings from openly and brazenly, like so many horse-auction fakers, by fraud bidding up from nothing to five hundred millions of dollars so much pure water capitalized in the form of Steel Trust common stock, for the purpose of using the thus fictitiously made prices as a legal justification for putting these worthless pieces of paper into the treasuries of insurance companies, national banks, and trust companies, in order to withdraw five

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hundred millions of the hard-earned savings of the American people.

Here is what the legislative committee appointed by Governor Hughes, now United States Supreme Court Justice, reported after investigating Stock Gambledom:

> "In its nature it is in the same class with gambling at the race-track or at the roulette-table, but is practised on a vastly larger scale. Its ramifications extend to all parts of the country. It involves a practical certainty of loss to those who engage in it. A continuous stream of wealth taken from the actual capital of innumerable persons of relatively small means swells the income of brokers and operators dependent on this class of business, and in so far as it is consumed like most income, it represents a waste of capital. The total amount of this waste is rudely indicated by the obvious cost of the vast mechanism of brokerage and by manipulator's gains, of both of which it is a large constituent element. But for a continuous influx of new customers, replacing those whose losses force them out of the Street, this costly mechanism of speculation could not be maintained on anything like its present scale."

There is no better illustration of the result of modern Stock Exchange gambling than a verse by the great French historian, Guizot, describing the career of John Law and the collapse of his Mississippi Company in France in 1720-1724. Guizot says that so many fortunes were won and lost at that time that this song was everywhere heard in the streets:

On Monday I bought share on share
On Tuesday I was a millionaire
On Wednesday took a grand abode
On Thursday in my carriage rode
On Friday drove to the opera ball
On Saturday came to the paupers' hall.

Now and again, as I set down such economic nightmares as the foregoing, I find myself asking: "How much longer will the millions of work-like-dogs-sixteen-hours-a-day-for-twelve-dollars-a-week American fathers, husbands, and brothers read these figures, and, in the reading, vision their daughters being driven to the street for the necessary pittance to keep flesh and bones on speaking terms, their wives chased to consumptive graves in vain attempts to keep every-day hells on the latch-side of their squalid homes, and themselves seeking prison cells in preference to suicides' graves—how much longer will they read without demanding a remedy!

The other day I was stopped on the street by a magnificent six-foot-two specimen of American manhood, one of those human set-ups who could tail-sling a bull twice his length — and repeat. I knew him as one of the armor-platers of my to-be America's cup-defender. Hangdoggedly he asked me for the loan of a few dollars.

"God knows," he said, with a tremor in his voice, "I hate to beg, but I've got five hungry children and a wife, and I haven't had work enough in five weeks to earn the house rent."

As he started away, he wistfully said: "I don't know about such things, but you do, so answer me please: How much longer is this kind of times to be with us? How much longer? I never took a drop of liquor in my life. I never wronged man or woman, and by——"

I didn't wait to hear his finish, for I didn't like his look. It wasn't human. I knew that look. I have seen it many times, and I am running across it oftener and oftener in these High-Cost Living and Low-Cost Virtue days. If I had seen that look in one of my bulldogs, I would have ordered the kennelman to triple-leash him and upon the look's return to kill him.

Shortly afterward I stopped to watch a callow-faced youth whose hide was saturated with wine and whose head was steeped in cigarette juice, hurl an $8,000 automobile, head on, into a stone wall. We picked him up badly shaken but unhurt. I knew him and his people before him. He was only a few years out of college. He earned between twenty and twenty-five thousand dollars a year touting for a banking-house—steering the cork-headed sons of cunning-headed dollar kings against the stock-gambling game.

I said to him:

"You've easily punched a few thousand dollars out of that magnificent machine."

He laughed as he lisped: "There's a whole lot more where that came from."

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I didn't wait for him to finish. I didn't like his look. I have seen it many times of late in the dollar haunts. If I saw it in one of my spaniels I would order my kennel-man to drown him in a tub of dirty water.

HERE IS THE LAW

It is simple, constitutional, and effective. It can be put on the statute-books at a single session of Congress. It is the old lottery law—which has passed all the courts—AMENDED. The law to curb the Stock Exchange must be a Federal, not a state, law. Here is a Federal law which, with a Federal Stock Exchange incorporation law to be presented in the next instalment, will do the business:

No letter, postal-card, or circular concerning any lottery, so-called gift concert, or other similar enterprise offering prizes dependent upon lot or chance, or concerning schemes devised for the purpose of obtaining money or property under false pretenses,

or concerning any stock exchange where securities or stocks, bonds, notes, or other evidences of indebtedness, or evidence of part or proportionate ownership of property, are dealt in on a margin or on credit, unless said stock exchange is incorporated by the Congress of the United States;

and no list of the drawings at any lottery or similar scheme, and no lottery ticket or part thereof,

and no statement, account, bill of particulars, or other information regarding any purchase or sale upon or in any stock exchange, of any securities, stock, bond, or other evidence of indebtedness, or of part or proportionate ownership of property on a margin or on credit, unless such purchase or sale is made upon a stock exchange incorporated by the Congress of the United States;

and no check, draft, bill, money, postal note, or money order for the purchase of any ticket, tickets, or part thereof, or of any share or any chance in any such lottery or gift enterprise;

or for or on account of any purchase or sale upon or in any stock exchange, on a margin or on credit, of securities, stock, bond, note, or other evidence of indebtedness, or evidence of part or proportionate ownership of property, unless such purchase or sale is made upon a stock exchange incorporated by the Congress of the United States;

shall be carried in the mail or delivered at or through any post-office or branch thereof, or by any letter-carrier; nor shall any newspaper, circular, pamphlet, or publication of any kind containing any advertisement of any lottery or gift enterprise of any kind offering prizes dependent upon lot or chance, or containing any list of prizes awarded at the drawings of any such lottery or gift enterprise, whether said list is of any part or of all of the drawing

or containing any prices at which any stocks, bonds, notes, or other securities, or other evidence of indebtedness, or evidence of part or proportionate ownership of property, shall have been bought or sold upon or in any stock exchange, on a margin or on credit unless such purchase or sale is made upon a stock exchange incorporated by the Congress of the United States,

be carried in the mail or delivered by any postmaster or letter-carrier.

Any person who shall knowingly deposit or cause to be deposited, or who shall knowingly send or cause to be sent, anything to be conveyed or delivered by mail in violation of this section, or who shall knowingly cause to be delivered by mail anything herein forbidden to be carried by mail, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be punished by a fine of not more than five hundred dollars, or by imprisonment for not more than one year, or by both such fine and imprisonment for each offense.

Any person violating any of the provisions of this section may be proceeded against by information or indictment and tried and punished, either in the district at which the unlawful publication was mailed, or to which it is carried by mail for delivery according to the direction thereon, or at which it is caused to be delivered by mail to the person to whom it is addressed.

In my next chapter I will illustrate the workings of the proposed law, with vivid pictures of Stock Exchange panics and System conspiracies that would have died a-borning under such a law as the above.—T. W. L.

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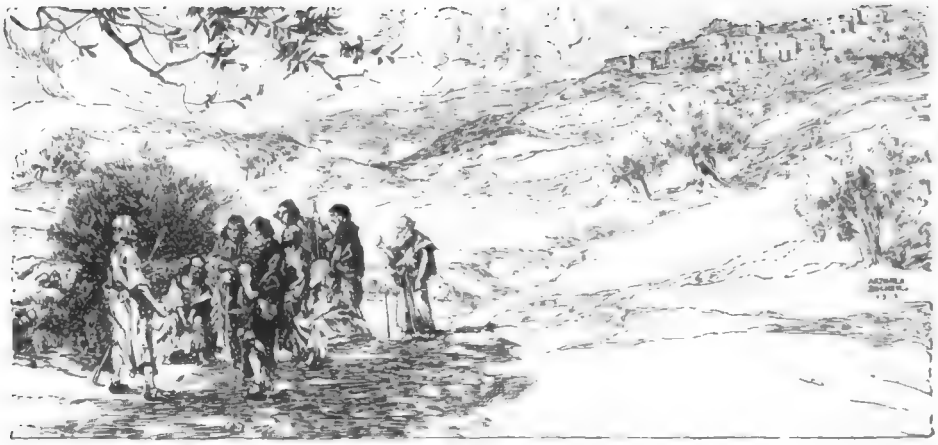

The CHILDREN'S BLESSING

by VIRGINIA RODERICK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR BECHER

"And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them."

ON THE slope of a hill, beneath silvery olives, a group was gathered about the young stranger. He had entered the village only that morning, seeking the companionship of such Nazarenes as might be there. And they had brought him out here in the open to receive his message. But though he carried them greetings and news from distant groups of the Christ's followers, it was plain that he had not been sent to them on a mission.

They waited till he should be ready to explain his quest.

"You did not see Him, then?"

Into the young man's eyes came a great, yearning sadness. "No," he answered. "But you," he asked eagerly, "did none of you see Him?"

They shook their heads—all of them.

"We were too far away," one murmured.

"But I had for spiritual father one who had seen Him," the traveler offered, his face lighting. "You know how He blessed a company of little children? How He put His hands upon them?" He paused, and they nodded silently. "My teacher was one of those children," he said, his dark eyes aglow with reverent pride.

A quick glance flashed about the group; but no one spoke, and the traveler went on, the radiance of his face blotted out again in sadness. "It is because he is gone that I am a wanderer now. I was always with him, and we went about together, preaching the Kingdom. It was all so clear to my teacher because he had seen Him. He told me of His wonderful look."

They fell silent, brooding and thoughtful.

Then one asked: "What was it like—the blessing He gave your teacher? Did he gain goods and store?"

The young traveler's dark eyes opened in amazement. "Why, no! How could that be? My teacher was like Him," he explained simply.

Again the quick look passed about the circle. At last one spoke, slowly: "There is a man here in the village who was also blessed with the children."

The young traveler started up joyously. "Take me to him," he entreated. "Let me talk with him; that is what I am seeking—another teacher."

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"WHY, HOW COULD ONE WANT GOODS AND HONORS WHEN ONE HAD SEEN HIS WONDERFUL SMILE, WHEN HIS ARMS—"

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"Nay, friend—" began one; but another hurriedly whispered: "Let us not tell him. Perhaps *he* can help." And so the first speaker finished: "I fear you will not find him like your teacher; but you shall go. It is only a step."

And they guided him, eager, all but impatient, to a mean hovel just within the town. There they left him.

It was a man with a dark, bitter face that answered his knock. "May I speak with Nemuel?" the stranger asked courteously.

"I am Nemuel," growled the man curtly.

"But I mean Nemuel who was one of the children that Jesus blessed," persisted the young traveler, his face softly alight as the name passed his lips.

"Come in; I am the man." He straightened proudly. "I was a child seven years old when I saw Him——"

He stopped, for the young stranger, pale and gasping, broke in: "You saw Him! He touched you! You have seen His face, and yet your own— Forgive me, friend. But my master was also one of the children blessed by the Christ, and he was . . . different." He hesitated, still looking at the somber face in puzzled distress.

The man caught the young stranger's arm. "You knew another of those He blessed? Tell me—did he have great wealth, palaces, honors? Did he wait long? Did the blessing tarry so long in the fulfilment as with me?"

The young stranger shook his head in deep bewilderment. "I do not understand. No, he had no wealth, no palaces, no honors. He followed the Christ. He was blessed by His spirit. Why, how could one want goods and honors when one had seen His wonderful smile, when His arms—" He broke off, gazing at his host in appalled incomprehension.

Nemuel's dark face grew darker, more bitter. "Then there *is* no blessing, after all," he said slowly. "I have waited, believing, trusting. I have kept my life clean. I have kept myself holy—away from those whom He had not touched"— The stranger drew a quick breath, and his eyes softened with pity—"I have never forgotten that I was blessed above others. And now there *is* no blessing." And he covered his face with his hands.

There was a silence, and then the young stranger spoke, very gently. "The blessing, my master taught me, was for all children—for all childlike faith and trust and purity. It was a sanctification of the child spirit."

Nemuel had lifted his head and was listening, his eyes fastened wonderingly on the stranger's face.

"And it was not a blessing to be wrapped up in a napkin. It was not to bring you good fortune, as if it had been a sorcerer's charm. It was a blessing for you to take and to *make*—to use it—to give it to others. Through you He blessed *all* children. . . . And yet—" the stranger's voice deepened—"yet there *was* something special, too."

"What was it?" Nemuel breathed.

The stranger bent on him a gaze full of yearning. "Have you not remembered His face?" he asked. "His wonderful look—just for you?" There was a pleading note of reproach in his voice as he leaned toward Nemuel, but his face was all love and tenderness.

Nemuel began to shake his head slowly, still fixing the stranger with his gaze.

"No," he confessed. "I haven't been able to remember—not for years. At first I did. Afterward—I *knew* that His face was wonderful, but I could not *see* it. But now—now I begin to remember——"

The young stranger waited for the halting words, his face lighting softly with a holy hope and joy.

"Why, your face—" Nemuel still hesitated, groping, and then suddenly his voice rang out in triumph, and memory dawned clearly in his eyes—"Why, *your face—is like—His!* . . . Oh, I do remember, and—I begin to understand."

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The Rot Writer

by

Wallace Irwin

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVE SONNETS OF A HOODLUM," "LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

JOHNNIE KETCHUM, under an opulent contract, manufactured songs for the well-known publishing house of Julius Spielbaum. Johnnie was a musical bushelman of unlimited capacity, for he wooed an ambidextrous Muse who inspired him to do, simultaneously, the words with his right hand, the music with his left. The house of Spielbaum occupied a five-story structure on that side street deservedly termed "Tin Pan Alley," an important tributary to Broadway, which, like the mighty Nile, flows ever onward, gathering junk from a thousand sources until finally, clogged with a burden greater than it can bear, it overflows its banks and inundates a nation with a flood of trash.

Julius Spielbaum called himself the "Hit-a-Minute Man." Twenty faithful composers, at the behest of Julius, did their worst, and their worst was pretty bad. By a sort of commercial megalomania, Spielbaum grouped all forms of theatrical doggerel under the head of "lyrics." Similarly he referred to the seven-foot cells where his employees worked as "studios." These compartments, with which the place was honeycombed, were furnished each with a piano, two chairs, a photograph of Emma Carus, and a library of classic gems from which the composer could plunder at will. When the factory was working full force, each of the pianos banging at once on its own particular theme, the effect was comparable to a bad fifteen minutes with Richard Strauss.

Spielbaum worshiped an ugly little idol named "The Last Big Hit." That the god was good to his devotee I know, for I have seen the Spielbaum estate at New Rochelle.

Johnnie Ketchum occupied a "studio," second-floor rear, in the New York establishment. His cell was two feet wider than that of his co-workers; for Johnnie was the pride of the house of Spielbaum, due to his success with "That Kickapoo Rag-Jag Mel-o-dee," some years out and still selling. He was what they call a "one-finger musician," which is to say, he was a rudimentary pianist with a gift of tune. A rather plain young man, small and badly clad in misfit shoddy, he permitted his curly hair to jut out from his forehead in two distinct horns, while he shaved so carefully behind his ears that his long neck blushed in nakedness.

Ambrose McClosky Vale, a poet (species now rapidly becoming extinct), blew into the house of Spielbaum with November's first raw winds. So idle an errand brought him there that Mr. Spielbaum turned a blank, egg-shaped face upon the intellectual

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stranger and bored him with a gimlet glance through thick, near-sighted glasses. Ambrose explained that he was on the staff of a magazine devoted to poems and articles on contemporary tendencies. Spielbaum at first thought that Ambrose was some sort of book-agent, and was inclined to be brusque; but when the poet went on to tell how he was gathering material for an article to be called "Modern Ballad-mongers," and wished to see the song-factory in operation, Spielbaum scratched his bald head and pursed his luscious lips as if tasting rich food. Here was a foolish person writing free advertisements. The publisher took the poet to his heart and showed him around.

Mr. Spielbaum dropped the high-browed stranger in Johnnie Ketchum's cell, instructing the latter to be polite. Johnnie played over "That Kickapoo Rag-Jag Mel-o-dee," screaming the words at the top of his voice. He showed Ambrose a sheaf of limp, typewritten lyrics, and confidentially explained that a sprightly number, entitled "Whistling Whiskers," had originally been intended for Mr. Eddie Foy.

"We all have our ambitions," confessed Johnnie modestly.

Ambrose the poet cleared his throat and considered the matter seriously. "Hum," he said. "You turn this sort of thing out, I suppose, like sausage out of a mill. Drop in the ingredients, turn the crank, and *presto!*"

"We carry two kinds o' songs in this shop, high-grade and low-grade," Johnnie explained. "The low-grade songs are made something like you say. Spielbaum will come in here and yell: 'We want a funny jabber song for Riley & Rae before three o'clock this afternoon; three verses, eight long lines each; chorus must have a vamp, two beats of the bass drum, and a comedy tag on the end.' That's the way they order a low-grade song."

"Sounds rather like an order for a pair of shoes," commented Ambrose.

"But the high-grade song is different." Johnnie lowered his voice, speaking of holy things. "You never can tell when the Big Hit's goin' to strike. You may punch half the teeth out o' the pianna for six solid weeks—nothin' doin'. Then all of a sudden—*pow!* Up flies an idea that's bigger 'n Broadway, with a tune they'll be whistlin' next Christmas in the Philippine Islands."

"Inspiration," murmured Ambrose, with a trace of a sneer.

"That's what they call it at Harvard's," agreed Johnnie. "I done that Kickapoo Rag all-of-a-sudden Sadie, just like that. I was standin' in front of the Kaiser Hof one night watchin' a cop pullin' a bum—hot night—bum felt more comfortable in the open air, so he started to beat it across Broadway. Traffic cop got him with a half-Nelson; and as I watched 'em swayin' and side-steppin' under the electric signs, my think-tank started goin', and first I knew I was singin' to myself——"

Johnnie's stubby fingers lightly touched the keys as he sang:

"Oh, you Kickapoo Rag-Jag!
Won't you grab me, honey,
Won't you nab me, honey,
Indian style?"

The poet laughed to conceal a groan. "That, I find, is the trouble with the whole popular-song business," he sighed. "You fellows absolutely refuse to write about anything that actually happens. Gigantic social facts blaze before your eyes while you beat your little, shallow tin pans. You fellows would make a mountain tawdry; Bobbie Burns could make a field-mouse great."

"What firm did that Burns guy work for?" asked the song-writer.

"Perhaps you're joking," replied the poet. "In that incident where the 'cop pulled the bum,' as you describe it, you had a chunk of real life shaken before your very eyes: Broadway with its wealth and waste, the careless millions going by; the unfortunate tramp, inspired no doubt by God's breath of spring, walks forth a while to hold up his head among his fellow men, his course directed, perhaps, to a better ideal——"

"His course was directed to Otto's beer-joint on Eighth Avenue," corrected Johnnie.

"Granted," continued Ambrose. "Nevertheless you were witness to an episode that might have made a ballad as great as 'Danny Deever.' And what did you get out of it? Nothing but that Kickapoo Rag-Jag stuff!"

"I guess it was some stuff," snorted Johnnie. "It sold over six million copies in America, England, *and* Australia; they dance it in sassiety, and a hand-organ man was shot last week for playin' it two

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years steady in front of a Bronx saloon."

"It bears no relation to life," said the man of letters, wiping his glasses on a silk handkerchief.

"Life? Huh! If you ever seen it danced, you'd think it had more life in it than a bushel o' crabs." Johnnie moderated his voice, which was rapidly becoming argumentative. "Hell, Heine, I don't blame you for side-steppin' my stuff. You got a real dome on top of your nut, while the geeks *I* write for have got brows so low you could wind a shoe-string around 'em and make 'em look like they was wearin' an East Indian turban. You're re-fined and your soul's all mahogany finish inside. You're a lit'ry guy. You like things sort o' sweet and sentimental—Say——"

Johnnie's short face lit up with a sudden inspiration. "Say, I got just the song for you here. It's a bear — you'll love it to death. I been hammerin' away at it for two weeks, and if I can only find a chorus for it, I'll have a hit that'll kick that Kickapoo song into the stock-room."

Again Johnnie smote the sounding keys, and, throwing back his head until his Adam's apple bobbed up and down like the indicator on a grocer's scales, he sang:

HERE WAS A FOOLISH PERSON WRITING FREE ADVERTISEMENTS THE PUBLISHER TOOK THE POET TO HIS HEART AND SHOWED HIM AROUND.

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"On the level, I am lonely, dear;
Only, dear,
Don't forget me when I'm far from you
(plunky-plunk, plunk).
In your hammock soft and breezy, dear,
Easy, dear,
You are swinging by the ocean blue.
Snowy winter drives me crazy, dear,
Daisy, dear;
Song-birds sing to me from far away,
And when I am sen-ti-men-tal, dear,
Gentle, dear,
Southland zephyrs come to me and say:"

"Ain't got no chorus yet," said Johnnie. "But I got a hunch that a good one's on the wing, and when she comes my way—pluck!" He made a gesture suggestive of gathering grapes from a low arbor.

"If you could only get some *thought* into it!" complained Ambrose. "Something that would ring true, instead of those tin-panny sentiments."

"Sawdust emotions, painted passions—the fault of environment," said Ambrose, mostly to himself. "To you the Book of Life is a libretto badly done. Nothing *real* ever happens, nothing rings true——"

Mocking his mood, the telephone on the wall jangled harshly. Johnnie snatched the receiver.

"Hello, 'lo—oh, *good* morning, Mrs. Pell. Yes, this is me. How's every little thing with you? *What!* Steinwinder turned you down? Well, what d' you know about that? Say, I'll go round and throw a crimp into that spaniel! Naw, don't say that! Sure you'll make good. There's carloads of 'em worse 'n you pullin' down their two hundred per. Buck up, Daisy! All the big artists start slow—what? All right. To-morrow at eleven."

Absent-mindedly the song-writer seated himself at the piano and played rag-time in a minor key. Pretty soon he began to sing softly, centering his emotions in the bridge of his nose:

"Springtime is the time of love,
Dainty little stars a-bove.
Leave the hurly-burly, girlie,
In the pearly morning early,
Springtime is the time of love!"

"That's *her* song," he said, suddenly whirling on the stool and facing Ambrose.

"You mean this—er—Mrs. Pell?"

"You said it," replied Johnnie dejectedly. "I wrote 'er that song two or three months ago to get 'er a job on the Whipple circuit. Had to bribe Whipple to take 'er on, but that's neither here nor there."

"How did she do?" asked the other man, because the question seemed in order.

"Rotten," replied Johnnie bluntly. "She runs no more chance in a bunch like that than a canary in a gas-house. She don't belong." He tapped the end of a straight-cut cigarette on the back of his red, hairy wrist.

"Ol' man," he said suddenly, "you been talkin' to me pretty straight about my art, and I think you're on the level. I'm goin' to tell you something."

He rose and drew from a pigeonhole a lurid poster, which he unrolled and pinned to the door—a yard and a half of advertising ugliness. It was in three primary colors, red, yellow, and green. In a mess of cheap rococo decorations swam an oval photographic reproduction of two stary-eyed young men in evening dress. One was obviously Johnnie on parade; the other, taller and more grandly proportioned, posed in the attitude of the village heart-breaker. Beneath this was the lettered announcement:

"FOREVER, YES, FOREVER"

The Song that Hits you in the Heart

by

JOHNNIE KETCHUM AND ARTIE PELL

Try It on Your Piano

"We was both Burlington boys, me and Artie Pell. He was one o' them sort o' fellas you always think of as born with a blue necktie on. Kind of a fella that sits at the table where the prettiest waitress is, and looks into 'er eyes when he asks for veal cutlets breaded. Artie had blue eyes and a yellow streak. He couldn't put his hands into his own pockets without stealin' something.

"Artie and me wrote that 'Forever' song together when I was bell-boy in a drummer's hotel and he was second trombone in a local band. It must 'a' been pretty good, because a burlesque actor swiped it hot off the pianna and made a great hit with it in the hay circuit. Thus encouraged, me and Artie decided to move to New York and burn up the White Way. It was pretty punk fuel

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"IF YOU'RE WILLING TO SPOON BY THE MOON IN JUNE"— (VOICE OF SPIELBAUM—"THE

for a couple o' months. I lived off o' free lunch and Artie lived off o' me. We occupied a black-hole bedroom at Madame Bleriot's, and I got wise to Artie's style in less 'n a week. Say, if you want to get the real dope on a man's character, live in a hall room with him. I got so I could read Artie like a telephone directory. There was something shoddy about the way he brushed his teeth, and the way he put on his collar as much as said: 'I'm a crook—look out!'

"Nacherally, the straightest girl in New York tumbled to his charms, and they was married. The knot was tied at Pelham. I paid for the wedding-supper and was sorry all the way through. She was a girl from California who came here thinkin' she could act. Her name was Daisy Warner. She was little and frail, with great scads o' purplish black hair and eyes like—but what's the use? I'm only a song-writer. She thought Artie was perfection. To her he wore his hat like a halo; he was Sir Galahad, Eddie Sothern, the Candy Kid.

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RIGHT FOOT, PLEASE, MR. KISER.")

She adored him—" Johnnie flicked a charred match out of an open window. "She adores him still," he said huskily.

"And lived happy ever after?" asked the poet.

"He borrowed five hundred of me the first year to help pay their board at Madame Casey's down in Thirty-eighth Street. Artie picked up a little dough from some instrumental pieces he wrote, but I seen how it was goin'. One day I asked him to do the square by the girl.

"'Johnnie,' he says, 'the song business is on the Fritz as far as I'm concerned. I got a seventy-five-dollar job on the road, and I'm goin' to dig out.'

"Well, Artie blew with the Royal Eccentric Saxophone Quartette tourin' New England. His wife stayed in New York waitin' for him to send her the fare. Then the finish came. Remember the wreck o' the *Corsican Queen* off Boston Light 'bout a year ago? Artie's name was on the list of passengers marked 'Missing' in the papers. One o' the Saxophone Quartette wrote Daisy tellin' how he seen Artie drown tryin' to save a lady artist. Daisy went queer in the head when she heard the news. Spielbaum acted like a good sport and paid for the nurse and doctor. Gee, it was fierce! Eight days and nights I sat outside her door listenin', afraid she'd get up and turn on the gas when the nurse was asleep.

"As soon as she was well enough to talk, she sent around for me. She sat up in bed with her black hair done in two braids like an Indian with a pure white face—and her eyes—gee! And she talked about Artie. He was so handsome and such a genius. It was just like him to die savin' somebody. I dug up all the good points I could think of, praisin' his swell clothes and the way he could make a trombone sound like Caruso.

"When I got up to go, she held my hand for a minute and turned her face to the wall. 'Sometimes I'm glad,' she said, 'that he died like that, never doing any act that was below my ideal.'"

Johnnie Ketchum whistled softly. "What d' you know about that?" he murmured; then went on:

"I went to see her every day and done the best I could. A pretty good royalty showed up from one of Artie's songs, and that kept the landlady from the door for a while. Then she wanted to go on the stage and make a salary. I knew what punk *that* was. She was the kind that'll never know how. One day I asked her to marry me. She looked at me and shook 'er head. She was right. After a prize like Artie, what call had she to take up with a mutt-faced tune-slammer like me?"

Johnnie blinked his eyes, small and red around the rims.

"Women change their minds," suggested the poet.

"This one don't," he growled. "Besides, the curtain's down for that act now. She

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couldn't marry me if she wanted to."

"Why?"

"Because Artie Pell's still alive. I seen him last night at Hammerstein's Victoria. He's changed his name to Freddie De Loc and is doin' a musical specialty with a blonde."

Mr. Spielbaum, the Hit-a-Minute Man, opened the door suddenly and walked briskly in, as if energizing his employees by force of example. He looked at Johnnie sharply, puckering his luscious lips.

"How 'bout that lonely, dear, only, dear, song you got started? Done the chorus yet—no? Pound away at it! It'll be a knock-out, if you can keep it up. And say, here's a layout for a song—Nagel wants some fresh, fly stuff to go with a cabaret dance. Don't be afraid to make it crazy—see?—crazy!"

Ambrose the poet retreated, shaking his ambrosial locks.

II

Shortly after eleven o'clock, when a thirsty line came trooping from the stage door of Hammerstein's Victoria Roof Garden to the side door of Rowley's, tripping lightly as bad boys out of school, and a conventional frieze of posturing actors stood in a row against the mahogany rail, Johnnie Ketchum entered quietly by the Seventh Avenue door. A blue-jowled comedian with deep muscle-creases from the sides of his nose to his chin, saw Johnnie and went "S-s-st!"—beckoning mysteriously; but Johnnie paid no attention. It was Johnnie's particular business to frequent the resorts along the Rialto; for his inside pocket always bulged with limp, typewritten copies of rhymed banalities which he was ever ready to thrust under the nose of some popular songster with the endorsement: "Pipe this knock-out, Harry! There's a song y' can talk!"

But to-night his heart was not in his song. He walked up to the bar and ordered beer, looking neither to left nor right. A vast, flabby juggler who stood next, braced his back comfortably against Johnnie's shoulder and presented his mighty stomach to a small, greenish Hebrew whose nose curled decoratively like the end of an old-fashioned balustrade. The air was thick with tobacco-smoke, beer-fumes, actor-egotism.

A flushed youth sidled close to Johnnie and greeted him as Damon to Pythias. Johnnie, realizing what was wanted, ordered another glass of beer, scarcely looking up.

"What you doin' now?" asked Johnnie, merely by way of conversation.

The youth buried his hot face deep in the foam before answering. "Everybody," he said finally with a weak smile. "All the good men are on the town nowadays. Managers fillin' everythin' with thirty-a-week skates. And the few that *are* makin' real money ought to be in the chorus. Just look at that gink over there—him and his girl pullin' down two hundred and fifty per for a turn I wouldn't have the front to try on Fourteenth Street."

Johnnie's gaze followed Glazer's pointing thumb and beheld a tall young man encased in a snuff-brown suit, brocade vest, and tricolored tie of barber-pole pattern. His face, under a green plush hat, was handsome after the manner of an Apollo Belvedere badly copied in putty. Without a word Johnnie crossed over to the other end of the bar.

"Hello, Peter Grimm—when 'd you return?" he asked impudently, approaching from behind and grasping the tall youth firmly by his snuff-brown elbow.

"You have the advantage of me," replied the Apollonian one with forced coolness.

"Nix on the proud hotel-clerk stuff!" said Johnnie quietly, hooking more firmly into the snuff-brown arm. "I want to tell you a funny college story. Come over here with me."

The elegant young man smiled rather foolishly to his friends while Johnnie led him to a drinking-booth in the rear of the establishment. They sat facing each other across a table.

"What can I do for you?" began the actor superciliously.

"Artie Pell," said Johnnie, looking the other squarely between his shifting eyes, "here's a good chance for you to tell me why you shook your little wife."

"None o' your damn business!" growled Artie, rising to go. Kicking over a chair, Johnnie jumped up and crowded him to his seat. A waiter came and placed two glasses of beer on the table between them. Johnnie paid the score. He had always paid when he drank with Artie.

"What's she doin'?" inquired Artie finally, looking toward the street.

"The best she can," retorted Johnnie.

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"SAY, I GOT JUST THE SONG FOR YOU HERE. IT'S A BEAR—YOU'LL LOVE IT TO DEATH."

"Livin' at Madame Kelley's on her rotten six-dollar grub, and I tell you, Art, unless she picks up, she ain't goin' to last till spring. She had a job singin' at Steinwinder's Seventh Avenue, but she pinched out in two weeks."

"Daisy singin'!" Artie whistled. "She must be pretty fierce."

"Don't be so elegant, kiddo," snarled Johnnie.

"What's she livin' on?" Artie looked at his former partner squarely for the first time.

"Well—y' see—there was a few hundred comin' to you from that Blue Jay song——"

"To *me?* Why didn't they tell me?"

"You're supposed to be dead."

Artie eyed Johnnie with a cynical smile. "Hitch your bull outside when you talk to me," he said. "I know that Blue Jay song never sold ten copies in ten years. Who gave Daisy the dough?"

"You don't need to believe me," said Johnnie. "Go round to Spielbaum's if you want to see the statement."

"I don't want nothin' more to do with Spielbaum or you or her," replied the other sullenly. "I'm dead as far as you all are concerned. Guess you read my obituary in the papers. When the *Corsican Queen* sank they got me mixed up with an actor named De Loo who was drowned savin' his wife. I let it go at that. I'm De Loo. I've took up with a musical trick performer named Ethel Normandie. That little girl's been the makin' of me. She's a live one. Daisy never was. That's all."

"There was a golden idol and his name was Mud," thought Johnnie bitterly. Finally he spoke: "I don't suppose it'll interest you to know you're her hero. She wears your photo next to her heart."

"The one with the dress suit?" asked

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Artie eagerly, egotism flaming instantly.

"Your 'death' almost killed her," said the song-smith. "Many a real man's got less mournin' than *you* have—your little widow cryin' all day long, takin' on about how strong and good you was—holy cats!"

"Well, what d' you want me to do?" Artie asked, fidgeting in his chair.

"I want you to come to life," said Johnnie. "I want you to lose this Normandie baggage and show up at Madame Kelley's, where the girl that's too good for you is waiting with your memory sweet and pure in a snow-white casket. We'll cook up a story about how you was hit over the head and took to the bughouse for a year. She'll believe it. She'll believe anythin' from you. I want her to be happy, Art, and you ain't got no right to refuse."

"I got you, Steve," said Artie suddenly, leaping to his feet with a disagreeable laugh. "You're crazy stuck on 'er. Well, take her, old boy, and God bless you!"

Johnnie reached for his beer glass and with accuracy directed a foamy cascade directly into the tall man's face. The glass followed, breaking across the beautiful brocade waistcoat. The table crashed over as the two men grappled. Five or six waiters, hampered by their white aprons, toddled to the rescue. An Alsatian major domo, horror in his blue Alsatian eyes, clamored "Chentlemen! Chentlemen!" and pried them apart, gallantly assisted by his aproned squad. A moment later Johnnie was shoved into the street by a side door.

The little song-writer limped slowly away, wiping his bruises on a handkerchief. He was bleeding at the nose and weeping, for no logical reason.

"The big stiff!" he kept saying to himself. "Said I was stuck on 'er—the welcher! Tossed 'er at me like a second-hand hat. God, why didn't he have the decency to get drowned like a man?"

Broadway's electric signs confused him with their thousand questions—immense names of men, corsets, chewing-gum written in letters of fire across the November sky. Where in this Bedlam could he find an answer to the Question that maddened his brain? Over yonder in her miserable boarding-house lay the girl he loved, mourning for her dead—the living dead. If she remained in New York there was momentary danger of her discovering Artie and his frightful deception. The shock might kill her. Or, still worse, she might go mad.

Should he buy an automatic revolver and wait at the stage door of Hammerstein's—fudge! That would be the cruelest way of letting Daisy know. On the other hand, wasn't there some painless way of breaking the news to her? He had seen many cases where people had lived through shocks, taken out their divorce papers, and married again. At the thought his heart rose and almost choked him. She could go to Reno, and after a year's probation, then perhaps he——

Yes. He would think of some way to tell her on the morrow.

He turned in at Tin Pan Alley and paused in front of Julius Spielbaum's establishment. The front door was open and some overworked hack was banging out rag-time near a lighted window in front. Johnnie crept softly up-stairs into his own "studio," where he opened a window into the frosty night, drew up a chair, and sat till dawn tossing cigarette stubs into the alley below, where a troupe of cats with their hideous squalling seemed to endorse the musical ideals of Tin Pan Alley.

III

At eleven o'clock the wheels of song ground furiously in the Spielbaum mills. As if maddened by the slam-bang of twenty pianos, high-colored scraps of song mingled without rhyme or reason. Parrot voices shrieked vaudeville minors, musical-comedy tenors dripped honey goo, the whole being confused by the commanding tones of Julius Spielbaum instructing a song-and-dance team in a footsome frolic entitled "Ring Up Another One, Bill!"

Impressionistically rendered, eleven o'clock at Spielbaum's might be thus expressed:

If you're willing to spoon
By the moon in June,
I says to she,
She says to me
Ring up Cassady in Fire-House Three.
For it's
Vi-o-lets so true
Tell of my pas-sion.

(Voice of Spielbaum—"The right foot, please, Mr. Kiser, like this—jig-jag, BUM! Tinkle-BUM! Tinkle-BIFF!")

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And my Maggie is my raggie little beautiful doll.
Tru-lee, dear heart,
Ne-er shall we part.
Here comes the ambulance over the hill—
Ring up another one, 'nother one, Bill!

"MEN AIN'T ALWAYS SUCH ANGEL-FACES AS THEY SEEM TO THEIR LADIES. SOMETIMES Y' GET FOOLED AN—"

Rat-tat-tat at the door of Johnnie Ketchum's studio.

"Come in!" brayed the song-writer, and Daisy Pell, wearing shabby mourning, entered quietly. She was a small, anemic, brunette after an Italian model, which means that her mouth was flowerlike, her nose slender and skin transparent, contrasting with the vivid blackness of her eyes and hair. She dropped limply into a chair.

"It's cold in here," she said, almost in a whisper. Johnnie pulled down the window and touched a match to a gas register.

"It's always either too hot or too cold in this town," she went on bitterly. "In winter the wind blows in and whips the poor people to death, in summer the sun comes up and chokes them. I hate winter the hardest. It was cold like this when he—he went away."

Johnnie from his point of vantage stood looking at her for a long time. Finally he gritted his teeth, broke a cigarette in two, threw it away, and turned to the window.

"Look here, Daisy," he began brusquely, "don't you think if you took off that black stuff—you know—put on some pretty, flossy clothes—you'd feel better, maybe?"

"I shall never take off my mourning," she replied in her soft, small voice. "I

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wouldn't wish it; *he* wouldn't wish it. Sometimes I think he feels I love him enough to grieve all the time and it's a sort of comfort to him—down there where he is."

"Down there where he is," thought Johnnie grimly. "She doesn't know how low he lies."

"Aw, come on!" he pursued with mock hilarity. "Cherries are only ripe once, and we only got one life per each. Don't think I'm knockin' the way you stuck by Artie, but just supposen. Supposen you'd died instead of Artie. Don't you think Artie, after a while—long time maybe—would 'a' chirked up and shook the cherry-tree?"

"Never!" she cried. "He wasn't that horrid—that shallow kind. He was so much bigger than I could ever be. He never could have lived if I had died. I was his mate—he told me so—his mate."

Johnnie knew that she was weeping, and he struggled with sympathetic heart-break.

"You ought to stand off and take a look at yourself sometimes," he told her. "Men ain't always such angel-faces as they seem to their ladies. Sometimes y' get fooled an'——"

"What do you mean?" she asked, wide-eyed, her tears suddenly dried.

"Women sometimes get golden lights before their eyes, like them illusion curtains they drop at the Hippodrome. Sort o' commonplace folks, when y' peek at them through that screen, look like gods and saints and fairies. Maybe y' been wearin' one o' them curtains. Maybe y' fooled yerself into thinkin' y' heard a nightingale's voice when the fella singin' was——"

"Stop!" she cried, springing suddenly to her feet. "How dare you stand there and insult his memory? Why are you looking at me with that horrid, cynical expression? Because you lead a coarse life here in this fearful, money-grubbing hole, you want to drag him down to your level! Who are you to judge my dead?"

The priest had smitten the sacrificial lamb without killing. He squared himself to strike again.

"Suppose he didn't die. Suppose he came sneakin' back and——"

"Don't!" She gave a stifled moan and fell back in her chair. "Why are you killing me?"

"For God's sake, Daisy!" he whimpered, throwing himself at her feet and burying his face in her hands. "I didn't mean nothin'—I'm crazy jealous of him and wanted to spoil him for you. Honest, I'm talkin' through my hat—I love you—oh, say you'll forgive me! Forgive me!"

She lay back perfectly still. She had fainted away. Johnnie Ketchum dashed a glass of water in her face and chafed her hands until she opened her eyes. He turned away his longing gaze and walked over to the window.

"Daisy," he said, as soon as she could hear him, "New York ain't no place for you. You need a fella to look after you, and I guess I ain't the one, by the line o' daffydils I just been handin' out. Don't y' want to go home?"

"To California?" she whispered.

"Sure. To the grapefruit garden."

"Yes. I want to go so much!" She drooped her head wearily. "My dad's got a place at San Marino. Tall feather-palms along the road and ice-plants growing up and down the canyons; oranges ripe in May and an Alice-blue sea in the west that dreams and dreams. Everything here is so cold and sour and seems to say: 'What did you come for?' But the earth out there is kindhearted; it says: 'Stay with me!' Yes. I want to go back to California!"

"Will the old man forgive you?"

"Yes. If I went, I'm sure he would."

"Got any dough?"

She shook her head.

"Well, here's nigger luck," said Johnnie, reassuming his comedy rôle. "Yesterday Spielbaum told me there was four hundred and twenty comin' to me and Artie on that Watermelon song. Half of it goes to you."

"I didn't know he wrote any Watermelon song."

"One of the little squibs we dashed off on a dull Saturday. Never thought it'd do any business. I'll run down and git the statement off 'n Spielbaum."

On the first floor Spielbaum's egg-like countenance stared at Johnnie through the grating of the cashier's window.

"Artie's goin' to get another royalty," said Johnnie, making out a check for two hundred and ten dollars.

"What song 'll we call it *this* time?" asked the Hit-a-Minute Man, winking slyly through his plate-glass *pince-nez*.

"Watermelon Slapstick Glide," announced Johnnie, inventing rapidly.

"All right, boy. You're some dreamer," replied Spielbaum, pursing his red lips.

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The proprietor took Johnnie's check and turned to his cashier. "Better make it out for two hundred and ten dollars *and* fifteen cents. It'll sound more natural that way," he said.

At five o'clock Johnnie hired a taxi and took the little widow to the station where puffed the Lake Shore Limited, eager to fly Chicago-ward. They said almost nothing as they drove through the crush of Forty-second Street. Once, as she looked out of the window, Johnnie laid his palm on her hand until she gently withdrew it.

As they followed the porter to the Pullman car she said: "I'll forgive you for what you said about him. I know you weren't speaking like yourself—something made you cynical for the moment. Oh, my dear," she cried, suddenly seizing his hand, "don't ever be cynical about love!"

His voice failed him as she took her seat and he leaned over her.

"Let's write to each other," she said. "I'll want to talk to you lots of times. Will you ever come to California?"

"If I should blow that far, would you——"

"No, dear. After Artie there couldn't be any other ideal."

He pressed her hand to his lips and walked away through a mist. The porter intercepted him at the door. Johnnie handed him a dollar bill. . . .

And next morning at eleven Johnnie sat as usual in his studio torturing his much-enduring piano. Ambrose the poet stood in the background, a look of distress upon his intellectual face.

Enter Mr. Spielbaum busily.

"Say, boy," said Spielbaum, "ain't you found a chorus yet for that heart-throb song you was workin' on?"

"I gotcha this time!" announced Johnnie. "Here's yer chorus, and it's a knockout."

He smote chromatic sweetness from the wires and sang:

"Oh, the maidens of Savannah
And the girlies of Havana
Can not charm me,
Can not harm me,
Though they're fat or slim or tall.
And I'm ready for to warn ya,
Just as sure as you are born, ya
Got my heart in California
With the sweetest girl of all."

And Mr. Spielbaum said: "It's a bear! Slam it out and we'll put it in the 'Girl from Boston.'"

And Ambrose the poet went to his apartment and added the following paragraph to his article on "Modern Balladmongers":

"They wrote of love and war and sacrifice, these balladmongers of the Middle Ages; and however crude or naive their phrasing, their stanzas rang of steel and kisses. But what of these modern Aucassins? Can any true passion be born when the pianola takes the typewriter to mate? Perhaps. But I despair, because the fountain-head seems dry—indeed, I doubt if the Rot Writer of Tin Pan Alley ever experienced a real human emotion."

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The PLAYERS

by CLAYTON HAMILTON

IT IS very seldom that the public is bewildered by an embarrassment of riches in the theatre; but the outset of the present season was distinguished by the presentation of a surprising number of successful plays. Before October was well under way, it had already become evident that the theatrical producers had a scarcely precedented problem on their hands. In other years the two or three assured successes of the autumn had been required only to compete against a series of failures; but this year no less than eight or ten successes were required to compete among themselves. More than one manager began to wonder whether even so large a metropolis as New York would be able to support them all.

But instead of cutting one another's throats, these popular productions seem really to have advertised one another by disseminating a general contagion of success. This contagion may occur, from time to time, in any business; and throughout the recent autumn the mystic word seems to have been passed about from one theatre-goer to another that this is a good season for attending plays. For the critic, it is reassuring to record that the contagion appears to have been started by the nearly simultaneous production of several genuinely worthy works by authors of unquestionable importance.

Subsequently, however, several plays less valuable in themselves were swept to success by the prevailing current of popular approval. For the managers, the lesson seems to be that, in the theatre business as in any other, nothing succeeds like success.

"FANNY'S FIRST PLAY"

By far the most meritorious of all the autumn offerings was that unconventional satire of many stale conventionalities of ordinary life and ordinary drama entitled "Fanny's First Play." This brilliantly impudent composition was produced anonymously in London a couple of years ago, and it is still advertised anonymously in New York; but its inimitable nimbleness of wit informed the public at the very outset of its long career that it could be the work of no other living author than Bernard Shaw.

It has always been the habit of Mr. Shaw to offer his audience an extraordinary view of ordinary life by the expedient of turning the picture upside down. Another of his habits is to make the traditional machinery of the theatre look strange and new by the expedient of laughing at it all the time that he is using it. Both of these expedients are employed with triumphant success in "Fanny's First Play."

The play itself, which occupies three acts, is enclosed between a prologue and an epilogue. The point of the play is that what ordinary people call their morality, their religion, their sense of respectability, are nothing but habits of the unimaginative mind. These mental habits can be of service to them only so long as their lives remain habitual; but if any unexpected incident

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startles them out of their traditional routine, they will find their principles of no avail to guide them in their new and unaccustomed situation.

In the first act we are introduced into the smug, complacent household of Mr. and Mrs. Robin Gilbey. These irreproachable citizens are in great distress because their only son, Bobby, has been mysteriously missing for a fortnight; and they are flung into appalling consternation when Bobby turns up to tell them that he has passed the period in jail, having been incarcerated for being impudent to the police while rollicking in the company of an easy-natured little lady who calls herself "Darling Dora" and has a habit of addressing her honorable elders—Mr. Gilbey for example—as "old dear."

In the second act we visit the still more strictly respectable household of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Knox. Margaret Knox, the only daughter of this worthy couple, has also been missing for two weeks and her parents are now afflicted by the horrible discovery that she, too, has been in jail. On her way home from a revival meeting she had looked in at a music-hall and had there accepted the chance acquaintance of an amiable Frenchman. With him she had

Photograph by Mishkin, New York

ELSIE FERGUSON IN "EVA," A NEW PLAY BY FRANZ LEHAR.

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MARTHA HEDMAN, A YOUNG SWEDISH ACTRESS WHOSE WORK IN "THE ATTACK" HAS WON MUCH FAVORABLE COMMENT.

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GLADYS MASON AND MARGARET MACDONA IN THE PRESENT-DAY ACT OF "MILESTONES."

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proceeded to an all-night restaurant and dance-hall. This establishment had inopportunely been raided by the police; and Margaret had won her martyrdom in jail by knocking out a couple of obtrusive teeth appertaining to the "bobby" who arrested her.

Mr. Knox and Mr. Gilbey are partners in business, and the two families have long maintained a habit of dining together every Thursday evening. In the third act we attend a conference between the families, in which the conservative elders are astounded to discover that their children have drifted forth upon uncharted seas of conduct through which the compass of their old traditions is useless as an instrument by which to steer. Their religion, their morality, their respectability, are impotent to deal with these astounding new experiences; and they behold their ancient heavens tumbling helter-skelter round their ears.

Bobby and Margaret have for some time been conventionally engaged to be married, but it now becomes evident that neither can any longer be considered a respectable life-companion for the other. We are not surprised to learn that Bobby desires to marry "Darling Dora." We rather expect, for a time, that Margaret will marry the eloquent Frenchman—until he states honestly that he is married already. Then Margaret surprises everybody by choosing for her husband the eminently respectable butler of the Gilbeys, who has suddenly revealed himself to be the younger son of a duke.

This play, it will be noted, is conventionally patterned: but the dialogue is written with such a dazzling scintillance of wit that the audience is allowed no time to notice the artificiality of the plot. And the sense of novelty is further stimulated by the author's audacious expedient of enveloping the comedy with a prefix and a suffix of satiric criticism.

The play is set forth as the work of Miss Fanny O'Dowda, a recent graduate of Cambridge and a member of the Fabian Society. She is a young lady of advanced ideas; but her father is so enamored of the eighteenth century that he wears the dress of that picturesque and mannered period and spends nearly all his time in a Venetian palace. It is Fanny's father who arranges a private performance of her play in a house that he has taken temporarily in Cambridge; and besides importing a company of professional actors to perform it, he also brings down from London four representative dramatic critics to give him their professional opinions of the play.

The epilogue is devoted to an analysis of the piece by this quartet of learned commentators. Being ignorant of the identity of the author, they ascribe the play variously to Pinero, Jones, Barker, and Shaw. They condemn it as conventional, old-fashioned, lacking in high seriousness, undramatic, and generally dull. In this epilogue Mr. Shaw has turned the tables on his critics; for he has satirized actual members of the London press in a manner that is transpicuous to all who know them personally. The most enjoyable caricature is perhaps the satire of the author's friend, Mr. Arthur Bingham Walkley, the eminent critic of the *London Times*, who, wearing the pseudonym of "Mr. Trotter," discourses learnedly of Aristotle and maintains that these modern conversations are not plays.

"MAN AND SUPERMAN"

Robert Loraine could not have chosen a more fitting season for reviving "Man and Superman" than this period when the production of "Fanny's First Play" had reawakened an interest in the work of Mr. Shaw. At this date it is no longer necessary to summarize the story and formulate the message of this most profoundly philosophical of all the author's comedies. "Man and Superman" is a better play than Fanny's maiden effort. It is equally brilliant, but less extravagantly irresponsible. It awakens a more thoughtful laughter and conveys a deeper message to the auditor.

In this masterpiece Mr. Shaw has exhibited very clearly two tendencies that may be regarded as definitive of his habit of mind. One of these is his tendency to state what may be called the other half of the truth. In romantic fiction it has commonly been assumed that, in obedience to the impulse of love, men pursue women. This, of course, is only a half-truth. In "Man and Superman" Mr. Shaw states that women pursue men; and he sets forth this other half-truth with an emphasis that indicates, erroneously, that it is the whole truth of the matter. But in order to arrive at the real truth of any subject that Mr. Shaw discusses, it is always necessary to

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VIOLA ALLEN AS "THE DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN" IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME BY PIERRE LOTI AND JUDITH GAUTIER.

take the conventional opinion and the Shavian opinion, and then add them together and divide by two.

The other habitual tendency which is evidenced in this play is Mr. Shaw's habit of substituting an intellectual analysis of emotion for emotion itself. The author's mind is merely intellectual; it regards emotion as illusion, because it is something other than intelligent. His view of life is utterly reasonable: and, as a consequence of this, he is never able to appreciate at their own inherent value those regions of experience in which pure reason has no part.

"MILESTONES"

Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch are the authors of "Milestones," which has been exceedingly successful in London and only a little less successful in New York; but the hand of the novelist is more apparent than the hand of the playwright in this collaborative composition. The piece exhibits an interesting attempt to produce upon the stage the narrative effect of one of those slow-unrolling novels of Mr. Bennett's which follow the fortunes of a family through three or four successive generations and indicate in each new period the tidal

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Photograph by White, New York

MARY BARTON IN ONE OF THE SEASON'S STRIKING SUCCESSES, "FANNY'S FIRST PLAY"

return of the same old human complications. The purpose of "Milestones" is to emphasize the perennial recurrence of the struggle between crabbed age and youth—youth being ever radical and progressive, and age being always backward-looking and conservative.

The entire action passes in a single room — the drawing-room of a house in Kensington Gore; but the first act happens in 1860, the second in 1885, and the third in 1912. The story deals with three successive generations of two families that are closely interrelated, and in each act presents the young people of that particular generation at the moment when they come into conflict with their elders over the different problems of business and matrimony.

In the first act, the young John Rhead, who is engaged in the ship-building industry, severs his partnership with the elder and more conservative Mr. Sibley because he has faith that, in the future, ships will be built of iron instead of wood; and, against her father's wishes, he marries the daughter of his erstwhile partner.

In the second act, the same John Rhead prevents the marriage of his own daughter to

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a younger associate of his who holds what seems to Mr. Rhead the mad idea that ships, in the near future, will be built of steel instead of iron.

And in the third act, we see the now elderly John Rhead opposing even more bitterly the opinions of his grandchildren, who desire in their turn to marry for love and to embark on new professional adventures. He is won over at the last only by the pleadings of his old-maid sister, Gertrude, who back in 1860 had broken her engagement to Samuel Sibley, the brother of John Rhead's wife, and has lived to regret the fruitless, melancholy years.

One defect of this play is necessarily inherent in its theme. Each of the three acts must be treated technically as a first act; and so much time is required for the purposes of exposition that very little is left in which to develop a genuine dramatic conflict. The play as a whole is doomed to lack the desirable element of a continuous intensification in dramatic interest as the plot proceeds; and even the individual acts must have a somewhat sedentary air.

Another, and less necessary, defect of the piece is that the question whether ships shall be built of

Photograph by White, New York

ANN SWINBURNE AND FRANK MOULAN IN "THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG."

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wood or iron or steel seems a little too unimportant, humanly, to be made the basis for what the authors have to say about the perpetual discord between youth and age.

But, on the other hand, the play enjoys the advantage of making a novel appeal to the eye. The room in which the action passes remains the same throughout; but the furniture and decorations are changed with the changing tastes of the successive generations. In the first act the women characters wear hoop-skirts and do embroidery; in the second act they wear bustles and talk about Ruskin; and in the third act they wear the equally unreasonable costumes of to-day and take an active interest in the work of the world. The effect of these contrasted exhibitions is very picturesque; but it is, of course, an effect that stands apart from the dramatic.

"THE ATTACK"

Henry Bernstein seems to be a dramatist with but a single formula. In his first act he always confronts his audience with a dilemma. In his second act he first appears to solve the dilemma in one way, and then, just as the curtain seems about to fall, he swiftly turns around and really solves it in the other way. In his third act he exhibits the results of the dramatic explosion at the climax.

In order to build a play in accordance with this formula, it is necessary only to invent a secret to which either of two contrary solutions will seem equally plausible, and to employ this secret as the basis of the plot. In M. Bernstein's latest drama, "The Attack," the hero is a prominent politician whose honesty has never been questioned. He is the acknowledged leader of his party and seems certain of reelection in the coming campaign. And he is greatly loved by a young lady whose hand he had first sought for his son (the hero is a widower), but who has honestly and sweetly asked him to marry her himself. Toward the close of the first act a scurrilous blackmailing pamphleteer accuses him in the public press of having stolen a sum of money in his youth: and he is driven to defend himself by entering a suit for libel. Here is the initial secret: Is the hero innocent or is he guilty?

The attack upon him grows more vehement as the campaign proceeds, and his defense becomes more difficult than had been expected either by himself or by the audience. Even his own children begin to wonder if he might possibly be guilty; but the young girl who loves him believes in him unflinchingly. By vigorous and strenuous activity he establishes his innocence and is publicly exonerated. It is at this point that the audience expects the curtain to descend. But in the hour of his triumph the faith of the young girl touches him so deeply that he breaks down and confesses to her that he had in reality been guilty of the youthful crime of which he had been accused.

The third act is devoted mainly to a personal narrative of the circumstances of this crime; and the recital is sufficiently extenuating to justify the unfaltering fidelity to the hero which the gentle heroine has maintained throughout the drama.

The mechanism of this play is very skilful; but the material seems too trivial to warrant the exercise of so much technical dexterity. The author has lost none of his cunning in the manipulation of suspense and of surprise; but such an ordinary matter as an attack upon the honesty of a political candidate seems hardly worth the bother of building so careful a play about it.

Yet it should be added that the piece is comparatively free from that annoying note of heartlessness which has hitherto been evident in the plays of M. Bernstein. The young heroine is drawn with sympathetic understanding; and she is beautifully played in the present production by a Swedish actress of rare talent, Miss Martha Hedman. The part of the hero was written for the eminent actor, Lucien Guitry: but it seems doubtful if even M. Guitry's performance can have been composed with greater dignity and power than that of the American actor, John Mason.

"A SCRAPE O' THE PEN"

"A Scrape o' the Pen" is an effort by Graham Moffat to repeat the success of "Bunty Pulls the Strings." It exhibits the same merits and the same defects as the playful piece that made this author famous; but the merits seem less novel and the faults seem more disturbing. Its main defects are an insufficiency of plot and a general flabbiness of structure; and its chief virtues are the quaintness of its characterization and the easy humor of its dialogue.

The story is the same as that of

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Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." An irresponsible youth has married a girl according to the Scottish law by merely signing an acknowledgment of the marriage in the presence of two witnesses, and, leaving her immediately after, has run away to Africa and remained unheard from for seven years. He now returns to claim his bride, but finds that she has already been married for some years to another man.

In view of the evident happiness of her life with her new husband, the wanderer is persuaded to destroy the "scrape o' the pen" which is the only evidence that she was ever bound to him.

This traditional narrative is developed very slowly, with no attempt at any tensity of dramatic conflict. Even the author does not seem to take the story seriously. He is more interested in embroidering his narrative with intimate sketches of nearly a score of characters, many of whom are utterly unimplicated in the plot. He has set his scene in 1875, in order to gain an added touch of quaintness from the costumes of that unusually tasteless period.

All the characters are truthfully observed and many of them are humanly depicted. They speak in a dialect that is deliciously local and naturally humorous. An especially amusing figure is that of a professional mourner, who makes a thrifty use of a personal demeanor of which the natural melancholy has been providentially increased by the fact that his sweetheart has jilted him.

There is also a delightful scene in which a family is assembled to listen to the daily reading of the Bible by the head of the house. The passage selected for this occasion is the sixth chapter of First Chronicles, which consists entirely of unpronounceable proper names; and the pious elder has a hard time to prevent the women members of the family from lapsing into sleep. Taken all in all, the piece is worthy of commendation as a *genre* study, but it exhibits scarcely any merit as a play.

"BROADWAY JONES"

The breezy brand of Americanism that is dispensed by George M. Cohan has made him widely popular; and it is not surprising that his latest comedy, entitled "Broadway Jones," has attained a large success. In this play Mr. Cohan condemns the city as a place that makes for evil and extols the rural town as a place that makes for good. This is the conventional view, and is the one which is always taken in dramas of that homely type popularly known as "wholesome;" but it may be doubted if there is any truth in the contention. Our little inland towns produce as many immoral characters in proportion to their population as the perilous metropolis, and wickedness flourishes as freely in a rural village as amid the glitter of Broadway.

Surely Clyde Fitch, in his last play, "The City," came nearer to the truth when he said that life in the metropolis tends to make the strong stronger and the weak weaker, by offering to each a larger opportunity to exhibit the good or evil that lies latent in his character.

In the first act, which is set in New York, we learn that the young hero has squandered a large fortune up and down Broadway, and is now so deep in debt that his desperation has led him to propose marriage to a wealthy widow who is more than old enough to be his mother. At this moment he receives word that his uncle has died and left him sole heir to the chewing-gum factory in his native town of Jonesville which has been the source of all the riches of his family.

A representative of the chewing-gum trust calls upon the hero and offers him over a million dollars if he will sell the factory at once; but young Jones yields to the advice of a business-minded friend and resolves to look the factory over before selling out.

Arrived in Jonesville, he discovers that his factory has been fighting the trust for several years, and that if he sells it now, the trust will shut it down. This will throw seven hundred hands out of work and will impoverish the town.

An attractive girl who has been serving as managing secretary of the concern persuades him not to sell the factory, but to settle down in Jonesville and continue the fight against the trust. It is unnecessary to add that in the end he marries the girl and becomes a model citizen.

Mr. Cohan takes four acts to tell this scarcely novel story, whereas the material could easily have been compacted into three. The result is a slowness of dramatic progress, which is, however, offset to a great extent by the rapid pace at which the piece is played. Much of the "home town" ma-

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terial is rather old-fashioned; but the slangy dialogue has plenty of snap, and the zest of the author's performance of the title rôle keeps alive the sense of entertainment.

"THE CASE OF BECKY"

In his remarkable production of "The Case of Becky," David Belasco has once again contrived to cast a cloak of verisimilitude over a melodrama that might, without his wizardry, have seemed a little unconvincing. The piece is the work of Edward Locke, and the subject is the extraordinary phenomenon of dual personality.

The heroine, Dorothy Stone, is normally a sweet and winsome girl; but every now and then she lapses into a secondary personality, that of the mischievous and impish Becky. Of these two selves, Dorothy can never remember anything that Becky has done, but Becky has a complete memory of Dorothy's affairs and hates her heartily. Becky is always playing pranks on Dorothy and striving to make her miserable; but the gentle Dorothy knows only by hearsay of the cattish tricks of Becky. The heroine is under the care of a great specialist in nervous maladies, Dr. Emerson. The doctor hopes to put Becky out of existence by hypnotizing her at some moment when she is entirely dominant; but, meanwhile, in his study of the strange case of the heroine, he finds himself handicapped by his ignorance of its cause.

The cause turns up in the person of Professor Balzamo, a professional hypnotist, who gives popular exhibitions of his power in the theatres of the rural towns. This satanic charlatan claims to be the father of the heroine; but she is in reality the daughter of Dr. Emerson himself by a young wife whom Balzamo had lured away from the doctor eight months before the heroine was born. Before the birth of the child, Balzamo had frequently exhibited her mother as a hypnotic subject; and after the death of the mother he had employed the little girl in his performances. In the middle of her teens she had run away from him; but her lapses into the sinister personality of Becky are the result of this unfortunate experience in childhood.

These appalling facts are not discovered by Dr. Emerson until the last act, when he succeeds by a clever trick in hypnotizing Balzamo and then forces him to confess the secrets of his villainy. Dr. Emerson is seized with a desire to kill him, but contents himself with breaking his hold over the girl forever by the power of suggestion.

Meanwhile the doctor has attended to the case of Becky by employing the force of hypnotism to send this troublous vixen back into nonentity; and the heroine has been restored to the sole dominance of the lovely personality of Dorothy.

Like all of Mr. Belasco's productions, the play is admirably staged and beautifully acted. The doctor's laboratory is furnished with several remarkable electrical machines which are shown off, to the delectation of the audience; but even more interesting is the living-room of the sanitarium, with its subtle air of old-fashioned comfort and sedentary peace. Miss Frances Starr gives a wonderful depiction of the dual personality of the heroine, and Albert Bruning as the doctor and Charles Dalton as the traveling hypnotist, set forth unimpeachable renditions of their contrasted characters.

THE TURN OF THE YEAR

BY ETHEL ALLEN MURPHY

The road winds downward through the snows;
    The bleak winds blow;
But we will follow with steadfast cheer
The patient feet of the pilgrim year,
    Because we know—
Beyond the realm of the winter snows
The road winds upward to the rose!

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"AND SO—"

BY INEZ THOMPSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IF MRS. HEFFERNAN hadn't lost her "Room To Let" sign, Miss Juliet Whitson would never have set foot farther than the front hall of the place. To use a second-floor - and - alcove - with - running - water - and-three-towels-a-day manner when inquiring about a top-floor-back is among the things not permitted; and that Miss Whitson's offending was not to be excused on plea of ignorance, her familiarity with lodging-house discourtesies proved beyond doubt. She had said "How do you do?" given her full name, occupation, present address, and three written addresses for reference, before Mrs. Heffernan got her breath from coming up-stairs; and then she had taken two long steps forward from the door-mat, gripped the banister, and leaned against the staircase rails while she disposed of other formalities.

"I heard of this place from Myrtle Judkins, but I haven't given her as reference because she isn't in my department. She knows how I stand in the store, though, I guess, and you can ask her. She said good-by to me as she was going out beside me and said she was leaving because she was going to marry Mr. Mattheson, that sells to both our departments. I always liked her, and I happened to think to ask her where she boarded, because I knew she'd be giving up her room, and she told me of this place, and I've come to see about it."

"H'm!" said Mrs. Heffernan. "Well——"

"Well, what I want to say *is*," Miss Whitson caught the thread again, "that it's my way to be right out and out and have it understood to begin with what I can do and what I can't. Now, for instance, what harm is there in my putting one handkerchief to soak while *I* wash and rinsing it under the faucet when I rinse *me?* It doesn't take any more water, and one a day is all I use. I smooth it out on my looking-glass to dry, but I always keep a clean cloth to polish off my glass ev'ry morning where the drying leaves a little sort of dim place. Now would you have any objection?"

"*Anny*body knows," said Mrs. Heffernan, "that if everybody is let wash out wan thing to start with——"

"I was going to speak of that." Miss Whitson let go the banister, nipped open her hand-bag, and produced three soft white folded squares, which she shook out, disclosing the pieces of feminine underwear that comprise a "change." "It isn't linty," she hurried, as Mrs. Heffernan's open mouth began to shape a word, "and it's all the kind that doesn't need ironing. I put 'em to soak in an agateware pan I got for the purpose, an' before I go to bed I wash 'em in one hot suds, and rinse in two cold waters. Takes five minutes at the outside, allowing for a pair of stockings in the hot suds after I wring out these. I won't leave a drop of suds or water on the marble, and I wipe off the faucets with a dry cloth. I tie a string from a chair-back to something near my window and let 'em dry overnight; but I'm up early and I see that nothing shows from the street. If I wear a white shirt-waist I send it to the laundry. For the use of the hot water and a bath, when I can get it without taking more than my share, I'm willing to pay a quarter extra a week. Myrtle told me your price, and I'm prepared to pay in advance."

She took from the bag two folded bills and a new quarter, stuffed the white articles back and snapped the fastening, placed the quarter in the center of the potent green

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"WHAT HARM IS THERE IN MY PUTTING ONE HANDKERCHIEF TO SOAK WHILE *I* WASH, AND RINSING IT UNDER THE FAUCET WHEN I RINSE *ME*?"

squares, and held them out to Mrs. Heffernan.

It was the most convincing argument she had used. Heffernan, deceased, had left debts. Besides, Mrs. Heffernan had searched a half hour that very morning, busy as she was, for her "To Let" card, and hadn't been able to find it; this was Sunday, and a new sign couldn't be bought before Monday mid-afternoon, and washing and ironing days were poor times to be showing a cheap room while the fire went to waste in the kitchen, and here was a week's rent as good as in her hand, and a room wasn't let for life, anyhow! She took the money. Miss Whitson grasped the banister again.

"There. My trunk is packed and I'll have it sent round tomorrow; and I'd like to go right up if the room is ready. If you'll tell me what time dinner is——"

"Ha'-pas' two on Sund'ys an' a light supper from seven to eight for them that wishes it," Mrs. Heffernan found herself answering fast and mechanically. "The room door stan's open, if ye don't mind goin' up alone. It has been cleaned f'm top to bottom, an' Myrtle was as neat as wax, an' I'll give ye a receipt an' a key when ye come down t' dinner. The house is supposed t' be quiet after ten o'clock, an' other rules the same as any respectable place has; an' I'm pleased t' have ye here an' I hope neither wan of us'll be the first to give the other a word we'll be sorry fer."

And, having thus eased her tongue of her formula, Mrs. Heffernan gave her hand a down wipe on her apron and proffered it heartily, as was her custom in welcoming one to the protection of her roof. In her heart the home-making and maternal instinct persisted strong, which may account for the fact that her "Room To Let" card was so seldom in use that it always got lost betweenwhiles. At Number Twenty-six, only next door, the card in the parlor window was faded to dirty yellow from constant exposure. Perhaps Miss Whitson had lived at Twenty-sixes, so to speak, all her lodging-

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house life; for she looked from Mrs. Heffernan's work-roughened hand to Mrs. Heffernan's worry-lined, flushed, friendly-weary face—her own face went scarlet, and her glove-clasp snapped open with the strain of the answering grip she gave; and then she whisked around the newel-post and upstairs without another word.

Busy as she was, Mrs. Heffernan stood a moment wondering about this unusual lodger. The quarter was guarantee of good faith, she was a good-looking enough girl, and there was a kind of style about her without there being any at all, and maybe she would be a better tenant than she talked. Anyway, there wasn't a week's rent lost and there was no new sign to hurry about; and she had turned comfortably to go back to her cooking, when the bell rang. On the wet step was a tall, wet, might-be-young man, nicely rain-coated, and carrying a big suit-case, foreign-labeled; but his bronzed face and glinty, laughter-puckered gray eyes belonged at the area door, somehow, with country butter and eggs, and his smile made Mrs. Heffernan smile back and forget that her mutton needed basting.

"Mrs. Heffernan, I take it?" said he in a down-cellar voice that fitted him. "I've heard that you've got a top-floor room that was left two days ago by a young lady that's married a friend of mine named Peter Mattheson. My name is Rigby—J. G. Rigby. I'm stopping in town for a day or two or a dozen, and I'm sick of hotels. I'd be pleased to pay you in advance just three times what you ask for that top-floor bedroom, if you make your own pies and don't cook anything *à la* something, and will take me in."

It was in sheer dismay that Mrs.

IN FIFTEEN MINUTES MRS. HEFFERNAN FELT THAT SHE HAD KNOWN HIM INTIMATELY FOR YEARS

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Heffernan heard him through, and at the munificent cash offer her heart gave a hopeless, half-covetous thump. What with Heffernan's debts and the cost of living—She opened the door wide to show her inclination and ameliorate her words.

"Man, dear, I've let that room this very minute to a woman! They ain't a crack in the wall I c'd put ye in. I'm sleepin' meself on a cot in the hall."

"What's the matter with a cot in another hall for me?" suggested J. G. Rigby as friend to friend. "Same price. Bet you're going to have pie for dinner. How about it?"

Mrs. Heffernan caught the vision: the cot *not* in the hall, but set up alongside her son's bed in the parlor behind the gilt-storks-on-black-paper screen! It might be, too, that Leon would listen to taking the cot and letting this Desirable have the folding-bed. For herself a mattress tonight on the lower hall floor and a new cot on Monday.

"One night'll be all ye care f'r," she warned Mr. Rigby as she stepped aside; "but they's pie f'r dinner—two kinds. If ye'll kin'ly take yer sittin' in the parlor there on yer left——"

"But if I should keep to my left and follow my nose, would I come to the kitchen?" He was so lazily big and so sure of himself and of her, and so pleased with existence generally, that Mrs. Heffernan dabbed the air with a gesture to show that she understood him and washed her hands of him, and went on down-stairs.

J. G. Rigby lounged down after her, looked in appraisingly at the dining-room, where black Blanche was laying the tables, found his way to the kitchen window-sill, and stuck himself crosswise against the panes to watch proceedings. In fifteen minutes Mrs. Heffernan felt that she had known him intimately for years; and in the next half hour he had sympathized with her concerning the legacy of debts and the unbelievable things some boarders expected, had given her sound advice on the management of Leon, mixed with reminiscences of his own boyhood and impressions of his first sixty days' Continental tour as prescribed by Cook's.

Mrs. Heffernan didn't know that she was working until he had gone in to dinner. Also it came to her then that Blanche would give him the transient's place at the table with the top-floor misrepresentative boarders, when he should have shone with the second-floor set. But it was a hungry Sunday: the scrape of chairs betokened a household that had waited for the bell, Blanche began to shuttle about to the click and clatter of tableware, and Mrs. Heffernan became a swift automaton that ladled and cut and dished and gravied.

Then, abruptly, everything stopped.

There was the curious hush and the solitary sharp exclamation that proclaims unseen humans shocked; chairs scraped, voices murmured, and Blanche shot into the kitchen gasping incoherently. Mrs. Heffernan got her kitchen apron off and reached the door in time to see J. G. Rigby carry out the new boarder, who hung limply in his arms, unconscious.

To do her justice, Mrs. Heffernan's first thought was pure pity; but her second was a jumble of many apprehensions from smallpox to what the second-floor would say. She swept a helpless glance over the dining-room and out to the serving-table. The fast eaters would be ready for salad before she could get up-stairs and down again. Blanche was a fool; and she had opened her mouth in desperation to call on one of the three other gobbling top-floorers, when Miss Linnell, a stenographer who shared a third-floor back with an office-mate, pushed away from the table with an indignant, "Well, I never saw—!" and rustled out like the noisy Samaritan she was.

The score of door-bangings, late-comings-in, usings-too-much-hot-water, and endless impertinences was perilously long against Miss Linnell; but at that action Mrs. Heffernan wiped it from her mind and set down a shining credit to the giddy-pate's account. When Blanche reported that the big gentleman had come down, Mrs. Heffernan sent him in two quadrants of pie, one lemon, with a sort of angels' marshmallows atop, and one cream, unsurpassable.

Miss Linnell flounced into the kitchen presently to fill her hot-water bottle and to observe that some folks made her tired the way they'd let any one drop dead under their noses an' go on feedin' their faces as if it was nothing to *them!* But at Mrs. Heffernan's genuine concern she softened.

"Yes, she's come to, but she says she don't want a doctor an' won't have one an' she acts ashamed to death. Say, she don't

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wear a particle of false hair—wha' d'you know about that! That braid's all her own. There's no class to her—but she can't be poison poor or she wouldn't be here, 'tisn't likely."

"Save us! I know no more than yerself," Mrs. Heffernan replied unhappily. "Take her up this cup o' soup like a good girl, an' I'll keep a nice servin' hot fer ye, dearie; an' tell her I'll be up as soon as ever I can."

Nevertheless, it was a long enough time before she mounted ponderously to the top-back with a covered dish in her hand. There was no answer to her tap, and with a quaking fear and self-accusing she opened the door. But Miss Whitson was only sound asleep with her great brown braid flung across the pillow and the loosened hair fluffed and curling about her face in a becomingness that took a half-dozen years from the age Mrs. Heffernan had judged her. She no longer looked old-maidish thin, as she had at their interview, but pitifully thin, with the set look gone from her mouth and a sad droop to it.

"WHO'S THE 'OH-EXCUSE-ME' WOMAN WITH CRIMPY HAIR AND PEAKED NOSE THAT WEARS GLASSES AND ROOMS ON THIS FLOOR?"

Mrs. Heffernan put the plate down on the stand alongside a pudgy Bible and faced about to the room. Nothing was out of place. One knew without seeing that the contents of the small bag were neatly arranged in a drawer of the bureau, atop of which, in a small, thin, folding leather frame, were two faded photographs that were either of the father and mother of Miss Whitson or of the near relatives who had brought her up. They were that sort. And they and the room and her sleeping self pleaded for her so powerfully that Mrs. Heffernan tiptoed out half guiltily, glad that their little talk had been deferred; though, of course, she reminded herself, if it turned out that the girl was subject to fainting or fits or whatever, she couldn't expect the house to stand it.

She heard Leon's voice with J. G. Rigby's boom in the general parlor. They were talking man's summer-jargon of "flies" and "pitchers" and "fans;" but as she stole past Mr. Rigby poked his head through the portières.

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"How is she?" he asked anxiously.

"She was sleepin' that sound," evaded Mrs. Heffernan, "that I hadn't the heart to wake her up. But she was lookin' fine. It was the—the heat o' the room, or so manny strangers, I'm thinkin', ailed her."

"H'm," said he, not smiling. "Well—anything I can do let me know."

The offer carried a depressing suggestion. If the girl was to need much caring for, it meant that she must be taken to the hospital. And the mere thinking of that word brought up possibilities so unsettling that within a half hour Mrs. Heffernan mounted again to the top floor back, carrying a perfect poached egg on toast and a cup of chocolate lavishly heaped with cream.

Her tap at the door was so purely a matter of habit that she jumped at the quick "Come in!" that answered it. It was almost the snap-me-up tone that she had first heard from Miss Whitson; and that unaccountable young woman was sitting up in bed with her extra blanket neatly about her shoulders, one cheek pink and the other pale, and her eyes altogether too bright.

"Well, upon my—whatever—" began Mrs. Heffernan.

"Who's the 'Oh-excuse-me' woman with crimpy hair and peaked nose that wears glasses and rooms on this floor?" demanded Miss Whitson. She was evidently angry, but there was the bewilderment of sleep in her voice along with a quaver that belied her aggressiveness. Mrs. Heffernan put the tray down quickly, lest she bang it down.

"Has she been buttin' in here? Well, now, there'll be one clearin'-up talk atween Miss Willetts an' me——"

"Willetts, is it?" clipped in Miss Whitson. "Well, I woke up and found her going through my things, and she pretended she'd come in to see if there was something she could do for me. Now there's nothing serious the matter with me, and I'm going to get right up and dress. And those pictures on my bureau are of my father and mother. They're dead. And I *have* got a trunk, and I *have* got some more clothes, and they'll be here to-morrow. And ev'rything else you know about me, and I'm going to get right up."

She made the statements with a vehemence that showed them to be answers to conjectures Miss Willetts had made or might make; and then she laid herself suddenly back on the pillow, her teeth set in her under lip, and stared without winking at the ceiling.

"There now—" Mrs. Heffernan found herself patting the pillow beside the pink cheek. "The likes o' her ain't worth cryin' over!"

"*Cry*ing?" Miss Whitson made a queer, jerky little sound that she evidently wished to have considered a laugh. "Me? Cry—" The jerky sound came again of itself and wasn't even remotely like a laugh. She disappeared inside the extra blanket; and Mrs. Heffernan sat down beside the shaking woolly cocoon and patted it and crooned over it and berated Miss Willetts and pleaded for the egg-on-toast; and after a while took away the cocoon determinedly, and dabbed a cold wet towel on the hot eyes, beat up the pillow, and put the tray before the drooping wisp of a creature that the capable Miss Whitson had become.

"I'm a perfect fool!" apologized the wisp humbly.

"If there's annything I hate it's a lukewarm cup of annything that's meant t' be hot," said Mrs. Heffernan. "Drink down that cocoa now! Under the mantelpiece was where Myrtle kep' her trunk, an' I'll have yours put there. Eat yer egg! She was a great help to me, Myrtle was, an' she more than made up the bit I took off'n her board with helpin' me dish dinner an' do the housework Sund'y forenoons an' all. Why don't yer wear yer hair puffed out at the sides like that? Blanche picked up three hairpins off'n the floor that dropped out while that feller was carryin' ye upstairs."

Miss Whitson's cheeks flamed equal scarlet. "I never—in all my life—" she began confusedly.

"Phut! He's a hulk of a feller that wouldn't think twice o' liftin' ten of yer!" Mrs. Heffernan assured her. "He carried yer like a baby. *You* needn't think twice of it neither—he ain't that kind. What was it upset ye, d'yer think now?"

Miss Whitson followed a bit of eggy toast about the plate with an ineffectual fork for an instant, then sat straight, held the tray between tense hands, and spoke with something of her first rapidity.

"I'm going to tell you just exactly what it was, because I guess you understand. I know how it is—you've got all you can do without waiting on sick folks, and people

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don't want any one fainting at meal-times. You can tell 'em I had bad news or turned my ankle or something. But the honest truth is that I hadn't been eating enough —but please don't say anything till I get through. . . . Winters I get on pretty well, because I board myself and can heat things over the gas and what I buy keeps; but summers I can't eat, it's so hot, and food spoils so quick, and it's horrid. I got to the place where I knew I'd have to do different *this* summer, and so all winter I got on with as little as I could. I'm pretty well, gen'rally. I got too stingy, I guess. I went without dinner and breakfast the day before I came here and didn't have any breakfast that morning; and I felt so shaky when I was talking to you that I had to hold on to the banister. Then the hot food, somehow—Well, that's all. I feel first-rate now. I wonder if I couldn't do the way Myrtle Judkins did for you? Anyway, you might see if I suited——"

"Look a-here!" It was an explosion from Mrs. Heffernan. "Didn't ye have sense enough t' know enough to ask fer a cup o' tea, even? Wha' d'ye mean by treatin' me like I was a heathen image—me with plenty in the house, an' if there'd been but a bite, God knows I'd 'a' spared the half of it! Think shame t' yerself an' lie down there an' get some stren'th inter ye. I'll be up here in an hour wit' somethin' to put color in ——"

"No—oh, no, no!" The small hands strove to hold her. "You've done so much! I'm not used to—You brought up something after dinner, didn't you? I ate it,

SHE CAME INTO THE KITCHEN THAT NIGHT, PINK-CHEEKED AND DETERMINED AND POSITIVELY SECOND-FLOOR SMART IN A WHITE SHIRT-WAIST AND CRISP APRON.

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an' I hid the plate for fear Miss Willetts would come in again. It wasn't *she* made me cry—it was because you came up and were so good to me; and when I came you shook hands—" To hide her swimming eyes she bent far out and drew from under the low bed the dish Mrs. Heffernan had left on her first coming. The movement dislodged the pudgy Bible from its concealment under the covers, and it spatted to the floor. Mrs. Heffernan picked it up, put it in the exact center of the stand, tried to speak, couldn't, and went out quickly.

To think of a girl so lonesome she cried over a hand-shake!—and staying herself with rice pudding and the promises of the Lord while the rest of the house filled themselves with the Sunday four courses atop of the breakfast they'd had!

She didn't care who heard her on her way down; and when J. G. Rigby came sauntering into the kitchen on her very heels, she snubbed him finely, abused herself exhaustively, and ended by telling him why Juliet Whitson had fainted. He listened attentively; made no comment when she was done, but unstuck himself from the window-panes, turned his back to the room, and looked out, jingling the change and keys in his pockets.

"Hungry!" he said after a while. "And I grew tired of hotels because there was so much on the bills of fare! . . . What you going to give her?"

"Broth," answered Mrs. Heffernan with satisfaction, "made out o' the chicken you ain't goin' t' get fer supper."

"Eighteen carats fine!" He stuck himself across the panes again. "I'll carry the tray up for you." He carried her as well, boosting her along on his iron right arm after a fashion that it was a mercy Miss Willetts didn't see. But nobody saw. Had Juliet Whitson known it she would have made even more difficulty than she did over the broth.

When Mrs. Heffernan came up an hour later, she was smiling in her sleep. J. G. Rigby, waiting four stairs down, carried back the tray of light substantials, and reported for duty every twenty minutes thereafter until Mrs. Heffernan ordered him from underfoot.

"It's supper-time, an' other folks have got to eat," she reminded him.

"You mean they think they've got to—*they've* had a chance to let the habit grow on 'em."

Mrs. Heffernan twitched a pan of biscuits from the oven desperately. "There's Blanche ringin' the bell, an' the blessed minute the food's on the table I'll go up to her. Go take yer own place."

He went unwillingly, reappeared as if he had been shot back, grabbed her arm, and pulled her to the serving window. By his expression she knew it was nothing alarming, but she was hardly prepared for the sight of Miss Whitson, trim and faintly flushed, and downright pretty with her hair puffed out a little at the sides, in her place at the corner table.

"Well, I like the spunk of her!" Mrs. Heffernan said vexedly.

"So do I!" said J. G. Rigby, and was gone. Mrs. Heffernan watched interestedly the warm friendliness with which he spoke to the girl as he took his chair, and couldn't forbear an appreciative chuckle at the entirely second-floor-front haughtiness with which Miss Whitson snipped his protective pretensions short off. Mrs. Heffernan went back to her serving; but when Miss Birdmann, the second-back millinery designer, laughed, she peeped in again. J. G. Rigby was telling the dining-room a story. Leon hung on his words, the third floor had suspended eating, Miss Birdmann smiled, the top floor (except Miss Whitson) gaped, and Mr. and Mrs. Gutmann—second-front with alcove—seemed to be listening. When she went up to dictate a last cup of chocolate to Miss Whitson, Mrs. Heffernan bragged happily of her transient:

"I never see the beat of him. What he does ought t' seem fresh, but it don't—not from him. He's got ev'ry last one o' them in the parlor singin' away t' beat the ban'. Why didn't ye leave yer door open? Ye c'n hear 'em up here fine."

"You can't help hearing 'em with it shut!' said Miss Whitson wearily. "And please don't light the gas—my eyes hurt." Unheeding the more subtle suggestion, however, Mrs. Heffernan set the door wide and drew her chair to the threshold. She picked out Leon's tenor in the gusty volume of song—to think of Leon indoors and singing on a Sunday evening, be it never so wet!

In the hard parts of "The Holy City" and "Oh, Promise Me," and "The Rosary," he and Mr. Rigby had the tunes practically to themselves, and Mrs. Heffernan's eyelids

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stung at the heavenly harmony they made. They heard Mr. Rigby's argumentative boom, then some one else touched the piano and a woman's voice began alone: a contralto like a 'cello, like velvet dusk, like tears that have lost bitterness, like purple and gold and scent and sunbeams, moonlight and leaf shadow and greeting and parting. Mrs. Heffernan sat straight at the first line, and two minutes after the last ceased throbbing she gave a great sigh and let her tense hands relax.

"There. That's Mis' Gutmann that has the second-front. She weighs two hunderd an's got a mustache an' likes onions cooked in ev'rything; but now you know why Gutmann 'r any other man would want t' marry her! How that Rigby feller got her t' *sing*——"

Miss Whitson coughed slightly. "What time do you get up, mornings?" she asked. After a second Mrs. Heffernan rose and dragged her chair back to its place.

"It's nothin' to the likes o' ye when I get up, yet awhile," she said sternly. "I'll sen' Blanche up t' call ye—an' lie till then an' get yer rest. I suppose ye wish this door shut."

Not until she was in the kitchen and had noted that the sandwich was untouched did she recall that Miss Whitson's little cough had been husky, and remember that she wasn't a girl like most girls. In her contrition she would have gone straight up to stop that harrowing music had not J. G. Rigby taken the piano again and led the "Star-Spangled Banner" *finale* with a vim that it would have been treason to check.

It was only ten minutes before the first breakfast when Miss Whitson hurried into the kitchen, nervous and apologetic.

"I don't know why—I meant to get up and help! I didn't get to sleep right away, and I——"

Mrs. Heffernan swept a silencing gesture. "Yer body have more sense than yer head. Didn't I tell yer t' sleep? Now then, why not sit up t' the table here, f'r I have yer tray ready t' sen' up, an' the rest not bein' down yet——"

The pretext was transparent. There were bacon and eggs for the others—bacon and eggs and a chop for the tray; bananas and prunes for the others—and a fine chilled cantaloup for the tray. Mrs. Heffernan made a great clatter at the range as she saw the girl's puzzled look.

"That Rigby feller is the limit!" she declared loudly. "Down here an' made the fire an' put the kettle on, blatherin' like he was off his head; an' if Leon didn't come down las' night mad at me because I hadn't fixed the foldin'-bed fer my gentleman! An' to see him takin' his breakfas' out here sociable as y' please, an' waitin' on the both of us! It's a fine, bright day agin, ain't it?—but goin' t' be hot. It——"

"I intend to pay for all the extras you've given me," said Miss Whitson, "but a breakfast like this is more than I can afford again. It's awfully good—and I'm grateful to you; but you know how I feel, I guess. I shall begin to help you here tonight."

"You ain't got the wit ye was born with!" Mrs. Heffernan snubbed her; but when Miss Whitson came into the kitchen that night, pink-cheeked and determined and positively second-floor smart in a white shirt-waist and crisp apron, there was no turning her from her purpose.

"I'm all right, you see," she repeated for the twentieth time. "I don't want you to dare wait on me any more, or—or to send me any more luncheons like you did today."

Mrs. Heffernan turned sharply from slicing beets and met Miss Whitson's brown eyes fixed on her. The pink in the girl's cheeks deepened.

"Mr. Rigby brought in a big box to the store to me"—she spoke *too* distinctly—"and said you had meant to give it to me but forgot it. I fed all the girls. There was chicken and sandwiches and bottled grape-juice and cake and olives and fruit—and *candy!* Does he expect me to believe that any landlady that ever lived—good as you are—would do *that?*"

"Well," said Mrs. Heffernan feebly, "but——"

"And I believe," said Miss Whitson, "that he bought that chop and melon I had for breakfast. Did he?"

"He bought a dozen chops an' six melons!" Mrs. Heffernan's tone defied and defended. "I et some an' was glad t' get 'em. He wasn't fresh to ye, was he? Was there so much as a fresh *look* fr'm him?"

Miss Whitson hesitated, bit her lip, took a cup from a saucer, looked into it, and put it down with a click. "No!" The word clicked too. "But I can't let him—I don't *know* him!"

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"Huh! What ye thinkin' of tellin' him?" Mrs. Heffernan inquired dryly. "He's treated ye like a Christ'an out o' the bigness o' his heart, an' never a look but politeness, an' ye'll thank him not to do so anny more whatever. Is that it?"

Miss Whitson turned, left the kitchen, and was back almost at once, breathing fast and very rosy, bringing a huge envelope from which she took several smaller ones, singly, as she itemized them, and spatted them down on the table before Mrs. Heffernan's wondering eyes.

"A messenger brought this letter to me at the store at four o'clock this afternoon. You can imagine how the girls acted! This first one is from Peter Mattheson, the man Myrtle Judkins is marrying. He says he has known J. G. Rigby for ten years and sold him goods and that he's *white*. He goes on to tell what he means by 'white.' This second one is from a firm that looks after other firms' credits and all that, and they give me J. G. Rigby's life history, just about. He's in House Furnishings and Hardware and Dry Goods and a Gentleman's Outfitting store some place up-state, and he seems to own the whole town. Here's four letters from wholesale houses here in the city, 'To Whom It May Concern,' telling about the same as Peter Mattheson did. And here's one from *him*—" she paused—"asking me to take charge of a Ladies' Suits and Garments Annex which he means to start in the fall. He wants me to begin work right away, buying, at twenty-five a week to start, raised to thirty in six months, and a per cent. of profits after first year."

Mrs. Heffernan laid aside her knife and spoke solemnly. "An' it was yestiddy ye hadn't enough t' eat! An' there's nobody c'd be gladder than me, an' it puts heart in me t' believe there's good fer all of us, give it time!" She caught up her apron to her eyes.

"But I'm not going to take it," said Miss Whitson.

Mrs. Heffernan was able, presently, to shape the words after her, but had no voice to utter them aloud.

Miss Whitson leaned on the table and spoke in the manner of their first interview. "I know all about what you think and how silly it seems, but I can't explain any more; and anyway this isn't any one's affair but my own, and you must excuse me for saying so, because if I could explain it to any one I could to you. I want you to tell Mr. J. G. Rigby that I know about the breakfast and luncheon and that it mustn't happen again, and I'll write him about the position just as nice a letter as I can. Now I'm going up-stairs to unpack my trunk; and please don't come up or send anything. If I want anything I'll come down; and get over being cross with me as soon as you can and try to forget this happened."

She was gone just a half minute before J. G. Rigby came in as if the kitchen had always been his accustomed haunt. In that time Mrs. Heffernan had recovered her speech; but the descent of her Monday-tempered diners prevented her from making use of it beyond the mere announcement of Miss Whitson's decision. Miss Linnell was unwise enough to come out and inquire as to the new boarder's condition; was snapped at, snapped back, and started a new debit account. Mrs. Gutmann sent out word that people expected an electric fan in dining-rooms these days. Miss Birdmann sent out for more strawberries, and said that she hated always to know what they were to have for dinner Mondays. Leon came in fuming over a subway block and ordered all his courses together so that he should not be late for a moving-picture engagement.

Then little Mr. Gutmann sent out to ask that the gas be left on till he got in, and departed towing his silver-throated spouse. A taxi called for Miss Birdmann, who came down to the kitchen to be fastened, and said that she hadn't meant that about the dinners, but that everybody had their troubles. Miss Linnell looked in, feud forgotten, to show a new flower hat. Miss Willetts, very crimpy and excited, stole in to explain that a customer had given her two theatre tickets and that she and another top-floorer wanted Mrs. Heffernan to understand why they were out later than usual. And then Mrs. Heffernan turned on J. G. Rigby, who had come in and out a dozen times, during the busy hour, jingling his change and keys unbearably.

"If I can do annything for *you*, say so!" she demanded.

He was obligingly brief. "*She* had any dinner?"

Mrs. Heffernan gestured to a covered tray. Her nerves were sore tried. "If ye mean Miss Joolyet Whitson, there it is

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waitin' fer her, an' I'm goin' t' call her now, though her orders was *not*."

Mr. Rigby took the tray, carried it to the dining-room, came back and took Mrs. Heffernan by the elbow, and moved her irresistibly along with him to the first-floor hall.

"Now then," he bade, "you go right up and call her. Then get on your bonnet. You and I are going out for a walk and a talk and an ice-cream soda. Tell *her* I'm going out, so she won't hesitate about coming down."

Something *different* about him gave Mrs. Heffernan such a sense of being somehow necessary to something that was about to happen, that she forgot to argue.

"Ev'rybody's out an' there's nobody t' mind the house," she plead to Miss Whitson, "an' after ye've ate what I've left on the tray, I thought mebbe ye'd jist sit by t' mind if the bell rung till I got back. Mr. Rigby would 'a' been only too glad to, but he's out." Her conscience smote her as Miss Whitson thawed instantly, and she made guilty haste down and out, where J. G. Rigby paced in the moonlight, awaiting her. . . .

Without doubt Miss Whitson found the house dreary. The vacant rooms settled down clammily after Blanche had scrubbed up and gone; the ghosts of dinners past and present reunited in the airless halls; when the trolley-cars rumbled past the street corner, the maimed glass pendants of the parlor chandelier chinked together uncannily; and the single lowered lighted jet seemed to center its bluish beams on the crayon enlargement of Mr. Heffernan, staring stonily from under a black bow and dyed everlastings on a bamboo easel.

J. G. Rigby, coming fast up the street of peopled front steps, caught the glimmer of a solitary white shirt-waist against the shadowed Heffernan door, whipped off his

"YOU AND I ARE GOING OUT FOR A WALK AND A TALK AND AN ICE-CREAM SODA."

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new straw hat, took three steps at a stride, and seated himself two steps below her, quite as if he had been expected.

"Glad to see you out," he gave greeting heartily. "Fine evening, isn't it!"

"Very nice," said Miss Whitson. "If you're going to be here, I think I may go up and finish unpacking—if you'll tend the door?"

"Not just yet—please," he answered mildly; but she heard the something that Mrs. Heffernan had heard, and she found herself staying. He lifted himself another step, and the moon struck full on his face. He looked up at it with eyes puckered more than ever and white teeth glinting in a smile.

"You blamed old flirt!" he apostrophized the chaste disk. "You make ev'ry lunatic in creation think you're shinin' just for him! 'N I don't know but I'd do the same, in your place—it gives 'em such a heap o' comfort." He cocked his knee, clasped his hands about it, and leaned back, so balanced, putting his face in shadow. It brought his head close to Miss Whitson's arm, and she felt the great length and breadth of him.

"When I was away," he went on easily, "'cross the sea, I mean—it didn't seem to me as if the moon belonged there, but as if she'd come lookin' for *me*. 'Why, Jim Rigby!' she'd say. 'What you clear over here for? It's lilac an' s'ringa an' apple-blossom time, over home—an' you know how the grass smells, evenin's after the lawn's been mowed! An' you never heard the beat o' the crickets this year! An' *I'm* there!' An' then she'd stare an' stare, an' I'd get so darned homesick! Peter Mattheson made me go—said it 'd give me ideas. It did give me one—that was t' get home again. . . . Mis' Heffernan says you can't see your way to takin' up with my proposition."

Although she had been waiting for that, Miss Whitson started. "I—no—no, I don't think I can. I've written to you an' the letter's in on the hall stand. I'm not competent—I'm very much obliged to you, but I guess I couldn't, really."

"Yes—I understand." He was very mild. "Kind of a crazy proposition in spite of all I tried to do to make it businesslike. What I offered you wasn't honest, and it didn't sound honest, did it? . . . *Sit still, please.*"

It was a new tone, which put her back in her corner so breath-takingly and powerfully that it took her a second to know he hadn't put hand on her—only spoken.

"I'd ought to 've been honest." It was his old voice again. "In such things if a man is anything but straight, it crops out, somehow. Only it came so quick—after all the years I'd waited—that it scared me a little; and when a man's too scared or too glad he tries to act sensible. . . . To walk into this dinin'-room that I just happened into, an' see you at the table, an' know you better'n I'd ever known any one in all my life, an' know 't I'd always known you, and that you *had* come after me almost givin' up hope that you would—" He half turned; his left hand seized on both hers, hard.

"Sit still," he said once more; and she leaned back against the door weakly. His hand stayed on hers, his eyes strained to see hers through the shadow, and his voice, when he spoke again, showed the real self of him—honest, uncouth, ardent, tender—at last. "You an' I've got to talk this out. You couldn't any more make me believe that I feel—all I feel—*alone*, than you could fly. We're cut out of the same piece of cloth, we two. I always knew you were somewhere. . . . I'm askin' you to marry me. If you want to wait an' get acquainted, as most folks think 's right, why, we'll wait. But I'm askin' you to be honest. You're the honestest little thing that ever drew breath, you are, an' I want you to forget all you've learned an' are afraid of, an' find out what you feel for me—down deep.

"Don't wonder whether I'm crazy," he urged, "or talkin' moon talk, or what *folks* would say, or how this sort of thing usually happens; but do as you'd like to do if there wasn't but you an' me in the world. If you're honest you can tell, but you've got to *be* honest—ab-so-*lute*-ly! . . . I knew, that very first second, an' I told you about it all the way up-stairs. . . . Scared to death, I was, about what ailed you; but glad! I put back your hair from your forehead an' looked at you. . . . Little bit' o' white thing! . . . You've got a little scar on your forehead, that I 'most kissed. 'I'm here,' I said to you, 'and you're you and we've come together; an' I love you an' I shall tell you so; an' your mouth won't look so pitiful after a while, an' your cheeks shall be pink; an' you've

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"YOU BLAMED OLD FLIRT!" HE APOSTROPHIZED THE MOON. "YOU MAKE EV'RY LUNATIC IN CREATION THINK YOU'RE SHININ' JUST FOR HIM!"

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belonged to me since the beginning o' creation, but I wonder if I can make you know it!' Then I got to thinkin' what a countryman I was—I've made good, all right, but I'm a countryman, just the same! An' I thought of that business proposition as a way of gettin' acquainted with you gradual . . . I tried to kiss your hand before anybody came; but I couldn't even touch it—" He broke off, curiously.

Far enough away so that its tinny tremolo was a sweet, metallic shivering, a street piano began the Trovatore prison song. When it was quite finished Miss Whitson spoke in a voice that had caught the shiver and the sob. "I knew—what you said when you—carried me up-stairs. I came to myself half-way up. I—heard."

J. G. Rigby laughed under his breath exultantly.

"I was waitin' for that—you little honest thing! I knew you knew! I felt you tremble, an' I saw you color. What you shakin' for—dear? You afraid—of *me?*" And as she didn't answer: "Do you want me to let you go?"

"Yes."

He took his hand from hers instantly, but he had to help her up, she stumbled so awkwardly. She had meant to rush indoors, but her feet were leaden. He followed her within, but did not touch her—did not speak. Three stairs up she turned, holding to the banister, and looked down on him as he stood, hat in hand, watching her. He was pale, but steady and smiling; and his look was father-mother-lover-like.

"Will you tend the door?" She tried to ask it matter-of-factly, and he laughed a little.

"Yes, I'll tend the door. Mrs. Heffernan's at a vaudeville show, an' a taxi is hired to bring her home. I asked her to go because I wanted to talk with you alone, and she looked me straight in the eye for a half a minute an' then let me come. Don't worry about anything, dearie—you shall have all the time you want."

"You mustn't think—" she quavered.

"I *know!*" he said, and stopped smiling. "And you know, too, only you're afraid. You're not afraid of me—you're afraid of all the things you've heard that have scared you and made you not believe; and afraid of yourself. You talk fast an' act independent the way a kid whistles in the dark to keep his courage up; but you're afraid, all the same. . . . So pitiful an' little an' afraid that I can't hardly—stand it. Say good night to me, dear."

"Good—night," she said slowly. "And I'll always understand that you thought you meant this. I'm not angry any more——"

He was at the banisters in a stride, looking up at her so close and so masterfully that her eyelids fluttered. "Don't say things like that, because you don't mean 'em! You know I meant it and mean it; but if you ain't ready to say so, you take all the time you want. I won't ever scare you any more, or hurt you, or *let* you be hurt—God bless you! And you know it."

For the long, unmeasured time that their eyes held, it was so still that the sudden jigging of the chandelier pendants seemed noisy.

"You hadn't ought to look at me," he said just above a whisper, "because your eyes don't know how to lie. You've got eyes like the still part of a brook in the woods up home—deep woods, it is, but the sun is at the bottom of that gray-brown water! I'll show you that place some day; and I'll ask you if you remember this time we stood on the stairs, and I'll tell you what a fight it was not even to touch your hand. . . . But unless you go right away——"

Perhaps he didn't give her time enough, but it was as long as it humanly might be before he swung himself about the newel-post, up two stairs, and took her fingers from the rail into his own.

"—because if I kiss you," he said laboredly, "there'll be no waiting. You'll go home with me—right away. Home's a great big old house out from town, and there's a little fat pink aunt that knows about you—the you I wanted—and she's the only one that does; and she'll pet you and teach you how to grow flowers. . . . Dearie, think of going home with me. . . . Or if you can't think of it—say good night to me—and *go!*"

And again he waited as long as he humanly could. He even opened his trembling hands and let hers lie free in his palms, so that she might take them away if she would. But they stayed. . . . And after all, when he saw how fear still fought with faith in her wide eyes, he kissed—very gently—the little scar on her forehead.

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The CASE of JENNIE BRICE

by

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

PRECEDING INSTALMENTS: Jennie Brice was an actress, married to Philip Ladley, a playwright. They lived in a Pittsburgh boarding-house kept by Mrs. Pitman, who tells the story. On the first day of the flood of 1907, the Ladleys had been quarreling. At two o'clock the next morning, the other boarder, Mr. Reynolds, wakened Mrs. Pitman to say that some one had taken the boat from where it was tied in the flooded hall. Two hours later Ladley rowed in, explaining that he had borrowed the boat in order to get some medicine for Mrs. Ladley. At breakfast-time Ladley told Mrs. Pitman that his wife had gone away early that morning for the week. Presently Peter, the Ladleys' dog, brought in a water-soaked slipper of Jennie Brice's; then a broken knife that had been in Mrs. Pitman's room the night before, unbroken. When, in addition to these suspicious signs, Mrs. Pitman saw blood-stains on the boat-rope, she decided that Jennie Brice had been murdered. At the foot of the stairs, as she came down to start for the police station, she found a little elderly man in a boat, with a tub of raw liver for distribution to starving dogs and cats. She told him her suspicions, and while they were talking Mr. Ladley left the house. Then Mrs. Pitman and the little man, Mr. Holcombe, went to investigate the Ladleys' room.

Their first discovery was that Mrs. Pitman's onyx clock was gone from the mantel-shelf. Then they found a blood-stained towel, and a slip of paper with the words: "rope, knife, shoe, towel, Horn—"—everything they had noted except the clock. A young newspaper friend of Mr. Holcombe's, Mr. Howell, joined them; later, when Mrs. Pitman returned from the police station, the young man was at her house, with a girl who, Mrs. Pitman realized, was her niece, the daughter of a sister from whom she had long been estranged. This time Mrs. Pitman recognized Mr. Howell's voice as one she had heard in the Ladleys' rooms on Sunday morning; he admitted that he had been there, but asked her not to tell. Ladley was arrested, but released in a day or two for lack of evidence, and he returned to his old room at Mrs. Pitman's. Mr. Holcombe took the room above, and arranged a periscope in the floor, through which he could watch Ladley's movements. It was by this means that Shanty-boat Tim identified Ladley as a man whom he had helped with his boat between three and four on the morning of the disappearance. A few days later Mrs. Pitman's niece sent for her and confided her fear that Mr. Howell, her lover, was connected with the Brice case: he had given up work, did not come to see her, and, gravest of all, he had been seen with a tall, veiled woman on the way to the station early on the day Jennie Brice disappeared.

CHAPTER VIII—CONTINUED.

"I DON'T believe he took any woman across the bridge at that hour. Who says he did?"

"Uncle Jim saw him. He had been playing cards all night at one of the clubs, and was walking home. He says he met Mr. Howell face to face, and spoke to him. The woman was tall and veiled. Uncle Jim sent for him, a day or two later, and he refused to explain. Then they forbade him the house. Mama objected to him, anyhow, and he only came on sufferance. He is a college man of good family, but without any money at all save what he earns. And now——"

I had had some young newspaper men with me, and I knew what they got. They were nice boys, but they made fifteen dollars a week. I'm afraid I smiled a little as I looked around the room, with its gray grass-cloth walls, its toilet-table spread with ivory and gold, and the maid in attendance

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in her black dress and white apron, collar, and cuffs. Even the little nightgown Lida was wearing would have taken a week's salary or more. She saw my smile.

"It was to be his chance," she said. "If he made good, he was to have something better. My Uncle Jim owns the paper, and he promised me to help him. But——"

So Jim was running a newspaper! That was a curious career for Jim to choose. Jim, who was twice expelled from school, and who could never write a letter without a dictionary beside him! I had a pang when I heard his name again, after all the years. For I had written to Jim from Oklahoma, after Mr. Pitman died, asking for money to bury him, and had never even had a reply.

"And you haven't seen him since?"

"Once. I—didn't hear from him, and I called him up. We—we met in the park. He said everything was all right, but he couldn't tell me just then. The next day he resigned from the paper and went away. Mrs. Pitman, it's driving me crazy! For they have found a body, and they think it is hers. If it is, and he was with her——"

"Don't be a foolish child," I protested. "If he was with Jennie Brice, she is still living, and if he was *not* with Jennie Brice——"

"If it was *not* Jennie Brice, then I have a right to know who it was," she declared. "He was not like himself when I met him. He said such queer things: he talked about an onyx clock, and said he had been made a fool of, and that no matter what came out, I was always to remember that he had done what he did for the best, and that—that he cared for me more than for anything in this world or the next."

"That wasn't so foolish!" I couldn't help it: I leaned over and drew her nightgown up over her bare white shoulder. "You won't help anything or anybody by taking cold, my dear," I said. "Call your maid and have her put a dressing-gown around you."

I left soon after. There was little I could do. But I comforted her as best I could, and said good night. My heart was heavy as I went down the stairs. For, twist things as I might, it was clear that in some way the Howell boy was mixed up in the Brice case.

I had a curious experience down-stairs. I had reached the foot of the staircase and was turning to go back and along the hall to the side entrance, when I came face to face with Isaac, the old colored man who had driven the family carriage when I was a child, and whom I had seen, at intervals since I came back, pottering around Alma's house. The old man was bent and feeble; he came slowly down the hall, with a bunch of keys in his hand. I had seen him do the same thing many times.

He stopped when he saw me, and I shrank back from the lamp beside me, but he had seen me. "Miss Bess!" he said. "Foh Gawd's sake, Miss Bess!"

"You are making a mistake, my friend," I said, quivering. "I am not 'Miss Bess'!"

He came close to me and stared into my face. And from that he looked at my cloth gloves, at my coat, and he shook his white head. "I sure thought you was Miss Bess," he said, and made no further effort to detain me. He led the way back to the door where the machine waited, his head shaking with the palsy of age, muttering as he went. He opened the door with his best manner, and stood aside.

"Good night, ma'am," he quavered.

I had tears in my eyes. I tried to keep them back. "Good night," I said. "Good night, *Ikie*."

It had slipped out, my baby name for old Isaac!

"Miss Bess!" he cried. "Oh, praise Gawd, it's Miss Bess again!"

He caught my arm and pulled me back into the hall, and there he held me, crying over me, muttering praises for my return, begging me to come back, recalling little tender things out of the past that almost killed me to hear again.

But I had made my bed and must lie in it. I forced him to swear silence about my visit; I made him promise not to reveal my identity to Lida; and I told him—Heaven forgive me!—that I was well and prosperous and happy.

Dear old Isaac! I would not let him come to see me, but the next day there came a basket, with six bottles of wine, and an old daguerreotype of my mother, that had been his treasure. Nor was that basket the last.

CHAPTER IX

The coroner held an inquest over the headless body on Tuesday. Mr. Graves telephoned me in the morning, and I went to the morgue with him.

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"IF IT WAS *NOT* JENNIE BRICE, THEN I HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW WHO IT WAS."

I failed to identify the body. How could I? It had been a tall woman, probably five feet eight, and I thought the nails looked like those of Jennie Brice. The thumb-nail of the hand remaining was broken short off. I told Mr. Graves about her speaking of a broken nail, but he shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

There was a curious scar over the heart, and he was making a sketch of it. It reached

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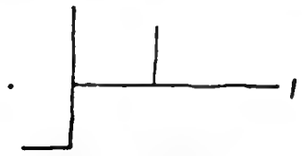
from the center of the chest for about six inches across the left breast, a narrow, thin line that one could hardly see. It was shaped like this:



I felt sure that Jennie Brice had had no such scar, and Mr. Graves thought as I did. Temple Hope, called to the inquest, said she had never heard of one, and Mr. Ladley himself, at the inquest, swore that his wife had had nothing of the sort. I was watching him, and I did not think he was lying. And yet—the hand was very like Jennie Brice's. It was all bewildering.

Mr. Ladley's testimony at the inquest was disappointing. He was cool and collected: said he had no reason to believe that his wife was dead, and less reason to think she had been drowned; she had left him in a rage, and if she found out that by hiding she was putting him in an unpleasant position, she would probably hide indefinitely.

To the disappointment of everybody, the identity of the woman remained a mystery. No one with such a scar was missing. A small woman of my own age, a Mrs. Murray, whose daughter, a stenographer, had disappeared, attended the inquest. But her daughter had had no such scar, and had worn her nails short, because of using the typewriter. Alice Murray was the missing girl's name. Her mother sat beside me, and cried most of the time.

One thing was brought out at the inquest: the body had been thrown into the river *after* death. There was no water in the lungs. The verdict was "death by the hands of some person or persons unknown."

Mr. Holcombe was not satisfied. In some way or other he had got permission to attend the autopsy, and had brought away a tracing of the scar. All the way home in the street-car he stared at the drawing, holding first one eye shut and then the other. But, like the coroner, he got nowhere. He folded the paper and put it in his note-book.

"None the less, Mrs. Pitman," he said, "that is the body of Jennie Brice; her husband killed her, probably by strangling her; he took the body out in the boat and dropped it into the swollen river above the Ninth Street bridge."

"Why do you think he strangled her?"

"There was no mark on the body, and no poison was found."

"Then if he strangled her, where did the blood come from?"

"I didn't limit myself to strangulation," he said irritably. "He may have cut her throat."

"Or brained her with my onyx clock," I added with a sigh. For I missed the clock more and more.

He went down in his pockets and brought up a key. "I'd forgotten this," he said. "I found it in the yard this morning."

That was on Tuesday. Jennie Brice had been missing nine days. In all that time, although she was cast for the piece at the theatre that week, no one there had heard from her. Her relatives had had no word. She had gone away, if she had gone, on a cold March night, in a striped black and white dress with a red collar, and a red and black hat, without her fur coat, which she had worn all winter. She had gone very early in the morning, or during the night. But the police had found no trace of her on any early train. And then at daylight, between five and six, my own brother had seen a woman with Mr. Howell, a woman who might have been Jennie Brice. But if it was, why did not Mr. Howell say so?

Mr. Ladley claimed she was hiding, in revenge. But Jennie Brice was not that sort of woman: there was something big about her, something that is found often in large women—a lack of spite. She was not petty or malicious.

In spite of the failure to identify the body, Mr. Ladley was rearrested that night, Tuesday, and this time it was for murder. I know now that the police were taking long chances. They had no strong motive for the crime. As Mr. Holcombe said, they had provocation, but not motive, which is different. They had opportunity, and they had a lot of straggling links of clues, which in the total made a fair chain of circumstantial evidence. But that was all.

That is the way the case stood on Tuesday night, March the thirteenth.

Mr. Ladley was taken away at nine o'clock. He was perfectly cool, asked me to help him pack a suit-case, and whistled while it was being done. He requested to be allowed to walk to the jail, and went quietly, with a detective on one side and I think a sheriff's officer on the other.

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Just before he left, he asked for a word or two with me, and when he paid his bill up to date, and gave me an extra dollar for taking care of Peter, I was almost overcome. He took the manuscript of his play with him, and I remember his asking if he could have any typing done in the jail. I had never seen a man arrested for murder before, but I think he was probably the coolest suspect the officers had ever seen. They hardly knew what to make of it.

Mr. Reynolds and I had a cup of tea after all the excitement, and were sitting at the dining-room table drinking it, when the bell rang. It was Mr. Howell! He half staggered into the hall when I opened the door, and was for going into the parlor bedroom without a word.

"Mr. Ladley's gone, if you want him," I said. I thought his face cleared.

"Gone!" he said. "Where?"

"To jail."

He did not reply at once. He stood there, tapping the palm of one hand with the forefinger of the other. He was dirty and unshaven. His clothes looked as if he had been sleeping in them.

"So they've got him!" he muttered finally, and, turning, was about to go out the front door without another word, but I caught his arm.

"You're sick, Mr. Howell," I said. "You'd better not go out just yet."

"Oh, I'm all right." He took his handkerchief out and wiped his face. I saw that his hands were shaking.

"Come back and have a cup of tea, and a slice of home-made bread."

He hesitated and looked at his watch. "I'll do it, Mrs. Pitman," he said. "I suppose I'd better throw a little fuel into this engine of mine. It's been going hard for several days."

He ate like a wolf. I cut half a loaf into slices for him, and he drank the rest of the tea. Mr. Reynolds creaked up to bed and left him still eating, and me still cutting and spreading. Now that I had a chance to see him, I was shocked. The rims of his eyes were red, his collar was black, and his hair hung over his forehead. But when he finally sat back and looked at me, his color was better.

"So they've canned him!" he said.

"Time enough, too," said I.

He leaned forward and put both his elbows on the table. "Mrs. Pitman," he said earnestly, "I don't like him any more than you do. But he never killed that woman."

"Somebody killed her."

"How do you know? How do you know she is dead?"

Well, I didn't, of course—I only felt it.

"The police haven't even proved a crime. They can't hold a man for a supposititious murder."

"Perhaps they can't, but they're doing it," I retorted. "If the woman's alive, she won't let him hang."

"I'm not so sure of that," he said heavily, and got up. "Well, you've saved my life, Mrs. Pitman. Thank you."

"How is my—how is Miss Harvey?" I asked, as we started out. He turned and smiled at me in his boyish way.

"The best ever!" he said. "I haven't seen her for days, and it seems like centuries. She—she is the only girl in the world for me, Mrs. Pitman, although I—" He stopped and drew a long breath. "She is beautiful, isn't she?"

"Very beautiful," I answered. "Her mother was always——"

"Her mother!" He looked at me curiously.

"I knew her mother years ago," I said, hastily.

"Then I'll remember you to her, if she ever allows me to see her again. Just now I'm *persona non grata*."

"If you'll do the kindly thing, Mr. Howell," I said, "you'll *forget* me to her."

He looked into my eyes and then thrust out his hand.

"All right," he said. "I'll not ask any questions. I guess there are some curious stories hidden in these old houses."

Peter hobbled to the front door with him. He had not gone as far as the parlor once while Mr. Ladley was in the house.

They had had a sale of spring flowers at the store that day, and Mr. Reynolds had brought me a pot of white tulips. That night I hung my mother's picture over the mantel in the dining-room, and put the tulips beneath it. It gave me a feeling of comfort: I had never seen my mother's grave, or put flowers on it.

CHAPTER X

I have said before that I do not know anything about the law. I believe that the

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Ladley case was unusual in several ways. Mr. Ladley had once been well known in New York among the people who frequent the theatres, and Jennie Brice was even better known. A good many lawyers, I believe, said that the police had not a leg to stand on, and I know the case was watched with much interest by the legal profession. People wrote letters to the newspapers, protesting against Mr. Ladley's being held. And I believe that the district attorney, in taking him before the grand jury, hardly hoped to make a case.

But he did, to his own surprise, I fancy, and the trial was set for May. But in the meantime, many curious things happened.

In the first place, the week following Mr. Ladley's arrest my house was filled up with eight or ten members of a company from the Gaiety Theatre, very cheerful and jolly and well behaved. Three men, I think, and the rest girls. One of the men was named Bellows, John Bellows, and it turned out that he had known Jennie Brice very well.

From the moment he learned that, Mr. Holcombe hardly left him. He walked to the theatre with him and waited to walk home again. He took him out to restaurants and for long street-car rides in the mornings, and on the last night of their stay, Saturday, they got gloriously drunk together—Mr. Holcombe, no doubt, in his character of Ladley—and came reeling in at three in the morning, singing. Mr. Holcombe was very sick the next day, but by Monday he was all right and he called me into the room.

"We've got him, Mrs. Pitman," he said, looking mottled but cheerful. "As sure as God made little fishes, we've got him." That was all he would say, however. It seemed he was going to New York, and might be gone for a month. "I've no family," he said, "and enough money to keep me. If I find my relaxation in hunting down criminals, it's a harmless and cheap amusement, and —it's my own business."

He went away that night, and I must admit I missed him. I rented the parlor bedroom the next day to a school-teacher, and I found the periscope affair very handy. I could see just how much gas she used; and although the notice on each door forbids cooking and washing in rooms, I found she was doing both.

Well, with Mr. Holcombe gone, and Mr. Reynolds busy all day and half the night getting out the summer silks and preparing for remnant day, and with Mr. Ladley in jail and Lida out of the city—for I saw in the papers that she was not well and her mother had taken her to Bermuda—I had a good bit of time on my hands. And so I got in the habit of thinking things over, and trying to draw conclusions, as I had seen Mr. Holcombe do. I would sit down and write things out as they had happened, and study them over, and especially I worried over how we could have found a slip of paper in Mr. Ladley's room with a list, almost exact, of the things we had discovered there. I used to read it over, "rope, knife, shoe, towel, Horn—" and get more and more bewildered. "Horn"—might have been a town, or it might not have been. There *was* such a town, according to Mr. Graves, but apparently he had made nothing of it. *Was* it a town that was meant?

The dictionary gave only a few words beginning with "horn"—hornet, hornblende, hornpipe, and horny — none of which was of any assistance. One morning I happened to see in the Personal Column of one of the newspapers that a woman named Eliza Shaeffer, of Horner, had day-old Buff Orpington and Plymouth Rock chicks for sale, and it started me to puzzling again. Perhaps it had been Horner, and possibly this very Eliza Shaeffer——

I suppose my lack of experience was in my favor, for, after all, Eliza Shaeffer is a common enough name, and the "Horn—" might have stood for "hornswoggle," for all I knew.

That same day, the bell rang about three o'clock, and I answered it myself. For, with times hard and only two or three roomers all winter, I had not had a servant, except Terry to do odd jobs, for some months.

There stood a fresh-faced young girl, with a covered basket in her hand.

"Are you Mrs. Pitman?" she asked.

"I don't need anything to-day," I said, trying to shut the door. And at that minute something in the basket cheeped. Young women selling poultry are not common in our neighborhood. "What have you there?" I asked, more agreeably.

"Chicks, day-old chicks, but I'm not trying to sell you any. I'm delivering these at Bellevue. I—may I come in?"

It was dawning on me then that perhaps this was Eliza Shaeffer. I led her back to

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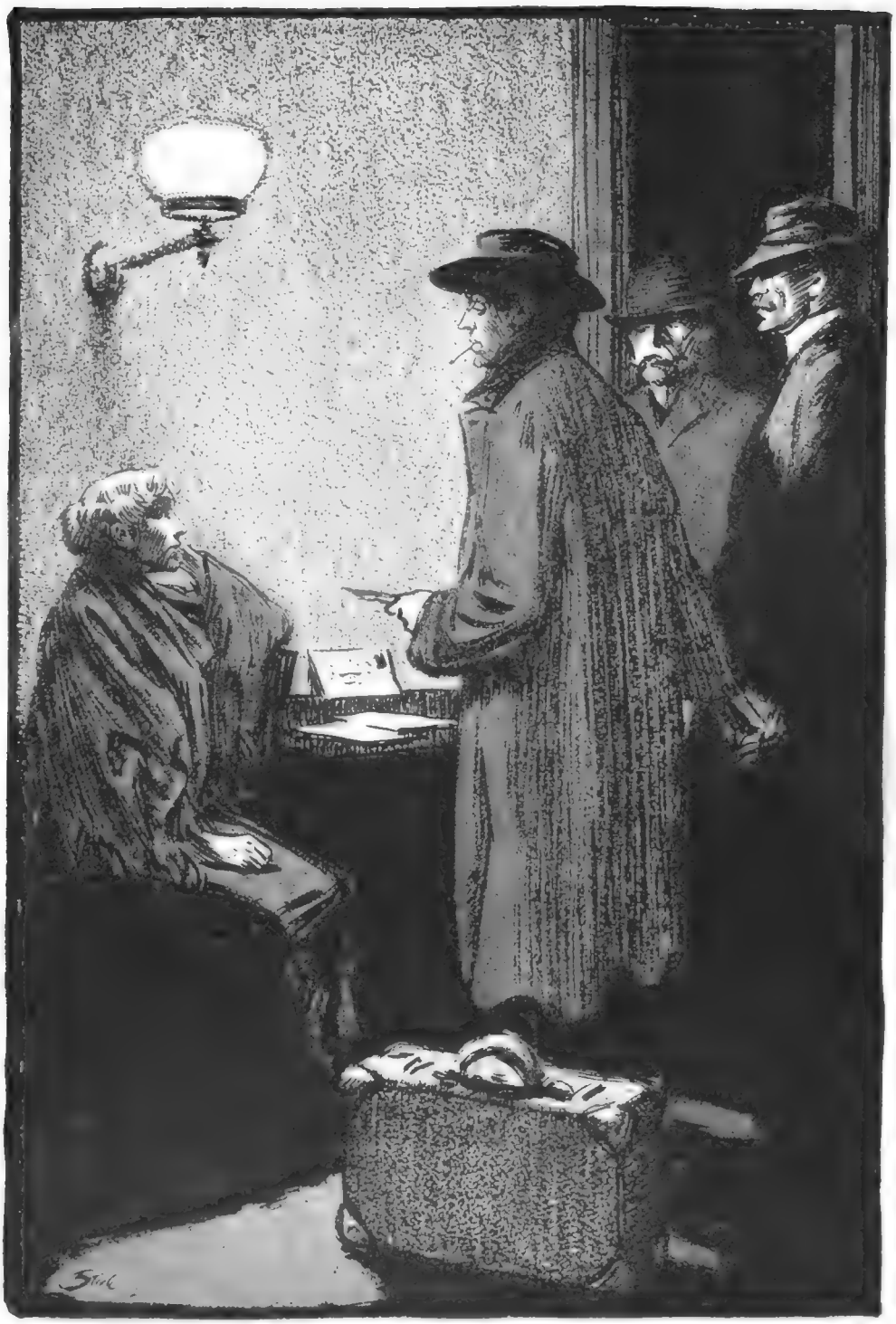

I HAD NEVER SEEN A MAN ARRESTED FOR MURDER BEFORE, BUT I THINK HE WAS PROBABLY THE COOLEST SUSPECT THE OFFICERS HAD EVER SEEN.

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the dining-room, with Peter sniffing at the basket.

"My name is Shaeffer," she said. "I've seen your name in the papers, and I believe I know something about Jennie Brice."

Eliza Shaeffer's story was curious. She said that she was the postmistress at Horner, and lived with her mother on a farm a mile out of the town, driving in and out each day in a buggy.

On Monday afternoon, March the fifth, a woman had alighted at the station from a train, and had taken luncheon at the hotel. She told the clerk she was on the road, selling corsets, and was much disappointed to find no store of any size in the town. The woman, who had registered as Mrs. Jane Bellows, said she was tired and would like to rest for a day or two on a farm. She was told to see Eliza Shaeffer at the post-office, and, as a result, drove out with her to the farm after the last mail came in that evening.

Asked to describe her—she was over medium height, light-haired, quick in her movements, and wore a black and white striped dress with a red collar, and a hat to match. She carried a small brown valise that Miss Shaeffer presumed contained her samples.

Mrs. Shaeffer had made her welcome, although they did not usually take boarders until June. She had not eaten much supper, and that night she had asked for pen and ink, and had written a letter. The letter was not mailed until Wednesday. All of Tuesday Mrs. Bellows had spent in her room, and Mrs. Shaeffer had driven to the village in the afternoon with word that she had been crying all day, and bought some headache medicine for her.

On Wednesday morning, however, she had appeared at breakfast, eaten heartily, and had asked Miss Shaeffer to take her letter to the post-office. It was addressed to Mr. Ellis Howell, in care of a Pittsburgh newspaper!

That night when Miss Eliza went home, about half-past eight, the woman was gone. She had paid for her room and had been driven as far as Thornville, where all trace of her had been lost. On account of the disappearance of Jennie Brice being published shortly after that, Eliza and her mother had gone to Thornville, but the station agent there was surly as well as stupid. They had learned nothing about the woman.

Since that time, three men had made inquiries about the woman in question. One had a pointed Vandyke beard; the second, from the description, I fancied must have been Mr. Graves. The third without doubt was Mr. Howell. Eliza Shaeffer said that this last man had seemed half frantic. I brought her a photograph of Jennie Brice as Topsy and another one as Juliet. She said there was a resemblance, but that it ended there. But unless I had known Jennie Brice myself, I should hardly have recognized the pictures.

Well, in spite of all that, there seemed no doubt that Jennie Brice had been living three days after her disappearance, and that would clear Mr. Ladley. But what had Mr. Howell to do with it all? Why had he not told the police of the letter from Horner? Or about the veiled woman he was with on the bridge? Why had Mr. Bronson, of the Liberty Theatre, who was likely the man with the pointed beard, said nothing about having traced Jennie Brice to Horner?

I did as I thought Mr. Holcombe would have wished me to do. I wrote down on a clean sheet of note-paper all that Eliza Shaeffer said: the description of the black and white dress, the woman's height, and the rest, and then I took her to the court-house, chicks and all, and she told her story there to one of the assistant district attorneys.

The young man was interested, but not convinced. He had her story taken down, and she signed it. He was smiling as he bowed us out. I turned in the doorway.

"This will free Mr. Ladley, I suppose?" I asked.

"Not just yet," he said pleasantly. "This makes just eleven places where Jennie Brice spent the first three days after her death."

"But I can positively identify the dress."

"My good woman, that dress has been described, to the last stilted arch and Colonial volute, in every newspaper in the United States!"

That evening the newspapers announced that during a conference at the jail between Mr. Ladley and James Bronson, business manager at the Liberty Theatre, Mr. Ladley had attacked Mr. Bronson with a chair, and almost brained him.

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CHAPTER XI

Eliza Shaeffer went back to Horner, after delivering her chicks at Bellevue, one of the suburbs. Things went on as before. The trial was set for May. The district attorney's office had all the things we had found in the house that Monday afternoon—the stained towel, the broken knife and its blade, the slipper that had been floating in the parlor, and the rope which had fastened my boat to the staircase. Somewhere—wherever they keep such things—was the headless body of a woman with a hand missing, and with a curious scar across the left breast. The slip of paper, however, which I had found behind the baseboard, was still in Mr. Holcombe's possession, nor had he mentioned it to the police.

Mr. Holcombe had not come back. He wrote me twice asking me to hold his room, once from New York and once from Chicago. To the second letter he added a postscript:

> Have not found what I wanted, but am getting warm. If any news, address me at DesMoines, Iowa, General Delivery. H.

It was nearly the end of April when I saw Lida again. I had seen by the newspapers that she and her mother were coming home. I wondered if she had heard from Mr. Howell, for I had not, and I wondered, too, if she would send for me again.

But she came herself, on foot, late one afternoon, and, the school-teacher who had rented the parlor bedroom being out, I took her into that room—my best. She looked thinner than before, and rather white. My heart ached for her.

"I have been away," she explained. "I thought you might wonder why you did not hear from me. But, you see, my mother—" she stopped and flushed. "I would have written you from Bermuda, but — my mother watched my correspondence, so I could not."

No. I knew she could not. Alma had once found a letter of mine to Mr. Pitman. Very little escaped Alma.

"I wondered if you have heard anything?" she asked.

"I have heard nothing. Mr. Howell was here once, just after I saw you. I do not believe he is in the city."

"Perhaps not, although—Mrs. Pitman, I believe he *is* in the city, hiding!"

"Hiding! Why?"

"I don't know. But last night I thought I saw him below my window. I opened the window, so if it were he, he could make some sign. But he moved on without a word. Later, whoever it was came back. I put out my light and watched. Some one stood there, in the shadow, until after two this morning. Part of the time he was looking up."

"Don't you think, if it had been he, he would have spoken when he saw you?"

She shook her head. "He is in trouble," she said. "He has not heard from me, and he—thinks I don't care any more. Just look at me, Mrs. Pitman! Do I look as if I don't care?"

She looked half killed, poor lamb.

"He may be out of town, searching for a better position," I tried to comfort her. "He wants to have something to offer more than himself."

"I want only him," she said, looking at me frankly. "I don't know why I tell you all this, but you are so kind, and I *must* talk to some one."

She sat there, in the cozy corner the school-teacher had made with a portière and some cushions, and I saw she was about ready to break down and cry. I went over to her and took her hand, for she was my own niece, although she didn't suspect it, and I had never had a child of my own.

But after all, I could not help her much. I could only assure her that he would come back and explain everything, and that he was all right, and that the last time I had seen him he had spoken of her, and had said she was "the best ever." My heart fairly yearned over the girl, and I think she felt it. For she kissed me, shyly, when she was leaving.

With the newspaper files before me, it is not hard to give the details of that sensational trial. It commenced on Monday, the ninth of May, but it was late Wednesday when the jury was finally selected. I was at the court-house early on Thursday, and so was Mr. Reynolds.

The district attorney made a short speech. "We propose to prove that the prisoner, Philip Ladley, murdered his wife," he said in part. "We will show first that a crime was committed; then we will show a motive for this crime, and, finally, we expect to show that the body washed

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ashore at Sewickley is the body of the murdered woman, and thus establish beyond doubt the prisoner's guilt."

Mr. Ladley listened with attention. He wore the new brown suit, and looked well and cheerful. He was much more like a spectator than a prisoner, and he was not as nervous as I was.

Of that first day I do not recall much. I was called early in the day. The district attorney questioned me.

"Your name?"

"Elizabeth Marie Pitman."

"Your occupation?"

"I keep a boarding-house at 42 Union Street."

"You know the prisoner?"

"Yes. He was a boarder in my house."

"For how long?"

"From December first. He and his wife came at that time."

"His wife was the actress, Jennie Brice?"

"Yes, sir."

"They were living together at your house the night of March fourth?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what part of the house?"

"They rented the double parlors down-stairs, but on account of the flood I moved them up-stairs to the second-floor front."

"That was on Sunday? You moved them on Sunday?"

"Yes, sir."

"At what time did you retire that night?"

"Not at all. The water was very high. I lay down, dressed, at one o'clock, and dropped into a doze."

"How long did you sleep?"

"An hour or so. Mr. Reynolds, a boarder, roused me to say he had heard some one rowing a boat in the lower hall."

"Do you keep a boat around during flood times?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you do when Mr. Reynolds roused you?"

"I went to the top of the stairs. My boat was gone."

"It had been securely tied?"

"Yes, sir. Anyhow, there was no current in the hall."

"What did you do then?"

"I waited a time and went back to my room."

"You did not search the house?"

"Mr. Reynolds did."

"He found nothing?"

"He found Peter, the Ladleys' dog, shut in a room on the third floor."

"This was unusual?"

"I had never known it to happen before."

"State what happened later."

"I did not go to sleep again. At a quarter after four, I heard the boat come back. I took a candle and went to the stairs. It was Mr. Ladley. He said he had been out getting medicine for his wife."

"You saw him tie up the boat?"

"Yes."

"Was the rope stained with blood at that time?"

"I did not notice it."

"The prisoner was calm? He showed no excitement?"

"I thought he was surly."

"Now, Mrs. Pitman, tell us about the following morning."

"I saw Mr. Ladley at a quarter before seven. He said to bring breakfast for one. His wife had gone away. I asked if she was not ill, and he said no; that she had gone away early; that he had rowed her to Federal Street, and that she would be back Saturday. It was shortly after that that the dog Peter brought in one of Mrs. Ladley's slippers, water-soaked."

"You recognized the slipper?"

"Positively. I had seen it often."

"You took it to Mr. Ladley?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said at first that it was not hers. Then he said, if it was, she would never wear it again—and then added—because it was ruined."

"He did not offer to explain where his wife had gone?"

"No, sir."

"Tell the jury about the broken knife."

"The dog found it floating in the parlor, with the blade broken."

"You had not left it down-stairs?"

"No, sir. I had used it up-stairs, the night before, and left it on a mantel of the room I was using as a temporary kitchen."

"Was the door of this room locked?"

"No. It was standing open."

"Were you not asleep in this room?"

"Yes."

"You heard no one come in?"

"No one—until Mr. Reynolds roused me."

"Where did you find the blade?"

"Behind the bed in Mr. Ladley's room."

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"What else did you find in the room?"

"A blood-stained towel behind the wash-stand. Also my onyx clock was missing."

"The clock was in the room when the Ladleys were moved into it?"

"Yes, I wound it just before they came up-stairs."

"When you saw Mrs. Ladley on Sunday, did she say she was going away?"

"No, sir."

"Did you see any preparation for a journey?"

"The black and white dress was laid out on the bed, and a small bag. She said she was taking the dress to the theatre to lend to Miss Hope."

"Is that all she said?"

"No. She said she'd been wishing her husband would drown; that he was a fiend."

I could see that my testimony had made an impression.

CHAPTER XII

The slipper, the rope, the towel, and the knife and blade were produced in court, and I identified them all. They made a noticeable impression on the jury. Then Mr. Llewellyn, the lawyer for the defense, cross-examined me.

"Is it not true, Mrs. Pitman," he said, "that many articles, particularly shoes and slippers, are found floating around during a flood?"

"Yes," I admitted.

"Now, you say the dog found this slipper floating in the hall and brought it to you. Are you sure this slipper belonged to Jennie Brice?"

"She wore it. I presume it belonged to her."

"Ahem. Now, Mrs. Pitman, after the Ladleys had been moved to the upper floor, did you search their bedroom and the connecting room down-stairs?"

"No, sir."

"Ah. Then how do you know that this slipper was not left on the floor or in a closet?"

"It is possible, but not likely. Anyhow, it was not the slipper alone. It was the other things *and* the slipper. It was——"

"Exactly. Now, Mrs. Pitman, this knife. Can you identify it positively?"

"I can."

"But isn't it true that this is a very common sort of knife?"

"Yes, sir. But that knife handle has three notches in it. I put the notches there myself."

"Before this presumed crime?"

"Yes, sir."

"For what purpose?"

"My neighbors were constantly borrowing things. It was a means of identification."

"Tell again where you left it the night before it was found floating down-stairs."

"On a shelf over the stove."

"Could the dog have reached it there?"

"Not without standing on a hot stove."

"Is it not possible that Mr. Ladley, unable to untie the boat, borrowed your knife to cut the boat's painter?"

"No painter was cut that I heard about. The paper-hanger——"

"No, no. The boat's painter—the rope."

"Oh. Well, he might have. He never said."

"Now then, this towel, Mrs. Pitman. Did not the prisoner, on the following day, tell you that he had cut his wrist in freeing the boat, and ask you for some court-plaster?"

"He did not," I said firmly.

"You have not seen a scar on his wrist?"

"No." I glanced at Mr. Ladley: he was smiling as if amused. It made me angry. "And what's more," I flashed, "if he has a cut on his wrist, he put it there himself, to account for the towel."

They called me to order at that, and there was considerable quarreling between the two sides. Then:

"You saw Mr. Ladley when he brought your boat back?"

"Yes."

"What time was that?"

"A quarter after four Monday morning."

"Did he come in quietly, like a man trying to avoid attention?"

"Not particularly. It would have been of no use. The dog was barking."

"What did he say?"

"That he had been out for medicine. That his wife was sick."

"Do you know a pharmacist named Alexander—Jonathan Alexander?"

"There is one by that name. I don't know him."

I was excused, and Mr. Reynolds was called. He had heard no quarreling that Sunday night: had even heard Mrs. Ladley laughing. This was about nine o'clock.

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Yes, they had fought in the afternoon. He had not overheard any words, but their voices were quarrelsome, and once he heard a chair or some article of furniture overthrown. Was awakened about two that night by footsteps on the stairs, followed by the sound of oars in the lower hall. He told his story plainly and simply. Under cross-examination admitted that he had said at the store he would like to see that "conceited ass" swing, referring to the prisoner; that he had sent flowers to Jennie Brice at the theatre, and had made a few advances to her, without success.

My head was going round. I don't know yet how they learned it all, but by the time poor Mr. Reynolds left the stand, half the people there believed that he had been in love with Jennie Brice, that she had spurned his advances, and that there was more to the story than any of them had suspected.

Miss Hope's story held without any alteration under the cross-examination. She was perfectly at ease, looked handsome and well-dressed, and could not be shaken. She told how Jennie Brice had been in fear of her life, and had asked her, only the week before she disappeared, to allow her to go home with her—Miss Hope. She told of the attack of hysteria in her dressing-room, and that the missing woman had said that her husband would kill her some day.

"Did she say that he had attacked her?"

"Yes, more than once. She was a large woman, fairly muscular, and had always held her own."

"Did she say that these attacks came when he had been drinking?"

"I believe he was worse then."

"Did she give any reason for her husband's attitude to her?"

"She said he wanted to marry another woman."

There was a small sensation at this. If proved, it established a motive.

"Did she know who the other woman was?"

"I believe not. She was away most of the day, and he put in his time as he liked."

"Did Miss Brice ever mention the nature of the threats he made against her?"

"No, I think not."

"Have you examined the body washed ashore at Sewickley?"

"Yes"— in a low voice.

"Is it the body of Jennie Brice?"

"I can not say."

"Does the remaining hand look like the hand of Jennie Brice?"

"Very much. The nails are filed to points, as she wore hers."

"Did you ever know of Jennie Brice having a scar on her breast?"

"No, but that would be easily concealed. She could have worn flesh-colored plaster and covered it with powder. Also, such a scar would not necessarily be seen."

"Explain that."

"Most of Jennie Brice's *décolleté* gowns were cut to a point. This would conceal such a scar."

Miss Hope was excused, and Jennie Brice's sister from Olean was called. She was a smaller woman than Jennie Brice had been, very ladylike in her manner. She said she was married and living in Olean; she had not seen her sister for several years, but had heard from her often. Yes, Jennie Brice was in great fear of her husband. The witness had discouraged the marriage.

"Why?"

"She had had bad luck before."

"She had been married before?"

"Yes, to a man named John Bellows. They were in vaudeville together, on the Keith Circuit. They were known as 'The Pair of Bellows.'"

I sat up at this, for John Bellows had boarded at my house.

"Mr. Bellows is dead?"

"I think not. She divorced him."

"Did you know of any scar on your sister's body?"

"I never heard of one."

"Have you seen the body found at Sewickley?"

"Yes"—faintly.

"Can you identify it?"

"No, sir."

A flurry was caused during the afternoon by Timothy Senft. He testified to what I already knew—that between three and four on Monday morning, during the height of the flood, he had seen from his shanty-boat a small skiff caught in the current near the Ninth Street bridge. He had shouted encouragingly to the man in the boat, running out a ways on the broken ice to make him hear. He had told him to row with the current, and to try to steer in toward shore. He had followed close to the river bank in his own boat. Below Sixth Street the other boat was within rope-throwing distance.

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"HE THINKS I DON'T CARE. JUST LOOK AT ME, MRS. PITMAN! DO I LOOK AS IF I DON'T CARE?"

He had pulled it in, and had towed it well back out of the current. The man in the boat was the prisoner. Asked if the prisoner gave any explanation—yes, he said he couldn't sleep, and had thought to tire himself rowing. Had been caught in the current before he knew it. Saw nothing suspicious in or about the boat.

Tim was excused. He had made a profound impression. I would not have given a dollar for Mr. Ladley's chance with the jury, at that time.

CHAPTER XIII

The prosecution produced many witnesses during the next two days: Shanty-boat Tim's story withstood the most vigorous cross-examination. After him, Mr. Bronson from the theatre corroborated Miss Hope's story of Jennie Brice's attack of hysteria in the dressing-room, and told of taking her home that night.

He was a poor witness, nervous and halting. He weighed each word before he said it, and he made a general unfavorable impression. I thought he was holding something back. In view of what Mr. Pitman would have called the *dénouement*, his attitude is easily explained. But I was puzzled then.

So far, the prosecution had touched but lightly on the possible motive for a crime—the woman. But on the third day, to my

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surprise, a Mrs. Agnes Murray was called. It was the Mrs. Murray I had seen at the morgue.

She was a widow, living above a small millinery shop on Federal Street, Allegheny. She had one daughter, Alice, who did stenography and typing as a means of livelihood. She had no office, and worked at home. Many of the small stores in the neighborhood employed her to send out their bills. There was a card at the street entrance beside the shop, and now and then strangers brought her work.

Early in December the prisoner had brought her the manuscript of a play to type, and from that time on he came frequently, sometimes every day, bringing a few sheets of manuscript at a time. Sometimes he came without any manuscript, and would sit and talk while he smoked a cigarette. He told Alice she would do well on the stage, and they talked theatre mostly. They had thought him unmarried.

On Wednesday, February 28, Alice Murray had disappeared. She had taken some of her clothing—not all, and had left a note. The witness read the note aloud in a trembling voice:

> DEAR MOTHER: When you get this I shall be married to Mr. Ladley. Don't worry. Will write again from New York. Lovingly, ALICE.

From that time until a week before, she had not heard from her daughter. Then she had a card, mailed from Madison Square Station, New York City. The card merely said:

> Am well and working. ALICE.

The defense was visibly shaken. They had not expected this, and I thought even Mr. Ladley, whose calm had continued unbroken, paled.

So far, all had gone well for the prosecution. They had proved a crime, as nearly as circumstantial evidence could prove a crime, and they had established a motive. But in the identification of the body, so far they had failed. The prosecution "rested," as they say, although they didn't rest much, on the afternoon of the third day.

The defense called, first of all, Eliza Shaeffer. She told of a woman answering the general description of Jennie Brice having spent two days at the Shaeffer farm at Horner. Being shown photographs of Jennie Brice, she said she thought it was the same woman, but was not certain. She told further of the woman's leaving unexpectedly on Wednesday of that week for Thornville. On cross-examination, being shown the small photograph which Mr. Graves had shown me, she identified the woman in the group as being the woman in question. As the face was in shadow, knew it more by the dress and hat: she described the black and white dress and the hat with red trimming.

The defense then called me. I had to admit that the dress and hat as described were almost certainly the ones I had seen on the bed in Jennie Brice's room, the day before she disappeared. I could not say definitely whether the woman in the photograph was Jennie Brice or not. Under a magnifying-glass, thought it might be.

The defense called Jonathan Alexander, a druggist, who testified that on the night in question he had been roused at half-past three by the prisoner, who had said his wife was ill, and had purchased a bottle of a proprietary remedy from him. His identification was absolute.

The defense called Jennie Brice's sister, and endeavored to prove that Jennie Brice had had no such scar. It was shown that she was on intimate terms with her family, and would hardly have concealed an operation of any gravity from them.

The defense scored that day. They had shown that the prisoner had told the truth when he said he had gone to a pharmacy for medicine that night for his wife; and they had shown that a woman, answering the description of Jennie Brice, had spent two days in a town called Horner, and had gone from there on Wednesday after the crime. And they had shown that this woman was attired as Jennie Brice had been.

That was the way things stood on the afternoon of the fourth day, when court adjourned.

Mr. Reynolds was at home when I got there. He had been very much subdued since the developments of that first day of the trial, sat mostly in his own room, and had twice brought me a bunch of jonquils as a peace-offering. He had the kettle boiling when I got home.

"You have had a number of visitors," he said. "Our young friend Howell has been here, and Mr. Holcombe has arrived and has a man in his room."

Mr. Holcombe came down a moment

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after, with his face beaming. "I think we've got him, Mrs. Pitman," he said. "The jury won't even go out of the box."

But further than that he would not explain. He said he had a witness locked in his room, and he'd be glad of supper for him, as they'd both come a long ways. And he went out and bought some oysters and a bottle or two of beer. As far as I know, he kept him locked up all that night in the second-story front room. I don't think the man knew he was a prisoner. I went in to turn down the bed, and he was sitting by the window, reading the evening paper's account of the trial—an elderly gentleman, rather professional-looking.

Mr. Holcombe slept on the upper landing of the hall that night, rolled in a blanket.

At eight o'clock that night the bell rang. It was Mr. Howell. I admitted him myself, and he followed me back to the dining-room. He was dressed carefully, but his eyes were sunken in his head, and he looked as if he had not slept for days.

"You haven't been sick, Mr. Howell, have you?" I asked.

"Oh, no, I'm well enough. I've been traveling. Those infernal sleeping-cars——"

His voice trailed off, and I saw him looking at my mother's picture, with the jonquils beneath.

"That's curious!" he said, going closer. "It—it looks almost like Lida Harvey."

"My mother," I said simply.

"Have you seen Lida lately?"

"I saw her a few days ago."

"Here?"

"No. She came here, Mr. Howell, two weeks ago. She looks badly—as if she is worrying."

"Not—about me?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, about you. What possessed you to go away as you did? When her uncle accused you of something, you ran away, instead of facing things like a man."

"I was trying to find the one person who could clear me, Mrs. Pitman." He sat back, with his eyes closed; he looked ill enough to be in bed.

"And you succeeded?"

"No."

I thought perhaps he had not been eating and I offered him food, as I had once before. But he refused it, with the ghost of his boyish smile.

"I'm hungry, but it's not food I want. I want to see *her*," he said.

I sat down across from him and tried to mend a table-cloth, but I could not sew. I kept seeing those two young things, each sick for a sight of the other, and, from wishing they could have a minute together, I got to planning it for them.

"Perhaps," I said finally, "if you want it very much——"

"Very much!"

"And if you will sit quiet, and stop tapping your fingers together until you drive me crazy, I might contrive it for you. For five minutes," I said. "Not a second longer."

He came right over and put his arms around me.

"Who are you, anyhow?" he said. "You who turn to the world the frozen mask of a Union Street boarding-house landlady, who are a gentlewoman by every instinct and training, and a girl at heart? Who are you?"

"I'll tell you what I am," I said. "I'm a romantic old fool, and you'd better let me do this quickly, before I change my mind."

He freed me at that, but he followed to the telephone, and stood by while I got Lida. He was in a perfect frenzy of anxiety, turning red and white by turns.

She said she thought she could get away; she spoke guardedly, as if Alma were near, but I gathered that she would come as soon as she could, and, from the way her voice broke, I knew she was as excited as the boy beside me.

She came, heavily coated and veiled, at a quarter after ten that night, and I took her back to the dining-room, where he was waiting. He did not make a move toward her, but stood there with his very lips white, looking at her. And, at first, she did not make a move either, but stood and gazed at him—thin and white, a wreck of himself. Then:

"Ellis!" she cried, and ran around the table to him, as he held out his arms.

The school-teacher was out. I went into the parlor bedroom and sat in the cozy corner in the dark. I had done a wrong thing, and I was glad of it. And sitting there in the darkness, I went over my own life again. After all, it had been my own life; I had lived it; no one else had shaped it for me. And if it was cheerless and colorless now, it had had its big moments.

If I let the two children in the dining-room have fifteen big moments, instead of five, who can blame me?

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CHAPTER XIV

The next day was the sensational one of the trial. We went through every phase of doubt and conviction:

The defense did an unexpected thing in putting Mr. Ladley on the stand. That day, for the first time, he showed the wear and tear of the ordeal. He had no flower in his buttonhole, and the rims of his eyes were red. But he was quite cool. His stage training had taught him, not only to endure the eyes of the crowd, but to find in its gaze a sort of stimulant.

He replied to the usual questions easily. After five minutes or so Mr. Llewellyn got down to work.

"Mr. Ladley, you have said that your wife was ill the night of March fourth?"

"Yes."

"What was the nature of her illness?"

"She had a functional heart trouble, not serious."

"Will you tell us fully the events of that night?"

"I had been asleep when my wife wakened me. She asked for a medicine she used in these attacks. I got up and found the bottle, but it was empty. As she was nervous and frightened, I agreed to try to get some at a drug-store. I went down-stairs, took Mrs. Pitman's boat, and went to several stores before I could awaken a pharmacist."

"You cut the boat loose?"

"Yes. It was tied in a woman's knot, or series of knots. I could not untie it, and I was in a hurry."

"How did you cut it?"

"With my pocket-knife."

"You did not use Mrs. Pitman's bread-knife?"

"I did not."

"And in cutting it, you cut your wrist, did you?"

"Yes. The knife slipped. I have the scar still."

"What did you do then?"

"I went back to the room, and stanched the blood with a towel."

"From whom did you get the medicine?"

"From Alexander's Pharmacy."

"At what time?"

"I am not certain. About three o'clock, probably."

"You went directly back home?"

Mr. Ladley hesitated. "No," he said finally. "My wife had had these attacks, but they were not serious. I was curious to see how the river-front looked, and rowed out too far. I was caught in the current and nearly carried away."

"You came home after that?"

"Yes, at once. Mrs. Ladley was better and had dropped asleep. She wakened as I came in. She was disagreeable about the length of time I had been gone, and would not let me explain. We—quarreled, and she said she was going to leave me. I said that as she had threatened this before and had never done it, I would see that she really started. At daylight I rowed her to Federal Street."

"What had she with her?"

"A small brown valise."

"How was she dressed?"

"In a white and black dress and a hat, with a long black coat."

"What was the last you saw of her?"

"She was going across the Sixth Street bridge."

"Alone?"

"No. She went with a young man we knew."

There was a stir in the court-room at this. "Who was the young man?"

"A Mr. Howell, a reporter on a newspaper here."

"Have you seen Mr. Howell since your arrest?"

"No, sir. He has been out of the city."

I was so excited by this time that I could hardly hear. I missed some of the cross-examination. The district attorney pulled Mr. Ladley's testimony to pieces.

"You cut the boat's painter with your pocket-knife?"

"I did."

"Then how do you account for Mrs. Pitman's broken knife, with the blade in your room?"

"I have no theory about it. She may have broken it herself. She had used it the day before to lift tacks out of a carpet."

That was true; I had.

"That early Monday morning was cold, was it not?"

"Yes. Very."

"Why did your wife leave without her fur coat?"

"I did not know she had until we had left the house. Then I did not ask her. She would not speak to me."

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"I see. But is it not true that, upon a wet fur coat being shown you as your wife's, you said it could not be hers, as she had taken hers with her?"

"I do not recall such a statement."

"Your wife's fur coat is missing."

"Yes. I believe so."

"You recall a coat being shown you?"

"Yes. Mrs. Pitman brought a coat to my door, but I was working on a play I am writing, and I do not remember what I said. The coat was ruined. I did not want it. I probably said the first thing I thought of to get rid of the woman."

I got up at that. I'd held my peace about the bread-knife, but this was too much. However, the moment I started to speak, somebody pushed me back into my chair and told me to be quiet.

"Now, you say you were in such a hurry to get this medicine for your wife that you cut the rope, thus cutting your wrist."

"Yes. I have the scar still."

"You could not wait to untie the boat, and yet you went along the river-front to see how high the water was?"

"Her alarm had excited me. But when I got out, and remembered that the doctors had told us she would never die in an attack, I grew more composed."

"You got the medicine first, you say?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Alexander has testified that you got the medicine at three-thirty. It has been shown that you left the house at two, and got back about four. Does not this show that with all your alarm you went to the river-front first?"

"I was gone from two to four," he replied calmly. "Mr. Alexander must be wrong about the time I wakened him. I got the medicine first."

"When your wife left you at the bridge, did she say where she was going?"

"No."

"Do you claim that this woman at Horner was your wife?"

"I think it likely."

"Was there an onyx clock in the second-story room when you moved into it?"

"I do not recall the clock."

"Your wife did not take an onyx clock away with her?"

Mr. Ladley smiled. "No."

The defense called Mr. Howell next. He looked rested, and happier, but he was still pale and showed the strain of some hidden anxiety. What that anxiety was, the next two days were to tell us all.

"Mr. Howell," Mr. Llewellyn asked, "you know the prisoner?"

"Slightly."

"State when you met him."

"On Sunday morning, March the fourth. I went to see him."

"What was the nature of that visit?"

"My paper had heard he was writing a play for himself. I was to get an interview."

"You saw his wife at that time?"

"Yes."

"When did you see her again?"

"The following morning, at six o'clock, or a little later. I walked across the Sixth Street bridge with her, and put her on a train for Horner, Pennsylvania."

"You are positive it was Jennie Brice?"

"Yes. I watched her get out of the boat, while her husband steadied it."

"If you knew this, why did you not come forward sooner?"

"I have been out of the city."

"But you knew the prisoner had been arrested, and that this testimony of yours would be invaluable to him."

"Yes. But I thought it necessary to produce Jennie Brice herself. My unsupported word——"

"You have been searching for Jennie Brice?"

"Yes. Since March the eighth."

"How was she dressed when you saw her last?"

"She wore a red and black hat and a long black coat. She carried a small brown valise."

The cross-examination did not shake his testimony. But it brought out some curious things. Mr. Howell refused to say how he happened to be at the end of the Sixth Street bridge at that hour, or why he had thought it necessary, on meeting a woman he claimed to have known only twenty-four hours, to go with her to the railway station and put her on a train.

The jury was visibly impressed and much shaken. For Mr. Howell carried conviction in every word he said; he looked the district attorney in the eye, and once when our glances crossed he even smiled at me faintly. But I saw why he had tried to find Jennie Brice, and had dreaded testifying. Not a woman in that court-room, and hardly a man, but believed, when he left the stand, that he was, or had been, Jennie

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Brice's lover, and as such was assisting her to leave her husband.

"Then you believe," the district attorney said, at the end—"you believe, Mr. Howell, that Jennie Brice is living?"

"Jennie Brice was living on Monday morning, March the fifth," he said firmly.

"Miss Shaeffer has testified that on Wednesday this woman, who you claim was Jennie Brice, sent a letter to you from Horner. Is that the case?"

"Yes."

"The letter was signed 'Jennie Brice'?"

"It was signed 'J. B.'"

"Will you show the court that letter?'"

"I destroyed it."

"It was a personal letter?"

"It merely said she had arrived safely, and not to let any one know where she was."

"And yet you destroyed it?"

"A postscript said to do so."

"Why?"

"I do not know."

"You were under the impression that she was going to stay there?"

"She was to have remained for a week."

"And you have been searching for this woman for two months?"

He quailed, but his voice was steady. "Yes," he admitted.

He was telling the truth, even if it was not all the truth. I believe, had it gone to the jury then, Mr. Ladley would have been acquitted. But, late that afternoon, things took a new turn. The prosecution called a name I had not heard before, a Doctor Littlefield, and my one-night tenant of the second-story front, Mr. Holcombe's prisoner of the night before, took the stand. The doctor was less impressive in full daylight; he was a trifle shiny, a bit bulbous as to nose and indifferent as to finger-nails. But his testimony was given with due professional weight.

"You are a doctor of medicine, Dr. Littlefield?" asked the district attorney.

"Yes."

"In active practise?"

"I have a Cure for Inebriates in Des Moines, Iowa. I was formerly in general practise in New York City."

"You knew Jennie Ladley?"

"I had seen her at different theatres. And she consulted me professionally at one time in New York."

"You operated on her, I believe?"

"Yes. She came to me to have a name removed. It had been tattooed over her heart."

"You removed it?"

"Not at once. I tried fading the marks with goat's milk, but she was impatient. On the third visit to my office she demanded that the name be cut out."

"You did it?"

"Yes. She refused a general anesthetic and I used cocaine. The name was John —I believe a former husband. She intended to marry again."

A titter ran over the court-room.

"Have you seen photographs of the scar on the body found at Sewickley? Or the body itself?"

"No, I have not."

"Will you describe the operation?"

"I made a transverse incision for the body of the name, and two vertical ones—one longer, for the *J*, the other shorter, for the stem of the *h*. There was a dot after the name. I made a half-inch incision for it."

"Will you sketch the cicatrix as you recall it?"

The doctor made a careful drawing on a pad that was passed to him. The drawing was much like this.

Line for line, dot for dot, it was the scar on the body found at Sewickley.

"You are sure the woman was Jennie Brice?"

"She sent me tickets for the theatre shortly after. And later I had an announcement of her marriage to the prisoner."

"Were there any witnesses to the operation?"

"My assistant; I can produce him at any time."

That was not all of the trial, but it was the decisive moment. Shortly after, the jury withdrew, and for twenty-four hours not a word was heard from them.

This is all the data on the "CASE OF JENNIE BRICE" *available to those who are conducting mock trials in contest for prizes. Their verdicts will be in the hands of the judges before the publication of the final instalment, in the January number.*

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

ALICIA AND TOMMY WARTS

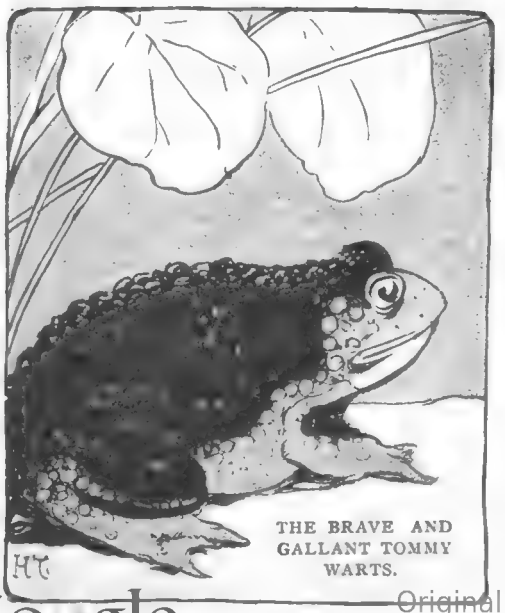
BY GEORGE WESTON

"WELL," said Alicia in a very explosive manner (after Hephzibah had served the cottage pudding), "I've kept it in, Edward, as long as I can; but if you only knew what I've been through to-day!"

Whereupon I stretched my feet under the table with infinite content and toyed with my cottage pudding, for of all the joys of life there are few more pleasing to me than to listen to Alicia telling the news of the day, with Fido (our dog) on one side of her and Peter (our cat) on the other side of her, and her dear little face glowing like a rose through the centerpiece of ferns with which she invariably graces our dining-room table.

"You have been through things to-day, Alicia?" I asked, with gentle and encouraging sympathy.

"Yes!" cried Alicia, nodding her head with such vigor that if she had been indeed a rose, some of her petals would have fallen off. "Yes!" cried Alicia. "I've been through terrible things!"



THE BRAVE AND GALLANT TOMMY WARTS.

"Terrible things?" I asked in growing surprise, wondering what startling disclosures were to be made. "Terrible things, Alicia?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Alicia. "The terriblest things ever! Fido knows about it, too! Don't you, Fido?"

I glanced at Fido, who gave me a bland and superior look as if he knew a number of particularly terrible things that I had yet to learn; but when I looked at Peter (our glossy black cat), Peter didn't return my gaze. He seemed to be confining all his efforts to washing the tip of his nose. It even occurred to me at the time that Peter acted as if he were quite worried about something.

"The terriblest things ever?" I asked, filling my spoon with cottage pudding and trying to appear calm. "The terriblest things ever, Alicia?" I asked, lifting the pudding to my mouth and heartily wishing that I had not filled the spoon so full. "Did Old Speckles skip her daily egg?"

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PETER WASHING THE WART OFF HIS NOSE.

I asked, humorously; and with a smart movement I put the spoon in my mouth without experiencing any loss of pudding. But when I glanced, rather proudly, at Fido, Fido looked back at me with an air of chagrin, as if he had been anticipating the pleasurable excitement of a catastrophe (in cottage pudding) and had been euchred out of his legitimate enjoyment.

"Did Old Speckles skip her daily egg?" I humorously inquired.

"No. Old Speckles didn't skip her daily egg!" cried Alicia with spirit. "Old Speckles would lay her egg for me, if it was the last thing she ever did! It was worse than that, Edward! It was something dangerous!"

"Dangerous?" I asked in genuine alarm. "Dangerous to you?"

Alicia's voice (such is her gift for recital) took on a slightly hoarse intonation, and her face was more dramatic than any tragic mask ever knew how to be.

"Oh, awfully dangerous to me!" she exclaimed. "Terribly dangerous, Edward! Fido knows about it, too—don't you, Fido?"

Whereupon I looked again at Fido (who had not yet forgiven me for not dropping the pudding), and Fido gave me such a smug and patronizing look that I felt quite cheap. Peter, however, who had changed hands, was still washing the tip of his nose, and it almost seemed to me that a look of positive fear was gradually stealing over Peter's glossy black countenance.

"Does Peter know about it, too?" I asked jealously.

"You bet he does!" cried Alicia. "Peter saw the whole thing, and he was so surprised that he just sat there petrified, with a bit of his tongue out, and stared! Fido was asleep until the racket woke him up. In fact," said Alicia, warming to her subject, "I don't know what I would have done, if it hadn't been for Tommy!"

"Tommy?" I asked, my wonderment growing like the patriarch's gourd. "What Tommy?"

"Tommy the Toad," said Alicia, a tender note creeping into her voice.

"Tommy the Toad?" I demanded, startled beyond all measure. "Did you say 'Tommy the Toad,' Alicia?"

"Yes," said Alicia with increasing solemnity (although the tender note remained in her voice). "And if it hadn't been for Tommy, Edward, I'm not sure that I'd be here telling you all about it."

Then of course I hastily arose and gave her a good one. "Alicia," I begged in alarm, "*tell* me all about it!"

"Well," said Alicia, after considering carefully where to begin, "I was in the garden this morning, gathering Old Speckles's egg, when all at once I heard the awfullest noise—" She paused and sighed and Fido sighed in loyal accord; but as for Peter, Peter continued to wash the end of his nose like a cat possessed.

"You heard the awfullest noise, Alicia?" I gently reminded her.

"Oh, such a noise!" exclaimed Alicia. "And when I jumped and turned around, there was Scott's big black horse running all over the back lawns! Mrs.

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Scott told me afterward that a bee had stung him, and I guess he was eating the bee's clover or doing something like that, because that bee must have been in a terrible temper—the way he stung that horse!"

I gathered from this that no matter what Alicia might have still to tell me, she had sympathized with and excused the bee.

"Well!" she exclaimed, "just as I was going to run into the house, Scott's big black horse came galloping straight for *me!*"

"He did?" I asked, in indignant and awe-struck tones.

"He did!" cried Alicia. "Right straight for me! Kicking! In our own back yard!"

"Alicia!" I muttered, aghast.

"Oh, and didn't he look big and black!" sighed Alicia. "Like a house, Edward!" she cried. "Like a big, black house that was all legs!"

I tried to imagine the picture so graphically presented by Alicia, and the more I imagined it, the more difficult I found it to keep my mouth from staying open.

"And he came straight for you?" I muttered.

"Right straight!" cried Alicia, jumping up and showing me how. "And the nearer he got, the bigger he looked—and the more legs he seemed to have! O-o-o-oh, he looked bigger than a house *then*, Edward! He looked—he looked as big as the post-office—with a leg for every window! He shook the ground!"

"Shook the ground!" I muttered, still further aghast.

"Like this!" cried Alicia. And (such is Alicia's gift for pantomime) she gave an unmistakable imitation of the shaking of the ground. "And, o-o-o-oh, how he snorted!" she added, after I had given her another good one, to reassure her.

"Alicia!" I muttered, more aghast than ever.

"And all the time he was coming straight for me!" exclaimed Alicia. "Right—straight—for—me!

"FIDO KNOWS ABOUT IT, TOO!"

And he kept towering up—and towering up—till I nearly dropped Old Speckles's egg!"

"Whew!" I murmured.

"And just as I stood there," said Alicia, proud and elated at the sensation she was making, "and just as I stood there, with my knees shaking like"—evidently she remembered Old Speckles's egg—"with my knees shaking like an egg-beater, what do you suppose happened?" She paused for one grand, tense moment, and then dramatically cried: "Tommy jumped up in front of him!"

"The toad?" I asked, breathing hard.

"Tommy the Toad," nodded Alicia; and with her hands she described a spirited parabola, which I interpreted as indicating the jumping up of Tommy the Toad.

"And did he scare the horse away?" I asked, as soon as I could speak.

"I guess he must have thought that Tommy was another bee," said Alicia thoughtfully, "for he wheeled right around—like this!—and Scott's man *got* him and took him back to his barn again. There!"

Whereupon Alicia gave me a look that said, "How's that for news?" and with a proud gesture she poured herself another

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cup of tea, meanwhile keeping her eyes on me (to see how I was taking it), until the over-running of the cup and saucer recalled her.

"I'll go and speak to Scott about that horse," I said, rising.

"No, no, Edward," pleaded Alicia. "Mrs. Scott was in all morning, telling me how sorry she was, and Mr. Scott came in just before you got home, and he was in such a way! They're going to keep him tied up differently, so he can't possibly get loose again, and I hope our Peter *has* got a wart on the end of his nose—that's all I say!"

"A wart on the end of Peter's nose?" I cried in a crescendo of new astonishment.

"Yes!" replied Alicia. "I just hope he has! And a big one, too!"

I stared at Peter, upon whom Alicia was wishing this cruel thing. Peter was still washing his nose as if he had decided to make it his life's work, and his increasing air of consternation was a thing worth going far to see.

"Why do you hope that Peter's got a wart on the end of his nose?" I asked (naturally enough), keeping one eye on that cleanly but worried-looking pet.

"Because it will teach him to stay away from Tommy!" cried Alicia.

"Oh," I said, "did the toad jump up at Peter, too?"

"No," said Alicia. "It was Peter who jumped at the toad—but Tommy was ready for him," said Alicia, evidently very proud of her defender; "and Peter's been washing his nose ever since." She reached over and lightly felt the end of Peter's nose, Peter interrupting his vigorous toilet with an air of great protest.

"Yes," said Alicia with growing satisfaction, while Peter hastily resumed work on his nose, "I think there's a little bump coming on the end of it. And that will teach him to stay away, after this, from Tommy and his flies!"

"Tommy and his flies?" I asked, wondering if this marvel would ever stop. "Did you say 'Tommy and his flies,' Alicia?"

Alicia nodded with delight. "I looked it up in the encyclopedia," she said, and added in a scholarly manner: "Toads eat flies." Having read me this concise little masterpiece on the diet of toads, she continued: "So when the paper-boy came home from school I asked him if he could get me some flies, and he brought me a match-box full. I gave them to Tommy and put a glass bowl over him so Peter couldn't bother him again, and he's been out there among the sunflowers eating his flies all afternoon!"

Alicia arose, more radiant than any flower that ever grew. "Come and look at him, Edward!" she laughed. "He's just too cute and ugly for anything."

Accordingly we went out among the sunflowers, accompanied by the faithful Fido (Peter staying behind to work overtime on his nose), and there under a glass bowl I saw a large and warty hop-toad who was evidently in distress.

"Why, what's the matter with Tommy?" gasped Alicia. "I wonder if Peter hurt him after all!"

"Perhaps if he had more air—" I began.

Alicia snatched up the glass bowl and just at that moment the paper-boy came around the corner of the house, carrying a Mason jar filled with flies.

"Bobby," I said, seized with an inspiration, "where do you get your flies?"

"Around at Thomas's butcher shop," said the young fly merchant proudly. "I leave a paper there, and he lets me have all the flies I want."

"Are they poisoned?" I asked. Alicia gasped again.

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "That's how Mr. Thomas catches 'em. He puts a sheet of that dark brown paper in a soup plate and pours——"

I hurried him away—an astonished little figure, with his Mason jar of flies beneath his arm—for his presence only added to the bitterness of Alicia's remorse.

"Oh, Edward!" she whispered, "perhaps he saved my life; and now I've poisoned him! Oh, what must Tommy think of me for this! Oh, you poor, poor little thing, you! Oh, Tommy, I didn't, didn't mean it. . . . Edward!" she cried, in tremulous hope, "Look! Isn't he opening his eyes?"

I looked at Tommy and saw that he was indeed opening his eyes; and for the next few minutes (as the novelists say) excitement reigned supreme. Alicia sprinkled her champion with water; she brought him a saucer of milk; she fanned him; she fetched him a spoonful of sugar; she dipped a bit of cloth in her smelling-salts and held it in front of his nose. At this last attention,

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Tommy, whose eyes had been opening wider and wider, gave one prodigious hop and went under our back porch like a toad who had some place to go and wished to get there quickly.

And there, under the back porch, lives Tommy, our brave and gallant toad, tolerated by Fido, beloved by Alicia, and respected by Peter, whose wart (most happily) failed to materialize after all. We sometimes see him (Tommy) with his shoulders hunched up, philosophizing upon the mysteries of life, reflective and warty to a degree. At other times he comes out and gravely studies the sky, or hops in and around Alicia's garden, Overseer of the Leaves and Soil, and High Executioner of Worms and Bugs, stopping occasionally in his work to look over at Scott's barn with martial defiance. And last night, when we were awakened by Fido's having a nightmare on our back doormat (Alicia said he was dreaming that Peter was eating all the meat) and I happened to say that if Fido slept at his post like that, how could we expect him to keep the burglars at bay—"That's all right," said Alicia in a sleepy but contented voice.

"OLD SPECKLES WOULD LAY HER EGG FOR ME IF IT WAS THE LAST THING SHE EVER DID."

"All right?" I asked, with a touch of indignation. "How do you mean it's all right? Why should it be."

"Tommy . . . " murmured Alicia in a sleepier (and more contented) voice than ever ." . . . Warts . . . "

And that's how Tommy Warts came to live with us, and that's how Tommy Warts got his name.

NEIGHBOR TO THE STARS

BY LEON RUTLEDGE WHIPPLE

PETER lived in neither town nor country; he lived in the air. And he was a Neighbor to the Stars. For he lived quite one-twentieth of a mile out of town, yet he could toss a bit of gravel into Wideway, which, you know, is the very heart of the city. In short, Peter and his father lived in a little extra house of four rooms on the roof of the Oriental Building, of whose twenty-eight floors his father was superintendent. Peter was a gentle, dark boy of nineteen, who played the flute all day, alone, in a wheel chair on the roof. He could not walk save a step or two.

But Peter was never lonely; he had too many friends. There were the Sights and the Sounds and the Shadows and the Stars. And he watched and listened day after day and wove them into melodies on his flute. Now he waited in his chair before the little stone temple with benches in it for visitors who wanted to view the city. The September sunshine was warm on his knees where lay the flute, and over the low wall his eyes dreamily followed his friends, the Shadows. Nobody in all the city knew the Shadows as did Peter. They were giants and fell across acres, from spires and towers and tall buildings like single columns, and they moved slowly like the hands of the Clock—except the fleeting Shadows of Clouds that came down-town a street at a step sometimes.

But now the Shadows had shrunk to

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little black lines, and Peter looked impatiently at his Clock. This was a giant's Clock out of a fairy-story, and seven hundred feet too high for everybody except people who live on roofs. The Scenery was all so big and top-heavy up there in Peter's land that the Clock just fitted—like some tall Watchman with an honest open face. It pointed at five minutes to twelve.

There go the Whistles! And as if in a pantomime, a grinning, red-topped face popped out of the door in the wall.

"Mornin', Peter. How's the boy today?"

"Fine, Red, fine! Isn't this sunshine great?"

Red Gavin—elevator boy—nodded and pulled a paper of lunch from his pocket. He ate swiftly. The door opened again, and a trembling, gray-haired woman with a mop peered around the corner, blinking watery tears from her eyes. Red sprang to help her to a bench, while Peter cried:

"Shame to you, Mother Biddle, getting at your liquor so early in the day, and you the best scrub-lady in the building. I've a notion not to play for you."

"Please, me b'y, it's me poor back—it do need jist a drap in the marnin'——"

A second old woman with a broom appeared and the two began gossiping.

"Hello, Mag and Mame," was Red's greeting to his sister and her pal—office girls from the seventh floor. Next came Ed, the negro stoker from the cellar, who came grinning to get cool; then three soft-voiced, bald clerks, a broker, wrinkled and pale with worry, and a very blond stenographer with a friend in a violet vest. And last of all, the slender pale girl with the beautiful tired eyes, from the telephone-booths.

Red Gavin had first discovered Peter; and danced to the flute. And then one by one the others dropped in till the concert became a daily thing. It was always cool up there, and quiet so they could rest.

When the watchful Clock tolled quarter-past, the flute trembled into the "Peer Gynt Suite."

They fell silent, and their eyes wandered beyond the city to the green hills; the hoarse voice of the street lost its cruel clangor and rose to them like the hum of bees in flowers near sunset. Into their hearts came a moment of peace, snatched from toil, from insults, from stifled sighs and utter weariness. Like the Hamelin children, they followed whither the piper led—till youth returned to tired old breasts and stained souls forgot their guilt. The city's weary children heard the voice of Dreams across the roofs.

Peter played dances and folk-songs and something from the last music-hall singer, and then drifted into what he had learned from the Sights and Sounds and Shadows. Suddenly he stopped and demanded of Red's sister:

"Maggie Gavin, what was that I played?"

Maggie knew his tricks, and answered: "Them was the six o'clock whistles cryin' an' blowin' like of a winthry morn, an' all the folks rubbin' their eyes an' wailin' because of another day come so soon."

He cried delightedly: "You're right, Maggie! Hear the lazy villains complaining?" The flute fell to crooning softly, and Mother Biddle, weeping real tears, cried hoarsely: "Aw, the be-outiful music—'tis what me mother used to sing us to sleep by." In fact, it was a Brahms "Berceuse."

So Peter led them up and down dale by his silken string of notes, and was very happy in their happiness. But the hands of the Clock swung toward the end of nooning, and one by one the audience slipped away. They were different people from those who had come a half hour before. Their souls were cleaner; they had won back something of courage and gentle human feeling. A bald clerk helped Mrs. Biddle down-stairs, and Red gave his sister a dime for the moving-pictures.

But the pale, tired girl whose hair seemed to have caught some of the Shadows in it, lingered and laid a tiny bunch of violets in Peter's lap. For thanks, he played the "Berceuse" again, and still she waited, doubtfully. At last she broke out:

"Don't you ever get lonesome, up here by yourself all the time? Oh, I hate this being alone, and alone, and never seeing anybody and doing nothing but work—I'm tired of it——"

Peter breathed in the heart of the violets and answered: "Yes—sometimes when my legs ache all day and all night, I feel that way——"

"It isn't my body. It's my heart that aches. I know it must be worse for you—but I am very tired, and have to decide something to-night—the city's so big!"

"Don't I know?" He waved his hand

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around. "It smothers you, and nobody cares a bit—then's when I'd like to have my mother to talk to——"

Her lips quivered. "A mother to talk to—that's what I want to-night. There's a man wants me to go out with him—and I'm so lonesome."

"Why don't you go?" Peter, living alone near the Stars, had never learned why pretty, tired girls in big cities are afraid to be happy.

"I'm afraid he isn't—nice. I want to go, and I mustn't."

Peter spoke wistfully, wanting to help. "Well, when I want something I can't have—to walk, sometimes—I play my flute and watch the Stars."

"I can't play the flute—and Stars don't come to hall bedrooms."

He flushed shyly over his words: "But I can, and this is a wonderful place to see the Stars. Won't you come whenever you feel lonely?"

"To-night?" she asked eagerly, as if seeking escape from herself.

"Yes—please."

The hunted look left the dark eyes. She smiled back at him as she went through the door. And all afternoon Peter's flute whispered to itself like an echo, and he wondered.

When the warm autumn night had fallen, she came breathlessly. She was quivering and fearful, like a harried deer. He welcomed her gladly and she sank into the long chair in the shadow with a sigh, as if glad of a refuge on the roof. Her dress was soft white with a floating scarf that seemed a bit of mist caught against the wall.

"Oh, I'm so glad, so glad—I didn't go. It is so quiet and peaceful and far-away up here." She looked across the silent, beautiful city.

"Yes, it is near the Stars," Peter answered gravely.

She laughed excitedly. "That's why I came. I didn't think I would at first—I decided to go with him. But while I was dressing I caught a glimpse of a Star—it's the only one you can see from my window, an awfully little one—and I was afraid, and stole away and ran here as fast as I could. Now you've got to keep me. Will you?"

He laughed joyously in reply; and pointed out all the Sights and bade her listen for what Sounds could be heard, telling her of how he wove them into the playing of his flute. Her breast grew quiet, and she smiled at his fancies. Then he played for her, old pieces and new, till it grew late, and when she was very quiet, he told her of the Stars.

"They are my best friends. And were all my playmates when I was little. Now they listen to my flute, and twinkle applause. I gave all the big ones names—little names from the heart, not the terrible ones out of books. See that big one? That's Jupiter—the Policeman; and yonder is the good old Sky-Rocket; and Lyra, that one over our heads—she's Drop-of-Water—aren't they beautiful?"

"Yes," she murmured, thinking of the names.

"I tell them everything—you mustn't laugh at me, I'm such a fool—but sometimes they are all I have to talk to for days, except father. I have made them a little piece."

He placed his flute to his lips and played. The first notes were the rising of cool winds at dawn; then they mounted higher and higher up a ladder of jewels till they reached the Stars and heard the child angels singing, and came dancing down Star-beams to the earth again.

"How beautiful!" whispered the girl.

"It's the Star Song—I wrote it for my mother who lives in the Stars——"

"Mother—" The word was a sigh from the heart of the girl, She broke into swift tears. They were the tears of crushed youth and loneliness, yet in them the determination of one who has visited the Stars. "I shall never, never see him again——"

Peter's flute crooned like a mother's love-talk to her baby. Her weeping ceased, and silence rested on the shadowy roof above the glow of the city. A silver star shot a blue token half across the heavens.

"Did you see it?" cried Peter. "That's their answer. Don't you feel happier?"

"Yes, very happy." She arose to go.

"Will you come again if you get lonely and forget the Stars?" he begged. "You have made me very happy."

"And I have been very happy, too." She leaned down swiftly and kissed him on the brow.

He smiled up at her, murmuring: "If you are near the Stars, you can be happy *anywhere*."

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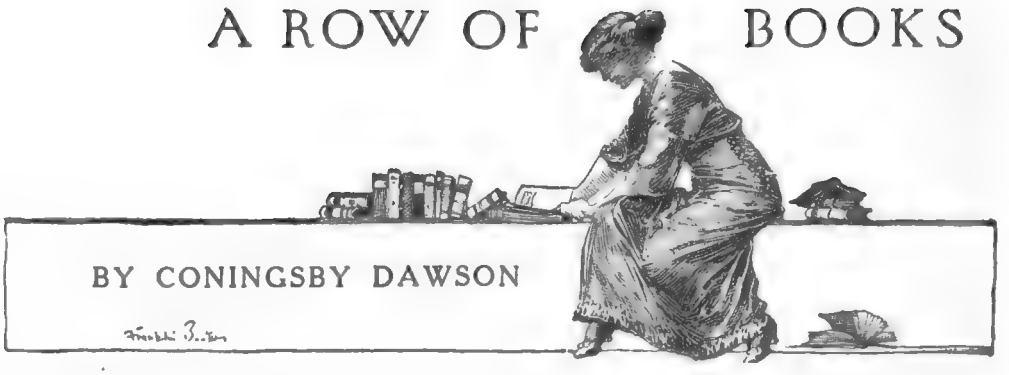
A ROW OF BOOKS



BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

"WOMEN are inferior—and you can't get away from it. Look at the things a nice girl will marry. Cheerfully! Proudly! For the sake of a home and clothes." So speaks Sir Roderick Dover in Mr. Wells's latest work of fiction, "Marriage" (Duffield). The controversy which arises out of such an assertion affords the battle-ground for many of this season's books. The revolt of woman, man's resistance to her rebellion, and the economic factors which have produced the insurrection fill the pages of most recent literature with restlessness and clamor. Be not deceived by drowsiness of title in a novel; you are never safe from the discussion. Like rag-time music, it pursues you to the uttermost ends of the earth—and not infrequently gets there before you.

Mr. Wells excels all contemporary English novelists in his relish for modernity and his callous faculty for presenting clean-cut sectional views of present-day problems. There is nothing sentimental about Mr. Wells—and that is a mercy; he has a fortunate bias for telling the truth where other writers grow hysteric. The temptation to distort reality in discussing matrimony is well-nigh irresistible. One either knows too much or too little about it; in any event, the information imparted is likely to be far too personal.

Mr. Wells's contribution is neither a defense nor an attack; it is an unglorified account of what happened to an average woman and man who submitted to the regulations of marriage as at present instituted.

Out of the golden haze of a passion too noble to be sustained, the bride and bridegroom emerge—they begin to find out each other. There are Marjorie's college debts and her general extravagance. There is Trafford's absorption in his work to the exclusion of more tender interests. As an irritant to Marjorie is the fact that her sister Daffy has captured Magnet, her own discarded lover, on the rebound, and rides in automobiles, attired in the latest gowns. Trafford is kept worried by the knowledge that other men are working along the lines of his own scientific research, and may get there first if he turns aside too often to earn the money necessary to keep up with Marjorie's expenditures.

Here then is the situation: a man and woman heartily in love with each other, who are slowly being robbed of their romance under the stress of finance. The woman has been trained simply to be beautiful and is bankrupt of earning capacity. The man has it in him to make scientific discoveries for the far-reaching benefit of humanity—but the woman must be kept. Mr. Wells works out their destinies on a high level; he makes them faithful to each other throughout, and creates their love into a finer thing at the end of his story than it was when their liking commenced.

The most important American book of the season is, without doubt, Albert Bigelow Paine's biography of Mark Twain (Harper).

Biography must at all times be one of the most difficult forms of literature to accomplish well. A biographer has to be modest with regard to his hero as well as with regard to himself. His temptation is to claim too much, and his danger in avoiding that temptation is to claim too little. Especially must this be so in the case of a man who has died at the top of his fame and so recently as Mark Twain. Mr. Paine states in his dedication that his purpose has been to write history rather than eulogy; so scrupulously has he carried out this purpose that in the entire three volumes it would be difficult to find a single direct superlative. His work in this respect is a model of what a biography should be—a record of facts stated with affection.

Yet, despite this restraint, Mark Twain looms out a much greater character than most of us imagined. While he lived, he was too

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near his age for his contemporaries to get the perspective of his personality; his humor focused attention to the exclusion of other great qualities which he possessed. Mr. Paine's biography reveals a full-orbed man who was greater than any of his writings, as has been the case with all literary giants; only second-rate books are equal to their authors' worth. In this record of a single career are gathered up all the genius and atmosphere of over half a century of national life.

Starting with quaint memories of the South and barefoot days of poverty and carelessness, the trail broadens, going east and west and north and south, up and down the Mississippi, through the war, the Comstock, the rise of California, gathering in more and more illustrious travelers and events, till it reaches its climax in the great European ovation. The story is told with extraordinary gaiety, but it has pages of exquisite and delicate pathos. Those which describe the death of his daughter Jean and of Mark Twain himself are inimitable in their tenderness. Some of Mr. Paine's personally remembered conversations are among the best and most typical that we have, as for instance the one which records Mark Twain's belief that humor must be one of the chief of God's attributes.

Few men have lived life as fully as did Mark Twain, few have contrived to identify their personal record as closely with that of their nation. To write a biography which should be in any way worthy at all points was a difficult undertaking—one which Mr. Paine has accomplished with distinction and success.

The world has become so much a playground for Cook's tourists that we have grown incredulous about novels of remote adventure; even the sea has become a great metropolis with all its streets marked out and a policeman standing at every corner, so that it is no longer possible for a ship to turn pickpocket and to alter its dress in the hope that it may escape detection. With the increase of knowledge, romance has been driven back and its confines of probability have been narrowed. Yet despite these restrictions Lincoln Colcord has written a novel in "The Drifting Diamond" (Macmillan), which captures our credulity with entire success.

The great Penang diamond, stolen from the Maharajah of Pancore, has been purchased by a young Englishman in China at a fraction of its value. It is a stone of baleful influence and priceless worth; its history is known throughout the Orient—it has the power to change the soul of the possessor. This is what it does to the Englishman: consumed with fear and suspicion, he takes passage on the *Omega* in the China Sea in order to evade his trackers.

But his pursuers are on board; no sooner do they lose sight of land than things begin to happen. Among the things that happen is a typhoon, which is described with a graphic power unequaled in our day save by Joseph Conrad. When the ship is thought to be sinking, the Jonah diamond is sealed up in a bottle and cast into the waves to appease the elements.

One of the awkward habits of the great stone, however, is always to return to its last possessor; he is usually deprived of it only by murder. Mr. Colcord tells the story of how the monster jewel hunted its owner through the waste of waters across the world. The history of this strange pursuit of a man by a diamond is weirdly fascinating; it incorporates much of the tradition which gathers about precious stones and their power to arouse the deadly passions. Here is a story of a fine salty flavor in which Chinamen and South Sea Islanders figure; a story which is all the time a story and has the great advantage of being delicately written.

Under the alluring title "Why Women Are So" (Holt), Mary Roberts Coolidge undertakes to answer the hitherto unanswerable question. For over two thousand years, from Plato and Aristophanes down to the coldly intellectual scientist of the present, men have been fumbling at the door of this secret. Few phenomena are more bewilderingly incomprehensible to the masculine mind than the surprising differences which exist between woman's and man's intelligence.

Mrs. Coolidge in her explanation of why woman are so, examines what is known as typically feminine behavior and attempts to discover how much of it is an inalienable quality, how much the result of training and environment. She deals almost exclusively with the American woman, tracing her period of absolute captivity from Puritan down to Civil War times, and the beginning of her partial emancipation from then on to the present. She writes with humor and states facts strongly. She makes one realize that there is still a good deal of the Oriental mixed up in the Christian attitude toward woman. A man may be a monogamist and yet remain a sultan.

She attributes most of the distinguishing characteristics of feminine behavior to the fact that from time immemorial woman has been trained to be a parasite. The developing of her intellect when a child is never taken as seriously as is the education of her brothers. At an early age she is taught that to be decorative is one of her chief missions in life. Even though she works, as long as she remains in the family she never receives wages; money comes to her irregularly as a gift from on high. The consequence is that her business faculties rarely have

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a chance to develop. She is either a drudge or a doll, according to her social status.

Mrs. Coolidge is refreshingly downright in her method of statement. She says many things which need saying, and she says them well. In her opinion there is little to choose between the innate endowments of male and female; were a girl brought up in ignorance of her sex she would develop a man's strength of character and self-reliance. The point of view is interesting and leaves ample room for argument.

In this day of best-sellers the novel is the least serious form of literature—it is the vaudeville artist among books. Flashing across the stage with a rustle of foamy skirts, it prances in the lime-light for a limited time and is soon replaced by something else. Turn up the reviews of three or four years back. How many of the novels which were heralded as having "permanent worth" are read to-day? Such knowledge makes one timid to prophesy. And yet there has been a novel published this season of such huge dimensions both as regards workmanship and design, that one is tempted to speak of it already as among the permanent novels of the English language.

It is not an easy book to read at first. The canvas is of such magnitude that during the first two hundred pages, while the outline is being sketched in, one is impressed with a sense of chaos. But take courage, there are five hundred more pages in which you may and will enjoy yourself. Moreover, this is one of those rare books to which you will return at your leisure. You have to step back from it to take in its full effect. Once read, those same early pages which were so baffling will take on a wonderful fascination—in them the artist was planning the attitudes of the fifty-odd characters who subsequently produce the climax.

"Between Two Thieves" (Stokes), by Richard Dehan, is something more than a novel: it is a history of the spirit which animated a century. It is akin to Carlyle's "French Revolution"—a record and reconstruction of national psychology in times of crisis over a period of years. The oldest character in the story is the Marshal Dunoisse, one of the great Napoleon's bandits, who had filled his purse out of the rifled treasuries of Europe. He had also caused the Princess of Widinitz and Prioress of the Carmelite Convent to break her vows and accept him in marriage. Hector Dunoisse was the offspring of this union, and his father was one of the thieves who give the novel its title.

The story is largely concerned with his effort to live down his father's notoriety. It carries us to England and gives an extraordinary picture of the stuffy, guzzling prosperity of the mid-Victorian era. It travels back to France and in a series of passionate tableaux describes the advent of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and the rise of the Second Empire. The climax is reached in the Crimea, whither Hector Dunoisse follows Florence Nightingale, with whom he is in love, that he may expiate his betrayal of ideals by doing deeds of humanity among the trenches. Incidentally, Hector Dunoisse is represented as having been one of the blind agents who made possible the war in the Crimea.

The design of the story could scarcely be excelled in boldness. Under the thinnest of thin disguises characters are introduced who have lived on into our generation. There are Florence Nightingale, Palmerston, the Duke of Cambridge, the heroes of the Light Brigade, the Duc de Morny—one begins to wonder whether there are any invented characters. As a rule one does not go to fiction to study history; but in this case the departure from precedent may be heartily recommended.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Next Religion" (Macmillan), by Israel Zangwill, is a highly original and decidedly elusive play which is evidently intended to be read rather than acted. Many people would call it blasphemous—which is very far from its intent. "The Next Religion" is a somber satire on the futility of founding new religions. A Church of England clergyman becomes discontented with churches, and at great sacrifice to himself and his family gives up his position that he may be free to follow out his own ideas. What he actually does is to establish a new sect which embodies all the old formalism with none of its spirit of worship.

"Roddles" (Doran), by B. Paul Neuman, is a story with a sting at the end of it. The story is a study in ambition and the comparative merits of success. There is a success the rewards of which are spiritual and intangible; there is a success which gives a man the right to draw a large check. Roddles is a drunken, revolutionary tailor who has failed for want of an education. He has two sons, and plans relentlessly that they may fight their way to honor and social rank. He trains them to be opportunists and climbers—to regard their fellow men as so many stepping-stones to the prize they would possess. The boys win all that they set out to get, but they lose their joy of life in the process. Old Roddles, on the other hand— But there lies the sting of the story, which a reviewer has no right to tell.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A small girl of five was walking recently with her mother through the Public Garden in Boston. The Washington monument attracted her attention, and she inquired what it was.

"That," replied her mother, "is a statue of George Washington."

The little lady regarded it critically for some moments, and then she said: "Washington didn't take a very good statue, did he, mother?"

A Cincinnati man who was trying to "boost" his city was talking to a friend from New York. The conversation turned on the police department. "Well," said the man from the Queen City, "you can't deny that our police department is all right. Why, look here," he urged, getting more enthusiastic, "there was a murder committed here a few days ago, and four hours afterward the police knew all about it!"

"Oh," drawled the man from the East, "that's nothing. There was a murder committed in New York a few days ago, and the police knew all about it four hours before!"

An old but sturdy Irishman, who had made a reputation as a gang boss, was given a job with a railroad construction company at Port-au-Prince, Haiti. One day when the sun was hotter than usual, his gang of black Haitians began to shirk, and as the chief engineer rode up on his horse the Irishman was heard to shout:

"*Allez*—you sons of guns—*allez!*" Then, turning to the engineer, he said: "I curse the day I iver learned their language."

The lovely girl, having lingered a minute in her room to adjust her transformation, change the angle of her Grecian band, and make sure that her skirt fitted like the peeling of a plum, descended to the parlor to find the family pet ensconced upon the knee of the young man caller, her curly head nestled comfortably against his shoulder.

"Why, Mabel," the young lady exclaimed, "aren't you ashamed of yourself! Get right down."

"Sha'n't do it," retorted the child. "*I got here first.*"

The neatness of the New England housekeeper is a matter of common remark, and husbands in that part of the country are supposed to appreciate their advantages.

A bit of dialogue reported as follows shows that there may be another side to the matter.

"Martha, have you wiped the sink dry yet?" asked the farmer, as he made final preparations for the night.

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"Yes, Josiah," she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I did want a drink, but I guess I can get along until morning."

In St. Louis there is one ward that is full of breweries and Germans. In a recent election a local option question was up. After the election some Germans were counting the votes. One German was calling off and another taking down the option votes. The first German, running rapidly through the ballots, said: "Vet, vet, vet, vet, . . ." Suddenly he stopped. "*Mein Gott!*" he cried: "*Dry!*"

Then he went on—"Vet, vet, vet, vet, . . ." Presently he stopped again and mopped his brow. "*Himmel!*" he said. "Der son of a gun repeated!"

A newly rich woman, who was anxious to make a favorable impression in her neighborhood, decided to show her collection of antiques to the bishop when he called. The time came, and one by one she displayed the whole collection, giving him the history of each piece. Finally she came to the most highly prized article in the lot.

"There," she said, pointing impressively to an old yellow teapot, "that teapot was used in the Boston Tea-Party."

A little slum child was enjoying his first glimpse of pastoral life. The setting sun was gilding the grass and roses of the old-fashioned garden, and he sat on a little stool beside the farmer's wife, who was plucking a chicken.

He watched the operation gravely for some time. Then he spoke: "Do you take off their clothes every night, lady?"

At one of the famous "frolics" given by the Lambs Club in New York, Charles Frohman had made an extremely neat and appropriate speech. There was loud applause at its finish, and then Augustus Thomas jumped up on his chair and called: "Author! Author!"

Woodrow Wilson, at a luncheon at Spring Lake, said of a boy athlete: "I am afraid he sets athletics too far above English, mathematics, and history. His aunt said to him the other day:

"'I am delighted to hear of your success on the school baseball team, Harold; but you must remember that there are other things in life besides baseball.'

"'Yes, aunt, I know,' said the boy, 'but, hang it all, I'm afraid I'm too light for football or rowing.'"

The quick wit of a traveling salesman who has since become a well-known proprietor was severely tested one day. He sent in his card by the office-boy to the manager of a large concern, whose inner office was separated from the waiting-room by a ground-glass partition. When the boy handed his card to the manager the salesman saw him impatiently tear it in half and throw it in the waste-basket; the boy came out and told the caller that he could not see the chief. The salesman told the boy to go back and get him his card; the boy brought out five cents, with the message that his card was torn up. Then the salesman took out another card and sent the boy back, saying: "Tell your boss I sell two cards for five cents."

He got his interview and sold a large bill of goods.

McAndrews (the chemist, at two A.M.): "Two penn'orth of bicarbonate of soda for indigestion at this time o' night, when a glass of hot water does just as well!"

Sandy (hastily): "Well, well! Thanks for the advice. I'll no bother ye, after all. Gude nicht!"

The teacher of the fourth grade, noticing a part of the blackboard covered with small wads of paper, approached the nearest boy and said sternly: "Johnny, did you throw those paper wads on the board?"

"No, ma'am," was the timorous reply; "mine didn't stick."

A new railroad through Louisiana strikes some of the towns about a mile from the business center, so it is necessary to run a 'bus line.

A salesman stopping at one of these towns asked the old darky 'bus-driver about it.

"Say, uncle, why have they got the depot 'way down here?"

After a moment's hesitation the old darky replied: "I dunno, boss, unless they wanted to git it on the railroad."

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Everybody's Magazine
Trumbull White Managing Editor
Published by
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SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS NEW YORK CITY

With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

ABOUT this time of year—and several other times between times—it seems good for us to stand ourselves up in a corner of the office and look at ourselves in a sort of stock-taking process.

To see if we have grown or shrunk.

If the vision is clearer or cloudier.

If the gleam is still straight ahead.

Not that we ever make a balance-sheet on such things as that. Nor can we report the findings to our readers. It is easy to inventory manuscripts and office furniture, to count subscribers and foot up advertising contracts. No one can formulate a fiscal statement of the spirit of a magazine. The whole magazine must be its own statement—express its own spirit—through its career. No creed briefed and tinkered for ready reading can fool its readers—or even its editors and publishers.

It is quite certain that we can't conceal faults and failures merely by blinking at them. If we ourselves—and unfriendly critics—miss noticing them, our friends can be depended upon to tell us—to tell us loyally and faithfully and helpfully—and then to stand by just the same.

Nor do we need to talk much about the good things. The friends are even more prompt to do that for us—which adds to the number of friends; and equally prompt to tell us their appreciation—which helps us.

Yes, publishers purr when they are patted now and then.

We have come to believe that taking stock of ourselves is just about the same thing as taking stock of our readers. This in answer to the question of eternal discussion, "Should a publication give its readers what they want or what they ought to have? Should a publication lead popular thought or follow it?" A debate almost as fatuous as that of high-school days: "Which is the more valuable servant to mankind—fire or water?"

Why, a worthy magazine gives its readers both what they want and what they ought to have.

It's the same thing.

And a worthy magazine both leads their thought and follows it.

That's the fellowship of it. That is the process of natural selection by which, in the course of years, a magazine, if it has a soul, becomes a group of ideas and publishers and editors and authors and readers, essential to each other and working together. There may be divisions and additions and subtractions, but the general truth remains, and then you have a magazine personality.

That is what we believe we have in EVERYBODY'S.

CONCERNING FICTION

The articles in any magazine seem more naturally to express its personality than do the stories. It is not so easy to crusade by means of fiction. And with the exceptional proportion of serious articles published, we have always felt that our fiction should be chosen for its recreative value rather than for its advocacy of causes. This in spite of the fact that some of the best reform arguments we have ever published have been in the guise of fiction.

But the personality of a magazine is as clear in its fiction as in its articles—or so we intend it in EVERYBODY'S.

Not every good story fits EVERYBODY'S. It isn't that stories have to be strong or

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light, serious or humorous, realistic or romantic, to find a place with us. No such narrow cataloguing would define the standards. But we aim to have our stories count for something as an interpretation of life.

And we aim to have them decent.

You can't get an unclean story in here.

It may interest readers to get a glimpse of the fiction program of the coming year. Just a few authors whose names guarantee the highest standard:

Richard Harding Davis, Booth Tarkington, W. J. Locke, Rex Beach, E. W. Hornung, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Edwin Lefèvre, Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, Lloyd Osbourne, Leonard Merrick, Julian Street, Mary Stewart Cutting, W. B. Maxwell, Arthur Stringer, Kathleen Norris, Arthur Train, Harvey J. O'Higgins, Zona Gale, Walter Prichard Eaton, Eugene Manlove Rhodes.

Something about one old favorite of EVERYBODY'S:

A NEW BEACH STORY

Seven years ago a brawny young man from Chicago turned up in New York with the manuscript of his first novel. It was a story of Nome and its golden sands, a story full of fresh atmosphere and vitality. We bought it, and with the publication of "The Spoilers" Rex Beach leaped into prominence as one of the most vigorous of American novelists. Other stories of Alaska came from his pen until he sought to vary his field, and turned to the inspiration of the big job at Panama for his theme. That brought "The Ne'er-Do-Well" to EVERYBODY'S readers.

Two years have passed and Beach's heart has turned back to the Alaska that he loves and that his readers love. Of course, the new story comes to EVERYBODY'S.

It's a big story, "The Iron Trail," the biggest thing he has done, with all the freshness of spirit that characterized "The Spoilers."

"The Spoilers" was the story of a fight for the golden wealth of the Nome placers.

"The Barrier" was the story of strife over treasures far up the Yukon River.

"The Silver Horde" was a tale of the struggle for riches in the salmon fisheries.

All these in a degree were localized in place and limited in magnitude. Here is the point of difference:

"The Iron Trail" is the struggle for all Alaska, the riches of coal and copper and gold and land—the splendid stake of a whole empire to be won or lost by rival railways racing for the heart of the country, up the Copper River.

It is no historical novel, no brief on conservation, no study of politics. But through its stirring pages, alive with big men and fine women, set among glaciers and storm, wreck and rapids, one gets a vision of the work of pioneers in nation-building. The problems they have to meet wonderfully illuminate the controversies that have raged around the neglected territory since it became the storm center of politicians and the prize of the century.

In the January number, you'll find the beginning of "The Iron Trail."

THE BEST GIFT

As usual, the publishers of EVERYBODY'S have prepared an attractive Christmas card to accompany subscriptions to EVERYBODY'S sent as Christmas gifts. Send us the name and address to which you want the magazine directed, with a year's subscription price, and we will enclose one of these announcements, bearing your name as the giver, with the first number.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC.

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(*Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.*)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st *day of* October, 1912.

[SEAL] JAMES B. SHEEHAN, Notary Public.

(*My commission expires March 30, 1914.*)

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■ Old King Coal Is *NOT* a Merry Old Soul ■
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Everybody's Magazine

No. 6

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"Prosperity is Here"

A Banker's Chat in his Club—Some Interesting Facts as to Good Business

A NEW YORK banker, in his club the other evening, conversing with a number of his friends upon the general aspects of business, made this remark:

"Prosperity is here!

"It isn't a thing that is coming, or that we only have reasons to hope for. I tell you, gentlemen,—and I'm speaking as a banker,—the business boom is already here.

"It has been a long time on the way. But it has been coming step by step and surely. Business men all over the country now are realizing it.

"All the excitement before election couldn't check it, nor affect it a little bit. All the prophecies of business stagnation made by the newspapers and spellbinders during that campaign went for nothing. Real business didn't even hear them. Business men discounted them.

"It was the crops. Those splendid crops were bigger than campaign oratory. They created confidence. Business men knew what the effect of those wonderful crops was going to be on the business of the country.

"The whole thing has been a matter of confidence. The manufacturers have known all the Fall they were getting a pile of orders—bigger than for years. The merchants were sending in the orders because they knew that their customers had the money to buy with. That state of things just spelled PROSPERITY.

"In spite of all that was said during the campaign, I don't believe there was ever a time when the results of an election were more discounted by the real Business of the

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"Prosperity is Here"

country than this Fall. I, and some millions of other voters, didn't get the man we voted for. But as I say, that was all discounted as far as business action was concerned.

"That the country could go through such a mental strain as it did during that campaign, and real business be so little affected by it, simply shows what a solid foundation our prosperity has."

The banker was right.

Corn, cotton, wheat, potatoes, all break the record of last year or equal it.

To move these crops more rails must be laid, more cars must be used, more men must be employed. The demand for labor, skilled and unskilled, is greater than the supply.

As to iron ore, *The Iron Age* estimates that the total output for 1912 will be greater by 29,000,000 tons than ever before. As to copper, it is said the production is 60% higher than in 1911. Over one hundred cities report already larger outputs of manufactured goods than in 1911.

Our own representatives who visit the advertising manufacturers of the country report that manufacturers are admitting that their orders have been coming in all the Fall to an unprecedented degree.

"I am staggered," said one manufacturer. "I didn't dream there was as many orders in the country."

"I have orders that will take me fully nine months to fill, working with day and night shifts," said another manufacturer to one of our men.

"There never was a time in the clothing industry," said a manufacturer of ready-made clothing, "when, as far as I can remember, there was such a rush of orders. Whether this rush comes because of new population or because of better wages, I don't know: but I do know that we simply can not fill our orders."

"I am a nervous wreck," said a manufacturer of a heating-system. "During the last six years I have enlarged the capacity of my plant 600%, but this season the orders have broken all records, and I could ship to-day $150,000 worth more heaters than I have: somebody else will have to fill the orders or a lot of people will be cold this winter."

Prosperity is here. There is enough of it to go around—all around.

Now is the day for courage and aggressiveness.

Now is the hour when Opportunity knocks at the door.

More money will be spent this December than any previous December in American history.

And more depositors will invest their savings next January in the savings banks than in any previous January.

There is work for everybody. There is money for everybody. Let nobody be afraid.

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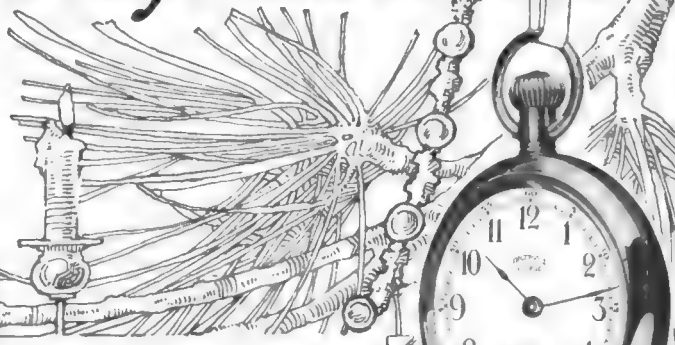
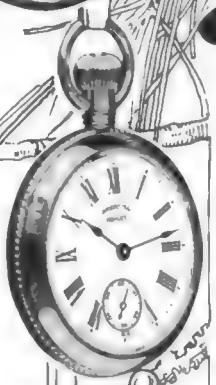
For Everybody's Christmas



Ingersoll



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A watch companions its owner. It is used every hour. No gift compares in beauty, permanency and utility with a reliable watch. Every Ingersoll is positively guaranteed. If you know a boy who hasn't a watch, make this Christmas memorable by giving his first one.

The Ingersoll "Yankee" - -	$1.00
The Thin Model Ingersoll "Eclipse"	2.00
The Small Thin Ingersoll "Junior"	2.00
The Ladies' "Midget" Ingersoll -	2.00

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☞ This picture shows a copy of "Their Yesterdays" wrapped and tied (no string used) with special package band of "Christmas Greetings"—no extra charge.

Ask your bookseller to show you these

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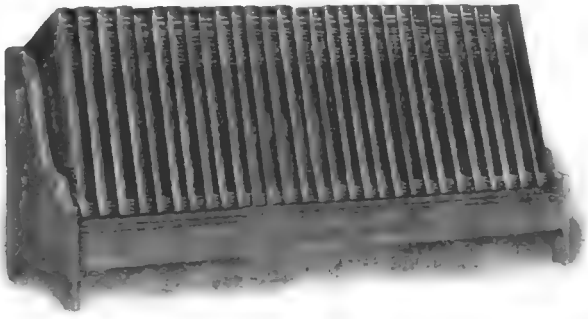

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E. 3

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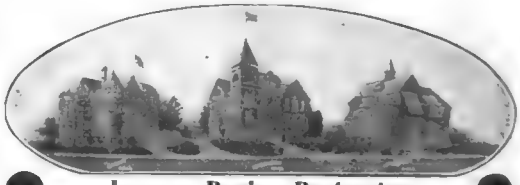

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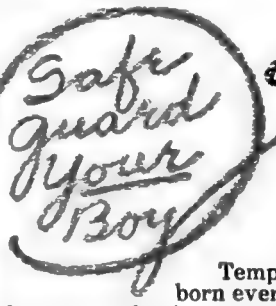

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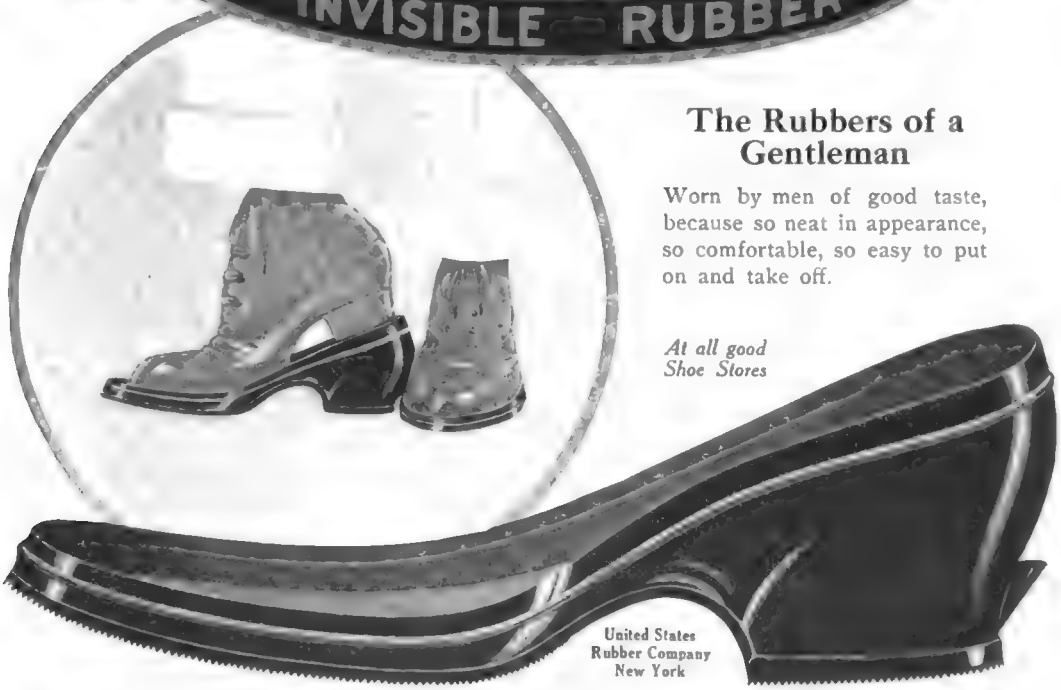

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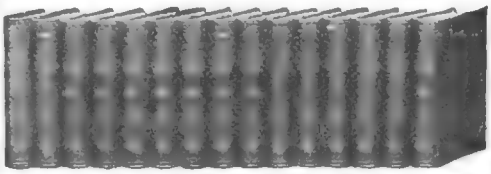

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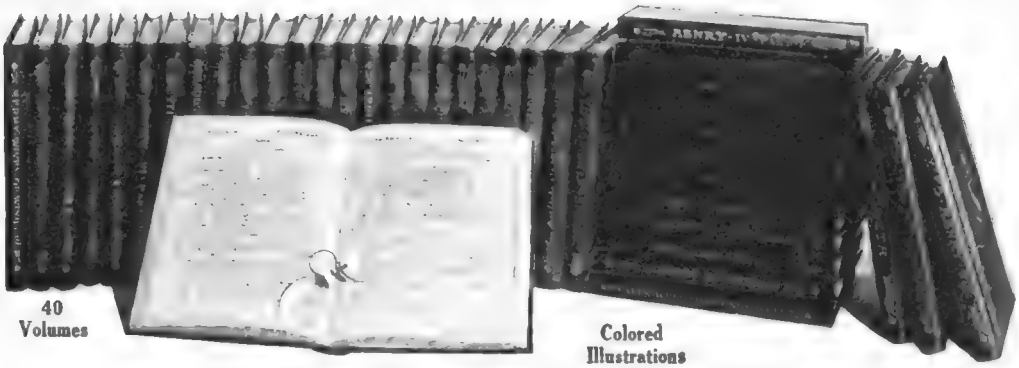

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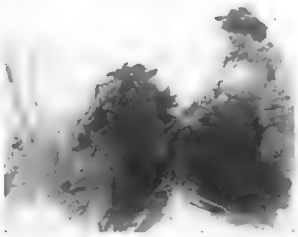

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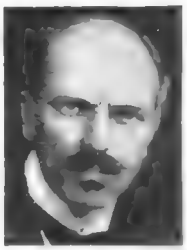

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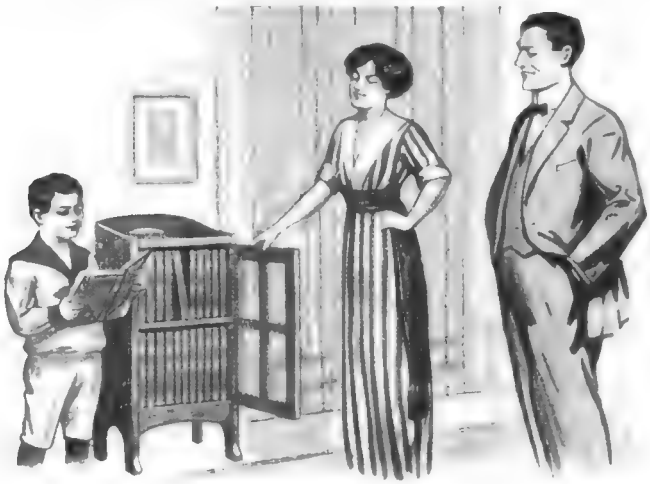

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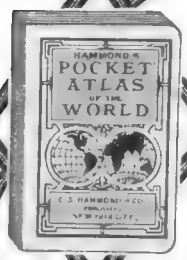

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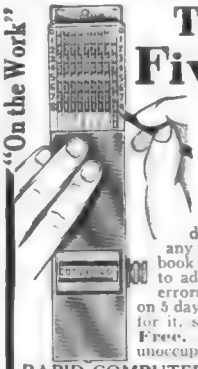

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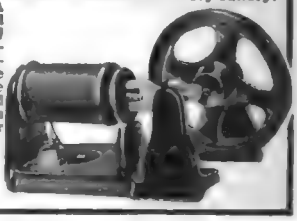

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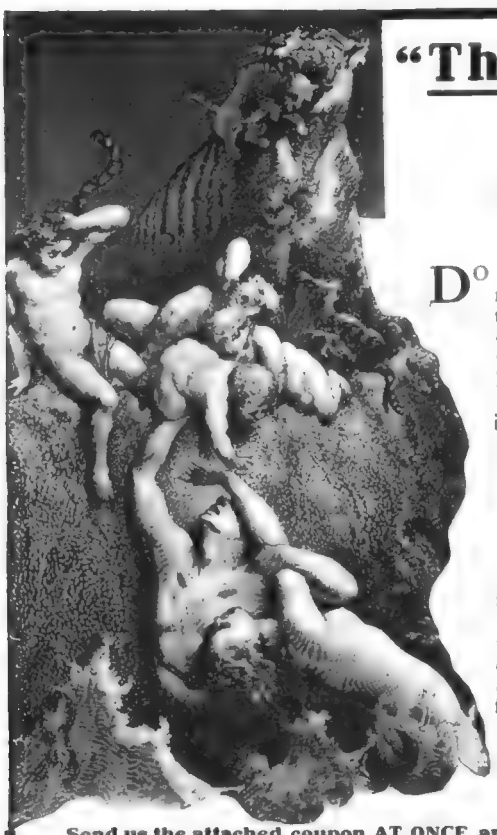

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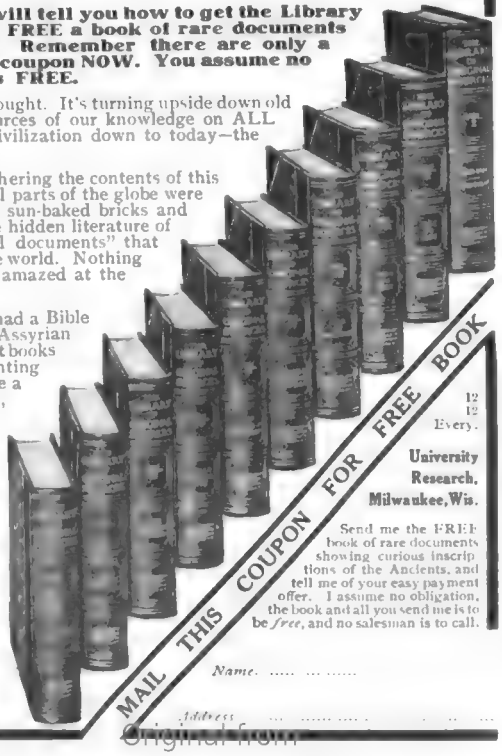

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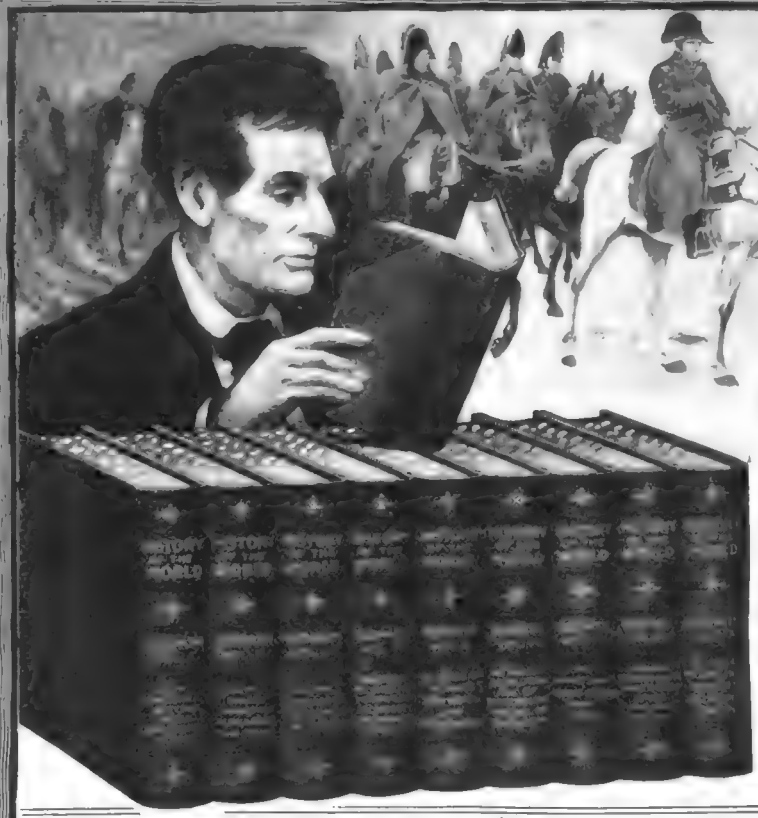

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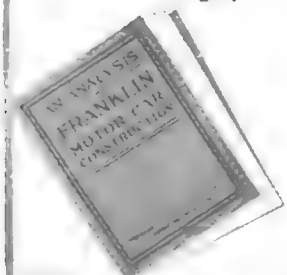

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Crisco is purely vegetable and is more delicate and healthful than an animal fat. It has a mild, pleasant odor and taste and can be used to make even the finest white cake.

Yet with all these superiorities which would make it an economy at any price, Crisco costs but half as much as butter.

Get a package today and remember, in your own recipes, to use a fifth less of Crisco than the butter called for (Crisco is that much richer than butter) and to add salt in the proportion of a level teaspoonful to each cupful of Crisco.

This Cook Book has some fine recipes for the holidays

It also illustrates the best way to use Crisco not only for cake making but for frying, pastry making, etc. Send for a copy to The Procter & Gamble Co., Dept. T, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Cutting the Cost

Cutting the cost of food without cutting down quality and quantity is not an easy matter in Winter when the body needs warmth and strength for the day's work.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

contains more real, body-building nutriment than meat. Costs much less and is more easily digested.

For breakfast heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness; then pour over it hot milk, adding a little cream and seasoning to suit the taste. A warm, nourishing breakfast for a cold day.

For dinner nothing so wholesome and nourishing as creamed oysters with Shredded Wheat. Heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness; crush in the top with the bowl of a spoon and fill with creamed oysters and season to suit the taste.

The Only Cereal Breakfast Food Made in Biscuit Form

Made only by

The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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A Try Tells Why

Send grocer's name and 2c stamp for postage, for 5-cup Sample Tin of

Instant Postum

This new food-drink makes a far more nourishing table beverage than either tea or coffee.

Old and young can drink it with fullest benefit because it contains no caffeine or any other harmful ingredient only the full, rich nutrition of Northern wheat and the juice of Southern sugar-cane.

Thousands now use this delightful beverage instead of coffee or tea. Its pleasant taste is remindful of Old Government Java.

Instant Postum requires no boiling – it is made by stirring a level teaspoonful (more or less for strength desired) in a cup of hot water, and adding sugar and cream to taste.

Grocers sell 100-cup tins at 50c. 50-cup tins 30c.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

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Victor-Victrola

Will there be a Victrola in your home this Christmas?

This is a
Victor-Victrola XVI
$200
Mahogany or
quartered oak

New Victor Records are on sale
at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Victor-Victrola IV, $15
Oak

Victor-Victrola VI, $25
Oak

Victor-Victrola VIII, $40
Oak

Victor-Victrola IX, $50
Mahogany or oak

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for Christmas

You can search the whole world over and not find another gift that will bring so much pleasure to every member of the family.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the wonderful Victor-Victrola.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination*. There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 6 cents per 100.
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)

Victor-Victrola X, $75
Mahogany or oak

Victor-Victrola XI, $100
Mahogany or oak

Victor-Victrola XIV, $150
Mahogany or oak

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"This will fetch them!"

YES; our wholesome Tomato Soup has a mighty "fetching" quality about it in every sense of the word; and equally for the young and the old.

All people and all tastes seem to agree on

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

The epicure approves it. The romping hungry schoolboy craves it and thrives on it. The brain-worker, the nervous dyspeptic, and the man who wants a "good square meal" all find satisfaction in its tempting flavor and nourishing quality. There's hardly a day in the year when you will not find this perfect soup exactly what you want.

Hadn't you better order a dozen *today?* Take a look at the pantry shelf and see.

Little Elizabeth Lou,
With *Campbell's Soup* in view,
Cries to her mother:
"O give me another!"
While Doggie is
dogging the two.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3

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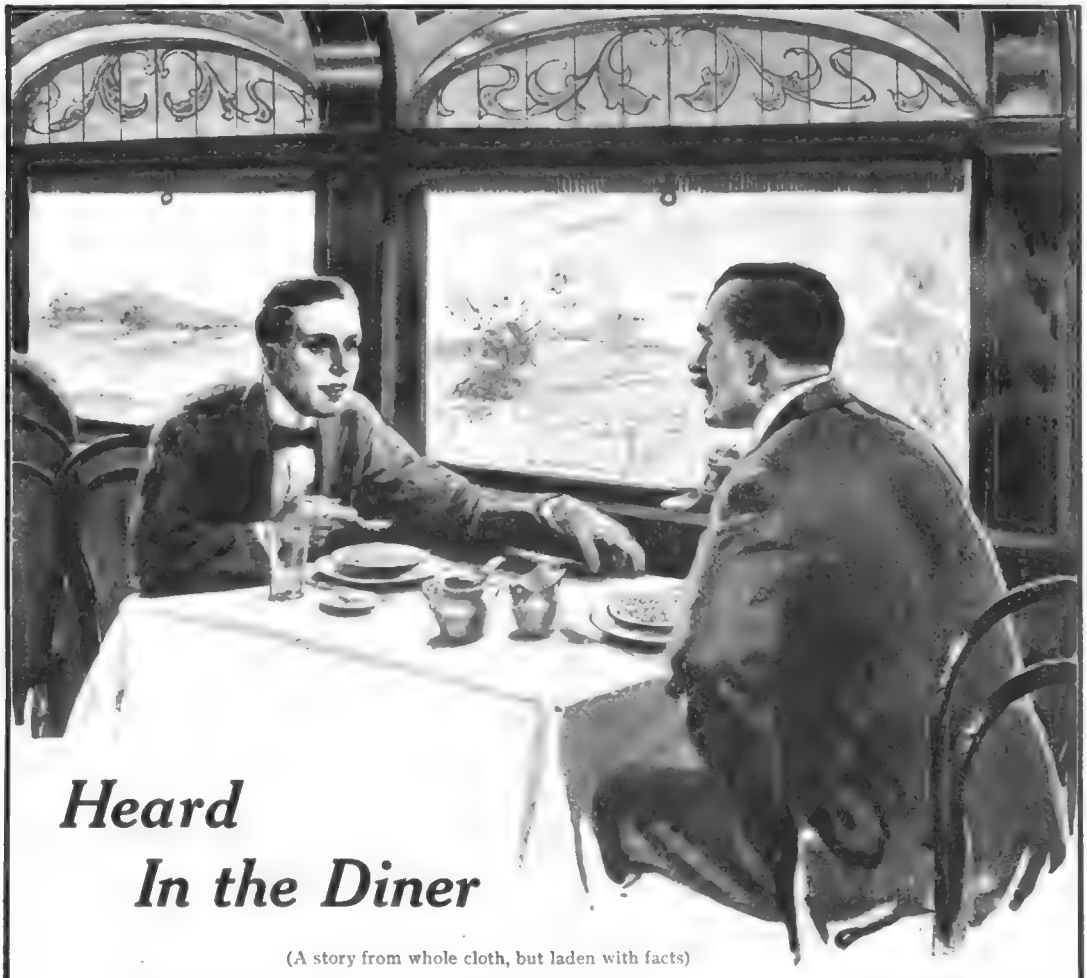

Heard In the Diner

(A story from whole cloth, but laden with facts)

"The physical director of our Club says most of us overeat—

"That heavy, rich food is not only hard to digest, but dulls the brain and makes the mind logy.

"I hadn't been just right for a while back and it put me thinking, with the result that now my breakfast is generally a bowl of

Post Toasties

served with some rich cream and a sprinkling of sugar—adding a soft-boiled egg and a cup of Instant Postum.

"The flavour of these crisp bits of toasted corn is a real treat, and the clear head and comfortable day which follow such a breakfast are something worth telling about."

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

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WHY Not Use The Best Skin Soap

in the world to keep your skin clear, hands soft and white, scalp clean and free from dandruff, hair from falling out, and for all baby skin troubles? Such beyond all doubt is

Cuticura Soap

The difference in cost is trifling; the result in use often astonishing, especially when assisted by an occasional use of Cuticura Ointment.

Besides, it satisfies in purity, delicacy and fragrance the most discriminating.

Sales greater than the world's product of other skin soaps. Sold in all world centres.

☞You need not buy it until you try it. Liberal samples of Cuticura Soap and Ointment with 32-p. Skin Book free from nearest depot. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 91, Boston, London, Paris, Sydney, Calcutta, Bombay, Hong Kong, Tokio or Cape Town.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

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"Exquisite! Delightful!"

you will exclaim, when you inhale the fragrance of

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC VEGETAL

(Toilet Perfume)

Few perfumes live beyond a season, but ED. PINAUD'S Lilac has been the favorite of a generation of particular men and women.

It is so fine, so delicate, so appealing that its use has become an international habit.

Every drop is as fragrant as the living blossom and the cost is not great, being 75c. per bottle (6 oz.).

As a Christmas gift ED. PINAUD'S Lilac is always appreciated. Six bottles are a fragrant six months' reminder.

Men like ED. PINAUD'S Lilac for their linen and for use after shaving, in place of bay rum or witch hazel.

Test this fine perfume before buying. We have 50,000 little bottles to distribute. Do you want one?

Please write our American Offices today enclosing 10c. and get one of the little bottles. If you like the sample, buy a 75c. bottle from your dealer.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD

501 ED. PINAUD BLDG. **NEW YORK**

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What Cora Manning Says.

"And, oh, Jack! we're out of Jell-O again. Order a dozen and bring a package of Strawberry Jell-O with you. The Mannings are coming for dinner and Cora Manning says there's nothing so lovely as my

JELL-O

desserts."

The Mannings and their friends, like other sensible people who can afford expensive luxuries, do not deprive themselves of good things because they are cheap.

The charm of the Jell-O dessert is felt in every home, and it only costs ten cents!

Plain but delicious desserts and elaborate and delicious desserts are made of Jell-O—and most of them can be made in a minute.

There are seven delightful Jell-O flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

10 cents each at any grocer's.

If you will write and ask us for it we will send you the splendid recipe book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," illustrated in ten colors and gold.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn't there, it isn't JELL-O.

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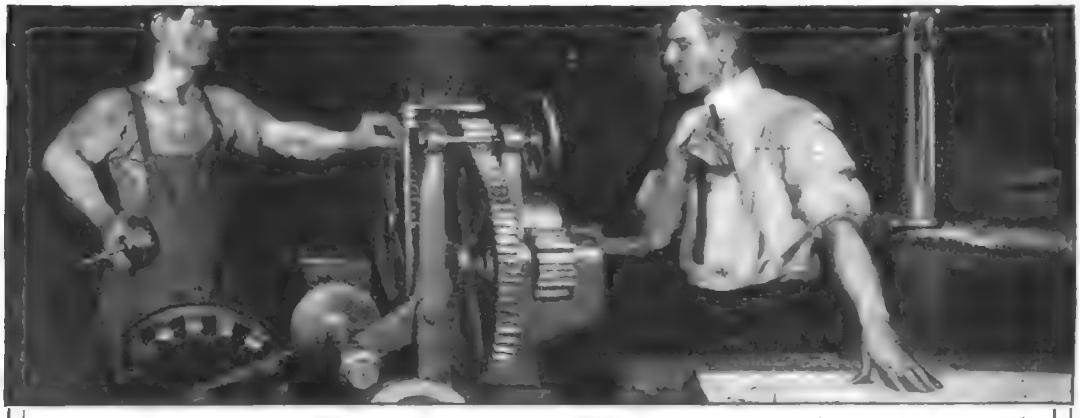

ORGANIZATION TO BE EFFECTIVE FOR GREAT USES MUST FIT, AS TO ITS PARTS, LIKE THE COG WHEELS OF A PERFECTED MACHINE—AND BE DOMINATED BY A HIGH SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY.

Studebaker

The secret of the Success that has accompanied the name Studebaker since the days of the founding of the great vehicle industry sixty years ago, is shown today not only in the unity and mechanical efficiency of the big Studebaker Corporation, but in its loyalty to the lofty aims of the founders. Studebaker harness, carriages, wagons or automobiles all are made to deserve the stamp of this name and to honor it.

THE
STUDEBAKER CORPORATION
SOUTH BEND, IND. :: :: DETROIT, MICH.

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"This Picture Thrown on the Screen

is a very old photograph of my mother and father taken before they were married—that must be over fifty years ago. We came across this picture in an old trunk several days ago and I want you to see it. Thanks to the Radioptican I am able to show this picture ten or twelve times its actual size, to all of you at once.

"For the benefit of my guests who do not own a Radioptican I will say that this machine has given our whole family more amusement and instruction than anything else I ever brought into this house.

"This Radioptican will take every kind of picture, postcard, clipping or drawing that measures less than $4\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ in. It will project from a print of Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair' an image that is lifelike and almost life-size, with every tone and shade of color reproduced perfectly.

Guarantee
If this Radioptican does not give a better image than any other projector selling at the same list price, we will refund the full purchase price.
H. C. WHITE COMPANY

RADIOPTICAN

"After I take this photo out I will switch the light on and let any of you that wish examine the Radioptican. You see, it works by electric light, is connected up just like an electric fan. These two powerful electric lamps are accurately gauged to give a tremendous illumination from the large sized parabolic reflectors. There are also gas and acetylene models—the latter complete with generator, ready to operate. This model is No. 341, I paid $15 for it. If you think you would like to own a Radioptican I suggest that you write for a card which entitles you to a free demonstration at the nearest dealer. Be sure and ask for the book, 'Home Entertainments,' and read the guarantee tag."

Sold wherever photo supplies and optical goods are sold. Also in department stores and toy shops. $2.50 to $50.00. Canadian prices 20 per cent advance to cover duty.

H. C. WHITE COMPANY, 802 River Street, North Bennington, Vt.

Lens Grinders and Makers of Optical Instruments for over 40 Years

Branches: 45 W. 34th St., New York San Francisco London

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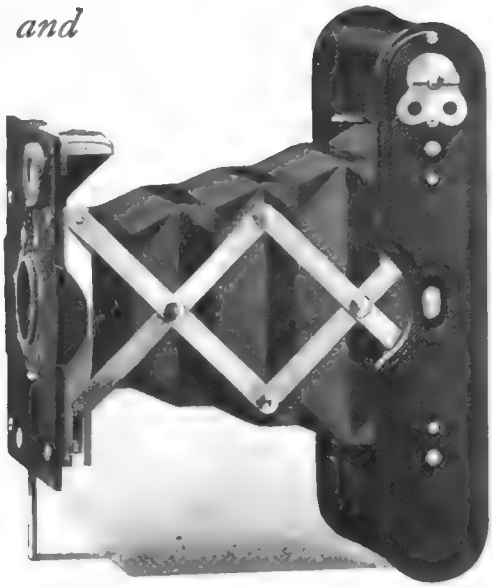
As small as your note book and tells the story better.

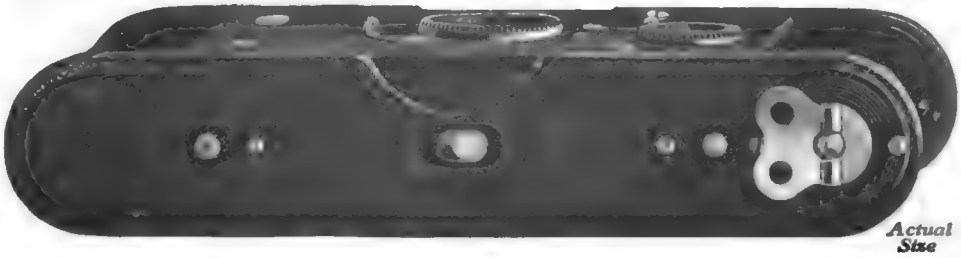


The Vest Pocket KODAK

A miniature Kodak, so capable that it will convince the experienced amateur, so simple that it will appeal to the novice. So flat and smooth and small that it will go readily into a vest pocket, yes, and dainty enough for milady's hand bag.

And the Vest Pocket Kodak is efficient. It is small, almost tiny, but the carefully selected meniscus achromatic lens insures good work; the Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with iris diaphragm stops and Auto-time Scale give it a scope and range not found except in the highest grade cameras. Loads in daylight with Kodak film cartridges for eight exposures. Having a fixed focus it is always ready for quick work. Has reversible brilliant finder. Made of metal with lustrous black finish. Right in every detail of design and construction. Pictures, 1⅝ x 2½ inches. Price $6.00.

An important feature is that the quality of the work is so fine, the definition of the lens so perfect that enlargements may be easily made to any reasonable size, and at small cost—to post card size (3¼ x 5½) for instance, at 15 cents.



EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

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Globe-Wernicke
Sectional Bookcases

WHAT gift could be a finer compliment to the intelligence of the recipient than a carefully selected Globe-Wernicke Bookcase? That it can be added to, a unit at a time, as the library grows will be keenly appreciated by one of literary taste. In many homes it is a pleasant Holiday custom to present a sufficient number of Globe-Wernicke Bookcase sections to accommodate the new additions to the library.

Globe-Wernicke Bookcases are made in several different styles, the finishes being carefully selected and applied to produce those harmonizing colors in which the natural grain of the wood shows to the best advantage. Globe-Wernicke Bookcases are sold by 1500 authorized agencies. Where not represented, goods will be shipped on approval, freight prepaid.

"Booklovers' Shopping List"

This little book lists the works of great authors and gives their prices in sets. The list includes the low priced, popular sets as well as the de luxe editions. Every book buyer should have a copy. Sent free with the Globe-Wernicke catalog. Address Dept. F

The Globe-Wernicke Co.,

Cincinnati, Ohio

Branch Stores: New York, 380-382 Broadway; Philadelphia, 1012-1014 Chestnut St.; Boston, 91-93 Federal St.; Chicago, 231-235 So. Wabash Ave.; Washington, 1218-1220 F St., N. W.; Cincinnati, 128-134 Fourth Ave., E.

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Christmas Suggestions that utilize the quickness, convenience and cleanliness of electric heat.

ANY "American" Electric Heating-Device that you select for this Christmas will bring lasting comfort and convenience into the home.

Begin with one or two. Add others at later gift-times, until you have provided *all* the comfort that electricity can give.

One of the most invaluable electric heating-devices any household can have is the "American" Electric Warming-Pad—the hot-water bottle that isn't a bottle, and contains no hot-water. It's always ready; stays hot; can't leak or scald.

Warming-Pad
Single heat, $5.50
Three heats, $6.50

"American"

The beauty of form and finish so characteristic of "American" Electric Heating-Devices lends real Christmas charm to the practical utility of the following:

"American Beauty" Electric Iron

This is the iron that does an ordinary all-day ironing in two-thirds of the time—makes its own heat, inside, stays hot and clean; saves steps.

It's economical, too—uses little current, and the heating-element is guaranteed for all time.

It weighs 6½ pounds—the best weight for all-around work; and the pointed nose works well into the smallest tucks and gathers. Price $5.

The "American" Combination Disc Stove, with four utensils, is an electric kitchen for light meals—boils, stews, fries, bakes griddle cakes, makes toast.

The "American" Electric Toaster is quick, light, convenient; will not mar a polished table-top; browns two slices at once—hot, crisp, tender.

The "American" Electric Percolator always makes good coffee—clear as amber, without settling, and any strength you wish.

Get these and other "American" devices at your electric supply, hardware or department-store—or we'll ship prepaid on receipt of price. Canadian prices add import-duty.

Write for free booklet: "Heat without Fire." It describes other "American" devices for the home.

Disc-Stove
Complete, $12.50

Toaster
$4

Percolator
$8.70

American Electrical Heater Co.

Oldest and Largest Exclusive Makers

1347 Woodward Avenue Detroit, U. S. A.

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The

STEINWAY

and Christmas

All over the world, just now, a mighty crescendo of happy harmony is swelling in anticipation of a coming great historic day.

Many sing only in their hearts; but thousands upon thousands find expression for unbounded joy in the sweet tone of the world's great musical instrument—the

STEINWAY PIANO.

Are *you* the owner of a Steinway?

The name of the Steinway dealer nearest you, together with illustrated literature, will be sent upon request and mention of this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS
STEINWAY HALL
107 and 109 East 14th Street
New York

Subway Express Station at the Door.

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Those cousins out west—or back east—you don't hear from them as often now. You each have new friends, new interests. But after all, blood *is* thicker than water and your picture and pictures of the other members of *your* family would be welcomed by *them*—especially for Christmas.

There's a photographer in your town.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

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You Fathers and Mothers

A KING Air-Rifle for Christmas makes a happy boy.

Try it, and see his eyes shine when he opens the package. And when the bright, nickeled-steel barrel and black-walnut stock appear, you can hear his delighted shout: "It's a real

KING AIR RIFLE"

Best of all it's a present he'll never tire of. It takes him out into the fresh air and sunshine of happy spring and summer days.

It teaches him self-control, steady nerve, quick wit, and gives him a keen eye and sure hand.

AND IT'S NOT A DANGEROUS POWDER GUN.

NOTE: All KING models, except the Lever Action Repeater and No. 15 Pop-Gun, have the famous KING "break-down" action. The Lever Action is ideal for older and stronger boys, but after testing it for younger ones we found it took too much strength. Particularly in the 350-shot and Single Shot, this easy action is a great advantage. The pop-guns are so small that either action is satisfactory.

Sold by sporting-goods, hardware and toy stores. If not found in your town, send money and we'll ship, express prepaid. (For Nos. 15 and 18 add 15c. to price for express.)

The Markham Air-Rifle Co.

Inventors and Oldest Manufacturers of the Air-Rifle

PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.

Pacific Coast Office: 717 Market St., San Francisco
PHIL. B. BEKEART CO., Managers

KING of all the Air-Rifles

HERE'S the gun for the older boys and girls, as well as grown-ups. It's the KING No. 5; the famous "1000-shootin' Air-Gun." It holds 1000 Air-Rifle (or BB) shot in its magazine and shoots one at a time, with lever-action, like a Winchester.

The KING Lever-Action Repeaters are made of polished, nickeled-steel with genuine, gun-like, black-walnut stock and accurate sights.

KING No. 5, 1000-shot, nickeled-steel 36 inches - - **$2.00**
KING No. 5B, 1000-shot, gun-metal finish, 36 inches **$2.50**
KING No. 4, 500-shot, nickeled-steel, 34 inches - - **$1.75**

The Single Shot for Beginners

THIS is an excellent gun for boys of 15 and under; light, strong, with easy break-down action like No. 2; looks exactly the same but has no magazine. It's the right gun to begin with, for you have to load each time you shoot and it teaches you to be accurate and careful and not waste your shots. It shoots darts as well as shot.

Same strong construction and handsome appearance as all the other KINGS.

KING No. 1, Single-Shot, nickeled-steel, 31 inches **$1.00**

There's a KING for the Little Tots, too

THE KING Safety-Lever Pop-Gun, No. 15, is a miniature of the big No. 5 repeater, and has an exclusive lever action that can't kick back and pinch the fingers.

The No. 12 has the famous KING break-down action, and the No. 14 shoots a small, soft-rubber ball that will go a long way, and can't injure anything.

All are prime favorites with the little folks who are too young for an air-rifle.

KING No. 12, Pop-Gun, nickeled-steel, 15 inches - - - - **25c**
KING No. 15, Safety-Lever Pop-Gun, nickeled-steel, 17 inches **25c**
KING No. 14, Long-Range, nickeled-steel, 21 inches - - **50c**

The No. 2 is Very Easy to Operate

THE No. 2 Hammerless Magazine Repeater is not quite as large as the No. 5; but is strongly made, with the same true gun-like lines and appearance. Its magazine holds 350 Air-Rifle shot. The "break-down" action of this gun is one of its great attractions, and makes it the easiest to operate of all repeating air-rifles.

It's a gun any boy or girl can depend on and be proud of.

KING No. 2, 350-shot, nickeled-steel, 31 inches - - **$1.25**

Three-in-One for Indoors or Out

CHILDREN of all ages say you can't beat the KING No. 11 for indoor and outdoor target practice, or for games with military toys.

It's called "Three-in-One" because it shoots cork, rubber ball or Air-Rifle shot.

Summer and winter, rain or shine, you can always have fun with it.

KING No. 11, "Three-in-One," nickeled-steel, 29 inches - - - - - - - - **75c**

"Sioux Chief," the KING Bow and Arrow

BOYS and girls of all ages take to the Sioux Chief. You can't break or wear out the steel-spring bow, and the polished, hardwood arrow is tipped with rubber for safety.

If you want pointed arrows for outdoor shooting, you can easily make them yourself.

It's one of the greatest favorites in the KING line.

No. 18, "Sioux Chief," The KING Bow and Arrow, steel spring - - - - - - **25c**

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

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The Howard Watch

LET the family combine the usual small gifts into one big one for father's Christmas.

He has had a year of peculiar stress and anxiety—start him off with encouragement and cheer for the brighter times that are right ahead.

Women folks do not always understand the pleasure a man takes in owning a HOWARD. The fact that counts is, that its seventy years of service and association have made the HOWARD one of the caste-marks of the successful man.

For the young man home from school, or just entering business, no more inspiring gift could be selected—when one considers the distinguished Americans who have carried HOWARD Watches—and the select company of successful men, the HOWARD owners of today.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel (*double roller*) in a Crescent *Extra* or Boss *Extra* gold-filled case at $40, to the 23-jewel at $150—and the EDWARD HOWARD model at $350.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U. S. Navy. It is worth reading. Drop us a postcard, Dept. No. C, and we'll send you a copy.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS
BOSTON, MASS.

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Welsbach

LIGHTING SERVICE

BUY THE GAS MANTLE WITH THIS SHIELD OF QUALITY ON THE BOX

Welsbach Mantles are the most durable gas mantles made. But Welsbach SERVICE means more than merely long life. It means Welsbach Mantles burn brighter, preserve truer color value, and consume less gas, than any others.

¶ Each one of these points makes the Welsbach Mantle the *cheapest*, and the *best*, and the only one a discriminating buyer should accept.

FOR UPRIGHT AND INVERTED LAMPS
BEST QUALITY, 30c. OTHERS, 25c, 15c, 10c.

SOLD BY ALL GAS COMPANIES AND RELIABLE DEALERS

WELSBACH COMPANY, Gloucester, N.J.

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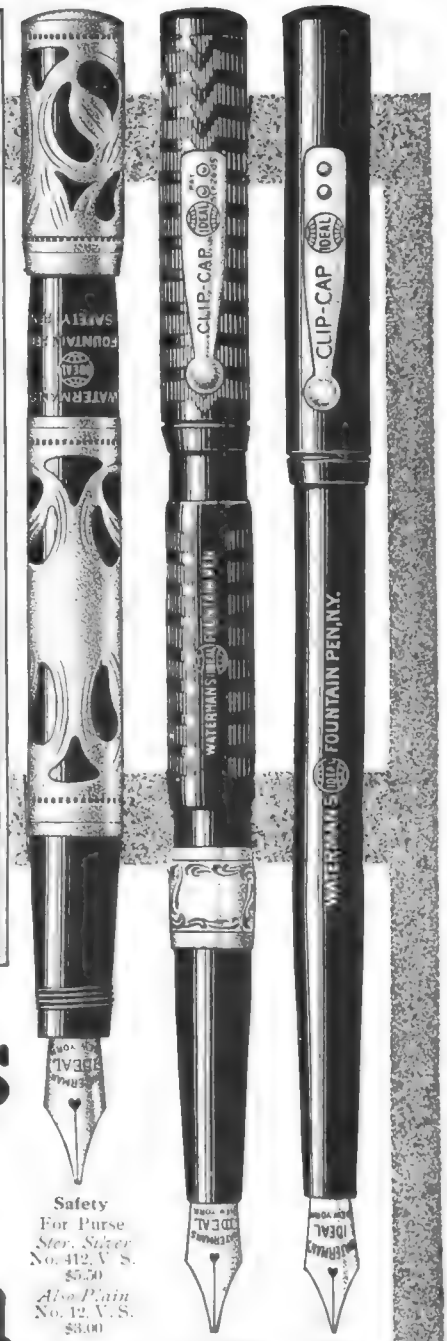
For YOU or YOURS

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

means an end to inky fingers and scratchy penmanship. A convenience that will facilitate one's business or social writing for years to come. This is the useful sort of a present that is increasingly advocated. There is a Waterman's Ideal for every member of the family, varying in construction, size and mounting. Pens exchangeable after Christmas to suit the user's hand.



Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Avoid Substitutes. *Illustrated Booklet on Request.*

From the Best Dealers Everywhere.

L. E. Waterman Company, 173 Broadway, New York.

24 School St., Boston 17 Stockton St., San Francisco Kingsway, London
115 So. Clark St., Chicago 107 Notre Dame St., W., Montreal 6 Rue de l'Hôtel de Ville, Paris

Safety For Purse *Ster. Silver* No. 412, V. S. $5.50 *Also Plain* No. 12, V. S. $3.00

Self-Filling *Gold Banded* No. 12, S. F. $3.50 *Larger Size* No. 14, S. F. $5.00

Regular *Plain* No. 12, $2.50 *Size Larger* No. 14, $4.00

All Gift Pens Supplied in Attractive Xmas Boxes

Chased, illustrated, adds to all costs. German Silver 25c. Sterling Silver, 50c. Rolled Gold, $1.00. Solid Gold, $5.00

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THOSE WHO OWN A

Peace Dale Steamer Rug

KNOW THE LUXURY OF IT

(Magnificent Designs in Scotch Clan Plaids, Made of All Wool)

The Ideal Christmas Gift

We Put Your Initials On Free! In gold color on black silk, sewn firmly on the back of the individual rug you select, which will identify it always as yours. Different members of a family may own their own rug and always know it by the initials.

Remember, **Peace Dale Steamer Rugs** have been on the market for 75 years. They are made by one of the oldest woolen manufacturers in New England and are the product of over a hundred years' experience. They are guaranteed all wool; the colorings are mostly in faithful reproduction of the famous Scotch Clan Plaids. They will last a lifetime and remain beautiful until discarded.

Peace Dale Steamer Rugs are the proper thing for use when automobiling, driving, skating, canoeing, yachting, camping; at picnics, baseball, football; on the veranda, the steamer; in the den, the invalid's room, in the hammock. In fact their use is a fine habit. They are smart and withal economical. For a Christmas gift, wedding present or birthday gift, one would be more highly appreciated than anything else you could possibly give.

Send for Our Beautiful Book Printed in Four Colors

reproducing twelve elegant styles of Peace Dale Steamer Rugs. It's free. Write for it today, and if your dealer doesn't carry the pattern of rug you desire, send us $15 with selection and we will put your initials on the rug and ship at once carriage prepaid to your door. Money back if not entirely satisfied. Our guarantee is backed by a two-million-dollar capital.

$15

carriage prepaid to your door

PEACE DALE CO-OPERATIVE STORES, Peace Dale, R. I.

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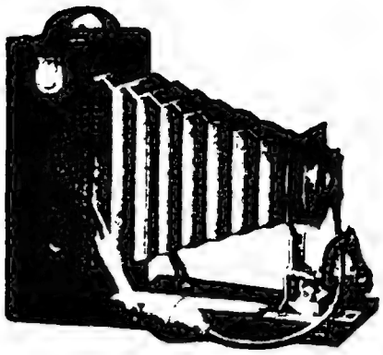
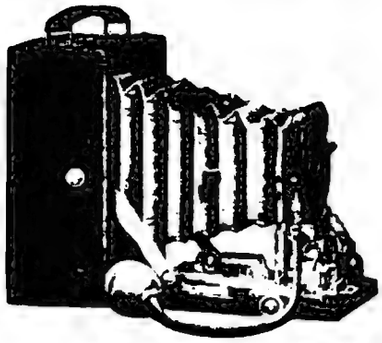
It is indeed a merry Christmas for the one who gets a

PREMO

Premo Jr. No. 0
Pictures, 1¾ x 2⅜, $1.50



Film Premo No. 1
Pictures, 3¼ x 5½, $12.50



Filmplate Premo Special
Zeiss Kodak Anastigmat Lens *f*.6.3 and Compound Shutter
Pictures, 3¼ x 4¼, $54.00

Decide that Christmas question of yours right here. There's someone you wish to please very much — yet you don't know just what to give.

But a Premo makes it easy. It will be welcomed alike by a boy or girl, a man or woman, of any age.

It has the very spirit of Christmas in it — remembrance — for it enables anyone to make and keep forever, pictures of all the pleasures of Christmas day and of all the days that follow.

No experience is necessary in using a Premo. They are the smallest, lightest, easiest to load and operate of cameras — as the nearest dealer will show you.

As for price, you can get a Premo for as little as $1.50 — as much as $150.00, and from the lowest to the highest in price, they are fully capable, dependable cameras.

In the margin we show three of over forty different styles and sizes. The Premo catalog describes them all in detail, as well as the daylight loading Premo Film Pack and the Premo Film Pack Tank. Premo catalog free at the dealer's, or mailed postpaid on request.

ROCHESTER OPTICAL DIVISION
EASTMAN KODAK CO. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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Pabst Extract American Girl Calendar 1913

The American girl at home and abroad, is famed for her beauty, her grace and her charming feminine ways.

All that is characteristic of the typical American girl is artistically portrayed in this newest Pabst American Girl Calendar. The face, the form, the pose, the garb—make a composite picture of womanly beauty that cannot fail to call forth the admiration of everyone.

Picture in your mind this beautiful calendar seven inches wide and thirty-six inches long, exquisitely printed in twelve delicately blended colors. The size, the subject and the color scheme lend themselves perfectly to the adornment of any room, home, den or office.

No advertising matter whatever, not even the title nor the months, are printed on the front.

Scores of calendars, far less artistic, are sold every year at 75c to $2.00 each, but *we send you this calendar free,* hoping it will serve to remind you that

Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

strengthens the weak and builds up the overworked—relieves insomnia and conquers dyspepsia—helps the anaemic and turns nerve exhaustion into active, healthy vim—encourages listless convalescence into rapid recovery—assists nursing mothers and reinvigorates old age.

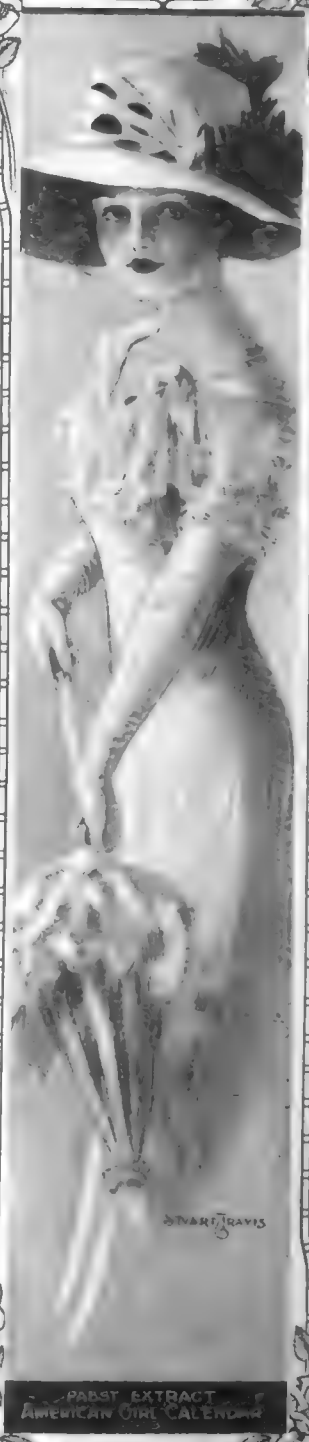
The United States Government specifically classifies Pabst Extract as an article of medicine—not an alcoholic beverage.

Order a Dozen from Your Druggist
Insist Upon It being "Pabst"

This Calendar Free

All we ask is that you send us ten cents, stamps or coin, to cover cost of packing and mailing. The demand for these beautiful calendars will be heavy, so write at once if you wish one.

PABST EXTRACT CO., Dept. 19, Milwaukee, Wis.



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Your Eyes Can See

Your hand can write. Look, then, at this Free Offer, and read it. Then "take your pen in hand," fill in and mail the Coupon today.

Use Your Eyes

to your best advantage. Let them deliver this message to your brain—that we have prepared for you some free samples of ticking and a fascinating *Free Book* of 144 pages that will show you how to enjoy real rest, real comfort with an Ostermoor mattress—how to rise in the mornings *refreshed* for the day's business and pleasures—how to keep yourself *young*.

Have you ever thought how lumpy, hard or uncomfortable that old mattress you've had so long *is?* Or why you don't rest well? Please do so now—and profit by this

OSTERMOOR MATTRESS $15

"Built— Not Stuffed"

Fill in, tear out and mail this coupon for Free Book, with samples and details of Free Trial Offer. Write on margin, if necessary—NOW!

Thirty Days' Free Trial

—yes—at our expense—to prove to you why you should have an Ostermoor (famous 60 years) instead of an ordinary mattress.

We can't begin to tell you *half* about the Ostermoor in this one little page—but the *free* 144-page book will give you all the facts about it—and a few as to why you should rest right at night. You get samples with the book, or—

A handsome, full size mattress, 4 feet 6 inches wide and 6 feet 3 inches long, full weight of 45 pounds, best blue and white ticking, will be sent to you by express, prepaid, same day we receive your check or money-order for $15.

This amount will be placed to your credit for 30 days until you have had ample opportunity to prove the Ostermoor, and will be returned to you without question if you are dissatisfied. The mattresses come packed in leatherette paper and burlap, and reach you in perfect condition. *You take no risk.*

OSTERMOOR & CO.
107 Elizabeth Street, New York
Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

MATTRESSES COST
Express Prepaid
4 ft. 6 in. wide, by 6 ft. 3 in. long—One Part.

Regular, A.C.A. Ticking,	$15.00
Regular, Satin Finish Ticking,	16.50
Regular, Mercerized Art Twills,	18.00
Special Hotel Style,	23.00
Extra Thick French Edge,	30.00
Special Imperial Edge,	35.00
Extra Thick Imperial Edge,	45.00
Imperial Double Stitched French Roll,	55.00

Mattresses in Two Parts, 50c extra
Smaller sizes will cost $1 less each size

Our Free Book describes all these mattresses in detail

Mail This Today—Don't Delay

FREE COUPON

Ostermoor & Co.
107 Elizabeth Street
New York

Dear Sirs:—Please send me free 144-page Ostermoor book, samples of ticking and details of FREE TRIAL offer.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

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Say "Yes!" to

CALIFORNIA

—Leave the chill of winter behind you and find the flush of roses, the sun-gilded missions, the out-door cheer of road and rill, the charms of a radiant sea.

And in three days you're ***there*** if you go that luxury way by the

Golden State Limited

via Rock Island Lines

— No Excess Fare —

The train that gives you a cordial welcome any evening at Chicago or St. Louis and carries you off on the levelest tracks into the land of loafawhile. Big berths that mean perfect rest, dining service that means appetite, a buffet-library-observation car, Victrola music, barber, valet—everything that could make this part of your journey a happy sojourn in itself is provided by this peerless and princely train.

The through fast "Californian" and other good trains with standard and tourist sleeping cars, every day from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Memphis for the Pacific Coast.

Beautiful free booklet sent on request

L. M. ALLEN, Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 243 La Salle Station, Chicago.

Rock Island

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

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The Rarest Thing in The World Is Now on Sale—

This Christmas—make it *different*. Give your loved ones the "*rarest thing in the whole world.*" It's on sale. Peace of mind—contentment—real enjoyment—aren't these the rarest gifts the world has to offer? And the Apollo Player Piano *brings* them with it and *keeps* them where it is. You and yours enjoy music—good music. It turns unrest into peace of mind—it transforms dull, yawnful evenings into hours of pleasure. What more can your money buy?

We said "good music." We meant it. Accenting the melody—omitting it altogether, playing only the accompaniment and playing that accompaniment in any one of eight different keys. The Solo-Apollo does this. No other player piano is *permitted* to—Melville Clark's basic patents stand in the way.

And the Apollo touches down on the keys—just like every human being who ever produced a sound from a piano by striking the key. And the Metronome Motor—as finely made and accurately adjusted a piece of mechanism as the best watch ever built—relieves you of the necessity of pedaling to rewind the music rolls—a touch of a lever—no pedaling—and the roll's rewound and you're ready for another. All these things and more are yours when you select the Apollo Player Piano.

Investigate right now so that Christmas morning will find a Solo-Apollo in your home. Send us your name on a postal card, a letter, a telegram. We'll send you reference books on the player piano proposition that are worth having.

We'll Give You These Books—upon request. They're worth having and worth reading.

MELVILLE CLARK PIANO COMPANY

EXECUTIVE OFFICES— 403 FINE ARTS BUILDING, CHICAGO

NEW YORK SHOW ROOMS: 305 FIFTH AVENUE

The Melville Clark Piano possesses unexcelled tone quality

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R. WALLACE SILVER

Washington Pattern

Laurel Pattern

RW&S
STERLING

HOLIDAY presents of R. Wallace Sterling for the toilet table or sideboard, are gifts the value of which will grow greater with each passing year.

Nobility of design is fittingly carried out in fine workmanship in the Washington Sterling Silver table service.

We guarantee

"1835 — R. WALLACE"

Silver plate that RESISTS wear

will give absolute satisfaction and we agree to stand behind and replace every piece of goods bearing the "1835 R. Wallace" trade mark that does not give satisfactory service in any household.

So in this ware you have the certainty of quality with a beauty of design (as exemplified in the Laurel pattern) generally found only in Sterling.

Send for the little book "Table Decorations for Celebrations" and "How to Set the Table" by Mrs. Rorer. It is free to those interested in Wallace Silver.

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. COMPANY
BOX 25 WALLINGFORD, CONN.

New York Chicago San Francisco London

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Swift's Premium Calendar for 1913

The Best Calendar in Years

Four large, beautiful pictures, symbolic of the elements: Earth, Fire, Water, Air; reproduced by the latest color process. These pictures will make handsome subjects for framing, as there is no advertising on them. The original paintings are by the famous artist, Eleanor Colburn, and were obtained at great expense exclusively for this calendar.

Sent to any address for—
10c in coin, or U. S. stamps,
(In Canada 10c extra on account of duty) *or*
Trade-mark end of five "Swift's Premium" Oleomargarine cartons, *or*
Parchment Circle in top of a Jar of "Swift's Premium" Sliced Bacon.

Calendars may also be secured from the Hamilton Corporation, New York City, for 20 new denomination "ones" Hamilton Coupons.

Hamilton Coupons are packed with:
Swift's Pride Soap **Swift's Pride Cleanser**
Swift's Pride Washing Powder
Swift's Borax Soap **Swift's Naphtha Soap**
Swift's White Laundry Soap
Wool Soap **Wool Soap Chips** (Boraxated)

"Swift's Premium" Hams and Bacon

are U. S. Government inspected and passed and owe their delicate flavor and high quality to the "Swift's Premium" method of selecting and curing.

When you send for a Calendar, address

Swift & Company, 4162 Packers' Avenue, Chicago.

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70 pages of things which men desire

A book which is very much more than a catalog. It tells about all there is to tell concerning revolvers, shot guns, bicycles and motorcycles; shows how they are made; explains the actions and mechanical principles involved; shows how to distinguish good from unsound features and get full value for your money.

This book has been gotten up in very durable and handsome form—stiff board covers; fine plate paper, costly engravings. We will mail a copy without cost to you.

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic Revolvers

An expert on ordnance recently wrote us as follows about a series of tests: "We find but three revolvers worthy of consideration, the —, the —, and the Iver Johnson * * * as to accuracy, range and penetration it is a most satisfactory weapon * * * it is unquestionably the safest revolver on the market * * * its reliability is due to spiral springs throughout."

You will find a large variety of models listed in our book.

Bicycles

Our book tells why the Iver Johnson bicycle is fast, easy riding and long lived. It tells of scientific 3-point bearings, machined with wonderful accuracy; tool steel balls; seamless steel tubing; forged crown, rear fork ends, seat post and handle bar post; five coats of enamel; finest equipment.

The Iver Johnson costs from $30 to $60, "Boy Scout" and "Camp Fire Girl" juvenile bicycles from $20 to $25.

Motorcycles

What has impressed engineers most about the Iver Johnson Motorcycle is the absolute soundness of its mechanical design. We question if there is a motorcycle in existence having a more perfect harmony between parts, such uniform distribution of strength or such intelligent mechanical construction.

Single and twin cylinder models, 4 and 8 h. p. Book gives specifications and prices.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 126 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 99 Chambers St. Pacific Coast Branch: Phil P. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St., San Francisco

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My jimmy pipe!

Companion of the years gone;
true friend, unchanged by fortune's
flow and ebb;
helpful, inspiring; in life's
battle my confidant, my
collaborator—
my jimmy pipe!

No man is my friend who
would say of you one unkindly
word; you have earned the best
the tongue can bestow, my
good friend, my true friend—
my jimmy pipe!

Deny me not a taste of
tobacco from your fragrant bowl;
you have won your reward,
your rest;
but to me, your charm is like
the spell of magic; I yearn for just
one more cool, soothing smoke
ere I lay you in peace and quiet,
so well deserved—
my jimmy pipe!

Blackened by long years of faithful
service; ready, willing, eager to give
me happiness; beauty
adorns you not, I confess;
but best of all my earthly possessions,
I pay you homage
—a tribute born of enduring
affection,
my good friend, my true friend,
my jimmy pipe!

Get out your jimmy pipe!

And get it via the speed line, because time's flying and it's long since Prince Albert tobacco sounded the recall of jimmy pipes from attic rafters, dark, musty den corners and other forgotten spots—laid away simply because fond owners would not stand scorched tongues, ill-smelling fumes and parched throats!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

It set the whole pipe-world free! Yes, sir, made it possible for *every* man to chum it with a jimmy pipe, because it's tobacco that won't bite tongues, *because it can't!* A patented process cuts out the sting! You give yourself a joy smoke! Put that old jimmy on the firing line again jammed brimful of P. A.—*and* take a new lease on cheer-up! *Do that little thing!* And listen: You'll never know the glories of a sweet, fresh, cigarette until you roll one made of Prince Albert. It's a revelation to smokers of *dust*-brands and *chaff*-brands.

Buy P. A. everywhere—in 5c toppy red bags, 10c tidy red tins and handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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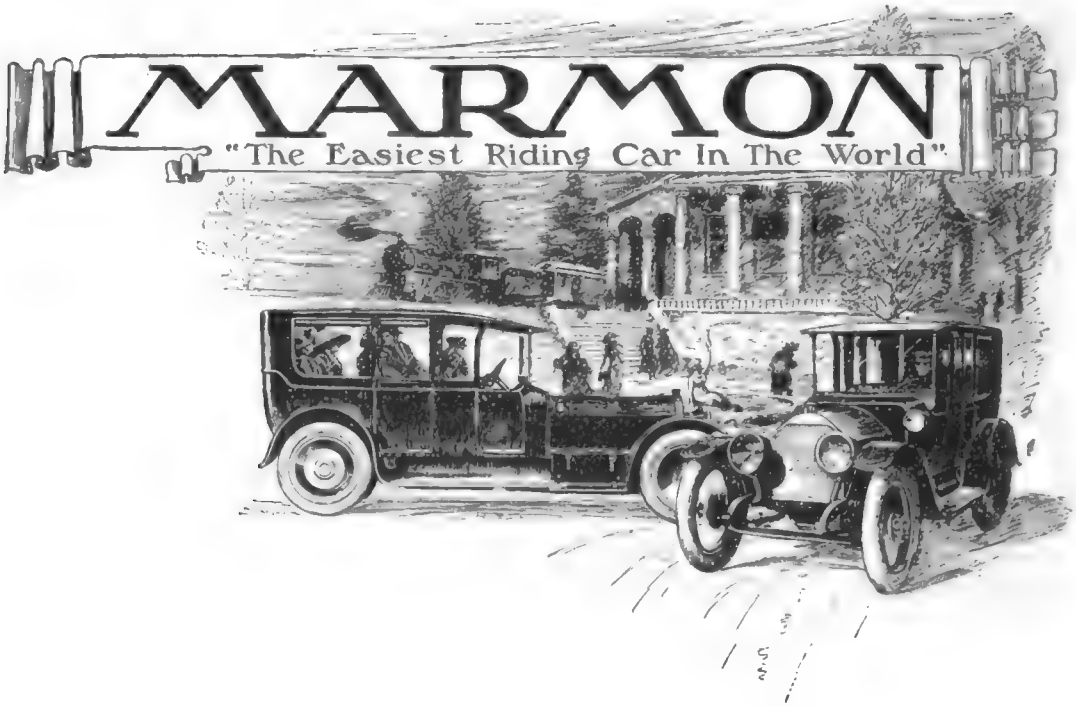

BODY designs may change from time to time to meet the latest dictates of the fastidious buyer. Minor refinements bring increased luxury with every season. But the service of Marmon cars remains constant year after year, daily giving proof of the value of Marmon design, materials and construction.

Detailed Information on Request

NORDYKE & MARMON CO
(Established 1851)

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Sixty Years of Successful Manufacturing

The Marmon "32"

32-40 h. p., 120-inch wheel-base, electric starting and lighting, left hand drive, center control, nickel trimmings, with newest body types to meet every requirement and corresponding equipment—$2,850 to $4,100.

The Marmon Six

48-80 h. p., 145-inch wheel-base, electric starting and lighting, left hand drive, center control, nickel trimmings, with body types to meet every requirement and corresponding equipment—$5,000 to $6,350.

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BUY NEW YORK LOTS NEAR SUBWAY

What Real Estate or Investment Firm in the World can Parallel the Following Marvelous Record?

178% Increase in the Value of our Customers' Lots

ABOUT 1900 we sold three Brooklyn Sub-divisions, namely, Oak Crest, The Lindens and Kings Oaks for $587,410 on easy instalments. This year the Tax Department of the City of New York appraises the cash value of this property at $1,632,265, or nearly three times the original selling price. Some of these lots have increased over 500 per cent.—the average increase is 178 per cent., ***and not one single lot has failed to show a rise;*** in other words, 100 per cent. of these sales have made good.

Do you believe that J. P. Morgan & Co.—the greatest bankers in the world—could show a record equal to this? If not, how can ***you*** wait longer before investigating?

You should bear in mind that all this wonderful rise in value has come about with practically no changes in the transportation facilities of Brooklyn.

Today we are on the edge of a stupendous boom in real estate by reason of a Three hundred million dollar subway system (actually under construction) that will come within easy walking distance of every lot we own. This system should be completed within five years, or thereabouts, and we think the heads of all the New York City Departments will bear us out in the belief that within the next ten years, land values near subways should increase at a rate greatly in excess of anything in the past in the same districts.

We have gotten up a booklet, showing the history of our first 1,000 sales on Oak Crest, The Lindens, Kings Oaks and Kingsboro, *without a single omission*—we think it the most remarkable bit of testimony ever put out by a business firm. Let us send it to you with full information about our money-making $890 lots in the Hyde Park District of Brooklyn.

OUR REFERENCES

We have been in business for 25 years and are considered the largest real estate concern in the world. We refer you to your own bank or any commercial agency regarding our financial standing and reputation.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

Come to New York at any time within ninety days after date of your purchase; visit our properties with our representative; keep what you have if you think it is the best bargain in our $10,000,000 holdings; change it for any other lot if you will, or go to our cashier's desk and get back every dollar you have paid us if you are not satisfied with any of our lots. A decision, however, is required at the time of the examination of the property, and the offer extends only to those who visit New York within said ninety days. In other words, we do not give options. We do give you ninety days to examine your property and get your money back if you are not satisfied with your purchase and do not find any other property in our holdings that is satisfactory to you.

WOOD, HARMON & CO., Dept. W. 4. **261 BROADWAY NEW YORK**

TEAR OFF

WOOD, HARMON & CO., Dept. W. 4 261 Broadway, New York

Send me information regarding your $890 lots, $10 down, $7 monthly; also your booklet giving the record of a thousand sales. My name and address is written below:

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"THE CRISIS"
From the Painting by Charles Everett Johnson

The Xmas Gift Most Prized by Man or Boy

Among all the Christmas gifts for men or boys, a beautiful Brunswick Home Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Table is surest to "cap the climax."

The name "Brunswick" on a billiard table is the symbol of *perfection*. The prices and easy terms are very attractive.

Every man has promised himself a billiard table "some day." Let that red letter day be *this Christmas!*

Billiards is the ideal pastime for the home circle—

—A game that keeps the boys home nights and *royally entertained*. A veritable "Home Magnet."

It offers the physical exercise and mental relaxation that keeps men "in fighting trim."

Brunswick *Baby Grand* Home Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Table

World's finest Home Billiard Table. Genuine Mahogany, Inlaid Design, handsomely finished. Vermont Slate Bed. Baby Monarch Cushions. Concealed drawer holds Playing Equipment. Scientifically constructed. Perfect playing qualities.

Our Combination Dining-Billiard and Davenport-Billiard Tables

are furnished in various styles, each serving a *double purpose*. Equal in playing qualities to the "Baby Grand" styles.

Complete Playing Outfit Free Outfit includes cues, balls, bridge, rack, markers, rules and Book, "How to Play." (54)

OVER A YEAR TO PAY

Purchaser has the option of paying all cash or in small payments extending over a year.

Book "Billiards—The Home Magnet" Free

Shows all styles of Brunswick Home Billiard Tables in actual colors. Moderate prices, easy terms. Our sixty years of billiard table supremacy is your guarantee of quality.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Dept. B-I, 324-328 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago

Comptometer

ADDS MULTIPLIES

DIVIDES SUBTRACTS

Try it

The trial costs you nothing.

Try it on your book work—on extension of bills and inventories—on percentages, payrolls, subtraction—whole numbers, fractions—anything in figures.

It saves lots of time and hard work, prevents errors, enables you to keep your work right up to the minute without strain or worry.

Don't imagine that you are saving the price of a Comptometer by doing without it—any more than you would save the cost of a typewriter by writing your letters longhand.

The Comptometer is a means of economy—not a source of expense. It is adaptable to any system of accounting.

It is also perfectly interchangeable on any kind of work. The same model Comptometer used by the bookkeeper for additions and subtractions, serves for bill extensions and percentage divisions without change or adjustment.

You can have a Comptometer on trial in your office for the asking—the only obligation you assume is to give it a thorough workout on all your figuring.

Here's a chance for you to apply the real test—the test of everyday service.

Ask for particulars about this offer; also for descriptive literature including our booklet, "Rapid Mechanical Calculation."

FELT & TARRANT MANUFACTURING CO.
1726 No. Paulina Street
Chicago

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It is indeed rare to find strength and fineness combined in a sock. But to find a sock reinforced from the beginning of the toe, along the sole to and including the heel and above the shoe line—a marvel of strength, yet made of such fine yarn that electric light is needed to bring out the reinforcing—this is truly extraordinary. Such are Bachelors' Friend Hosiery.

Any quality
$1.00 a box

Box of 4 pairs guaranteed 4 mos.
Box of 3 pairs guaranteed 3 mos.
Box of 2 pairs guaranteed 2 mos.

These socks are foot-strong, silk-soft, cool, and dressy. Sizes from 9's to 12's—all leading colors. If unable to get them from your dealer, order direct, giving size and color.

SPECIAL—Lightest weight guaranteed gauze hose made—box of 3 pairs guaranteed 3 mos.

JOSEPH BLACK & SONS CO., York, Pa.

Bachelors' Friend HOSIERY
TRADE MARK
Regd. U. S. Pat. Office and Canada.

RITE-LITE adjustable Shaving and Toilet Glass

Solves the Light Problem for Men and Women

Ever Watch Your Husband While He Was Shaving?

Turning and twisting to get the light—to avoid the shadows? Using an ordinary mirror is the most exasperating part of shaving. It would please him if you would give him a Rite-Lite.

"No Shadows Shaving"

Makes the shave easier and quicker. Women need it in their Boudoir. Swinging arm adjustable, up, down and sideways, turns on swivel around to get the day or artificial light. Nickel fixtures. Best quality French mirrors.

IDEAL XMAS GIFT

Money back if not satisfied.
Illustrated booklet free.

Price Delivered

6-inch, $2.00; 7-inch, $3.00
(Seven-inch fitted with magnifying mirror one side, flat mirror reverse side, $5.00)

Dealers write for Terms

RITE-LITE GLASS CO.
248 N. Salina St., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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This Book Shows the One Best Way to Transfer *Your* Papers and Records!

Do it right this year! When transferred the "Y and E" way, papers are as findable as they are in an active file.

Correct transferring involves three things: (1) Removing papers from active files to transfer cases. (2) Recording that fact so you will know in May, 1913, where to find John Smith's 1912 orders. (3) Starting your new files for 1913 records.

Do these things right. Have no lost papers; no disputes; time saved, money earned.

"What is the right way for me to do these things?" you ask. Our complete book "How to Transfer Papers and Records" explains. It states clearly the basic principles of correct transferring.

Experience, not theory, is the backbone of this scientific little volume. Charts, diagrams, photos and drawings illustrate and explain the simplest and best methods. We're pioneers against the "bundle-'em-up-and-put-them-in-the-vault" method.

You needn't wait 32 years to get the experience we have now. This valuable booklet will be sent free to those who request it on business stationery. To others, 50c each.

Our No. 404 Vertical Letter File is surpassed by none. Capacity for 4000 papers. Drawers operate on compound roller slide, and when loaded full, can be opened with slight pull of little finger.

These Drawer Style Transfer Cases may be stacked on each other, thus conserving floor space. Drawers operate on little rollers, and are strong and durable. One of many different transfer cases we make.

YAWMAN AND ERBE MFG. CO. 1236 St. Paul St., Rochester, N.Y.
World's Largest Makers of Filing Systems and Business Equipment
Branches, Agents and Dealers in over 1200 Cities
In Canada: OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO., LTD., Toronto

ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT

NO OTHER GRAPE FRUIT EQUALS IT IN FLAVOR

A well-known physician writes: "I prescribe grape fruit for all my patients, and tell them to be sure and get ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT, as *other grape fruit to the Atwood is AS CIDER APPLES TO PIPPINS.*"

The Journal "American Medicine" says: "Realizing the great value of grape fruit, the medical profession have long advocated its daily use, but it has only been within the past few years that the extraordinary curative virtues of this 'king of fruits' have been appreciated. This dates from the introduction of the ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT, *a kind that so far surpasses the ordinary grape fruit that no comparison can be made.*"

Says E. E. Keeler, M.D., in the "Good Health Clinic": "In all cases where there is the 'uric acid diathesis' you will see an immediate improvement following the use of grape fruit."

If you desire, your grocer or fruit dealer will furnish the ATWOOD Brand in either bright or bronze. It may be procured at first-class hotels, restaurants and clubs. Ask for ATWOOD Brand. For home use buy it by the box; it will keep for weeks and improve.

THE ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT COMPANY. MANAVISTA, FLA. TRADE MARK

ATWOOD Grape Fruit is always sold in the trade-mark wrapper of the Atwood Grape Fruit Company.

THE ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT COMPANY, 80 Maiden Lane, New York

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Revillon Freres
PARIS LONDON NEW YORK
The Revillon Label

The guarantee of reliable furs

Revillon Frères

FOUNDED 1723.

Furs

A Christmas gift of Revillon Furs will be good through many Christmases. The styles are advanced, though conservative, and may be depended upon for several seasons. Send for our Miniature Catalogue, showing about fifty of the year's best styles. Address Dept. G.

Revillon Frères

19 West 34th Street, New York

Paris **London**

THE HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. SUCCESSOR
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

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Stop Wearing Out the Steps

Through the help of the International Correspondence Schools, thousands of ambitious men have stopped "wearing out the steps" that lead nowhere, and have secured better positions, better pay, and lasting success.

This isn't mere talk—it's a ***fact.*** The voluntary testimony of these men, together with their names and addresses, will be sent you if you will mark the attached coupon.

You can get off the worn-out steps and win a better position and more money, just as surely as these men did. To learn ***how*** you can do it through I. C. S. help—in your own home and spare time—mark and mail the attached coupon today. Marking the coupon costs you nothing. You assume no obligation.

Mark the coupon ***now*** for a bigger salary.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1269 SCRANTON, PA.
Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Electrical Engineer	Civil Service
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Bookkeeping
Telephone Expert	Stenography & Typewriting
Architect	Window Trimming
Building Contractor	Show Card Writing
Architectural Draftsman	Lettering and Sign Painting
Structural Engineer	Advertising
Concrete Construction	Commercial Illustrating
Mechan. Engineer	Industrial Designing
Mechanical Draftsman	Commercial Law
Civil Engineer	Teacher
Mine Superintendent	English Branches
Stationary Engineer	Poultry Farming
Plumbing & Steam Fitting	Agriculture — Spanish
Gas Engines	Chemist — French
Automobile Running	Salesman — German

Name _____

Present Occupation _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

"Got a Sore Throat?

"Well, sonny, you can thank your stars you're not in for the dosings I used to get as a boy. You have an easier time of it these days.

"Just rub that Capsicum Vaseline well into your chest—it's the best thing in the world for a cold or sore throat—and swallow a teaspoonful of plain White Vaseline. In the morning you'll feel fine—soreness all gone."

Capsicum Vaseline

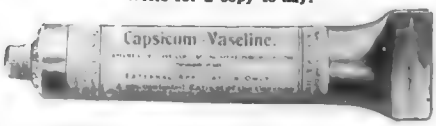
Capsicum Vaseline is splendid for rheumatism, neuralgia, gouty complaints, etc. More efficient than the old mustard plaster; easier to apply, and cleaner; *will not blister the skin.*

Apply externally only.

There are other "Vaseline" preparations that should be in every home—each specially made for its particular uses. Ask your druggist to show you them.

All the family will be interested in the practical home hints given in our free "Vaseline" booklet.

Write for a copy to-day.



NOTE:—Refuse to accept substitutes. Insist on "Vaseline"—made only by the

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.
(Consolidated)

19 State Street
New York

Branch Offices:
London—Montreal

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The Best of Xmas Gifts—A DIAMOND

Is there any gift for man or woman so acceptable, so much to be desired, or so permanently valuable as a really fine diamond?

If you wish to confer upon anyone this most beautiful of Christmas gifts or to have for your own use the very finest grade of Blue White stone in any setting you wish, our system of selling you

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

At Lowest Importers' Prices

Brings our goods within reach of all.

We are one of the largest diamond dealers in the world. We import our stones in the "rough" and finish them here. We buy for spot cash in enormous quantities. Instead of counting on a few sales at big prices, we figure *on a mass of sales at small profits.* That's why we can sell you diamonds 20% lower than any other dealers.

We furnish diamonds on credit to any reputable man or woman on these terms:

20% with order and 10% per month.

You have the privilege of exchanging your purchase at its full value. All transactions strictly confidential. Any article here illustrated or in our catalog No. 15 sent express prepaid for your examination, returnable at our expense if not perfectly satisfactory.

Send at once for our beautiful 65-page Christmas catalog No. 15 It's free. *Select your diamond before Christmas and get it on credit.*

Special Holiday Discount of 10% on all Cash Purchases

J. M. LYON & CO.

71-73 Nassau Street New York City

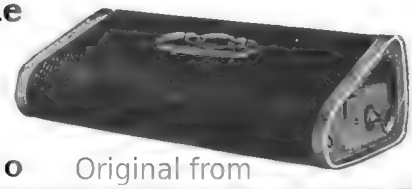
In Auto, Sleigh or Carriage in Coldest Weather a CLARK HEATER will always Keep You Warm

It is neat, compact, attractive and unbreakable; supplies the heat without flame, smoke or smell. We make twenty styles of these heaters from 90c to $10 each. Most of them have attractive carpet covers with asbestos lining.

They have been on the market over ten years and have pleased every purchaser. We guarantee that you will be well satisfied or money refunded. They fit in at the feet, occupy little space and are just the thing for real comfort.

Don't Shiver and be Uncomfortable

when one of these heaters will keep you warm, cozy and comfortable on every business or pleasure trip in cold weather. Ask your dealer for a **Clark Heater**—the only kind that will last indefinitely, never get out of order, and heat as much or as little as you want. Insist on the **Clark.** Write for complete free catalog—a postal will bring it. Why not WRITE NOW?



Chicago Flexible Shaft Company

98 La Salle Ave., CHICAGO

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ARTIFICIAL HEATING often causes discomfort and even sickness. The remedy is in "the Thermometer Habit." Comfort and Health in the Home and Efficiency in the School, Office and Factory are greatest when the Thermometer indicates 68° F.

"Tycos" THERMOMETERS

will give "personality" to your Christmas gifts. No. 5351 "Tycos" Chandelier Thermometer is designed to hang from the light fixture. Not influenced by wall temperatures. Has large spirit tube, with three easy-reading scales. May be read from any part of the room. $2.00.

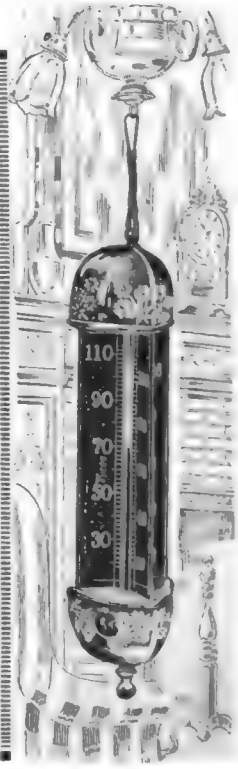
If not at your dealer's, send order direct.

Write for The Thermometer Book—Free. Shows many styles of Household Thermometers.

Taylor Instrument Companies

West Street, Rochester, N. Y.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Thermometers for Household, Industrial and other Purposes.



THEY'RE MADE TO MEASURE

The World's Standard

Putman Boots & Shoes

Go on like a glove and fit all over.

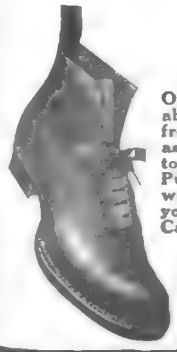
We have made Boots for Sportsmen, Civil and Mining Engineers, &c., longer than any other boot makers and *know how.* Putman Boots sell all over the world, and have justly earned the slogan "The World's Standard." They are made-to-measure, Water Proofed or not, as ordered, any weight of uppers or soles, all heights, a variety of leathers and prices that you will find satisfactory. For Canoeing and Still Hunting, we make Moosehide and Oil Tanned Moccasins that have no equal.

LARGE CATALOGUE FREE

FROM FACTORY TO YOU

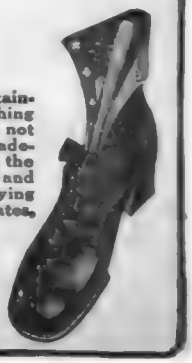
TO MEASURE

BENCH MADE SHOES



Our made-to-measure Shoes are strictly Bench Made, from the best materials obtainable. We make them in Black and all the popular shades of Tan Leathers. Everything from the lightest Vici Kids to Heavy English "Hiking Shoe." Water Proofed or not as ordered. If you want real comfort for Fall and Winter wear, try a pair of our made-to-measure 8-in. Storm Shoes, with tight Bellows Tongue, and Water Proofed by the Putman Liquid Rubber Process. They are stylish, avoid the necessity of rubbers, and we will make your shoes fit your feet. No "breaking in" which is one way of saying you are making your feet fit your shoes. Prices delivered in the United States, Canada or Mexico, $6.00 to $7.50 per pair.

We want every man to have a copy of our free catalogue. Send for one to-day, it will help you decide where to place your next shoe order. Self measurement blanks and full instructions with every catalogue.



PUTMAN BOOT & SHOE CO.

124 Fifth St. N. E. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

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GET IN THE SMOOTH SMOKE CIRCLE

Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

Real companionship for the pipe.

The choicest Burley leaf that grows—
perfectly matured.

A mellowness which makes the flavor most
delightful—a smoothness unequaled.

Smoke "Velvet"—
it will give you *all* the pleasure.
Too smooth to irritate!

Ask your dealer for a tin of Velvet—
You *will* enjoy it!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10¢ TINS, Handy 5¢ Bags—
or one pound glass
humidor jars.

NOT A BIT OF BITE

Velvet TOBACCO

BURROWES Billiard and Pool Table

Is a Christmas Gift Men Really Want!

It is a practical Table, adapted to the most expert play. The style illustrated is simple in design but strongly built, with Mahogany finish and handsome, stamped bronze corners. It is a combination Table, for both Billiards and Pool. The following accessories are furnished without extra charge:
16 pool balls, 4 48-inch cues, 1 36-inch cue, 10 pins for Pin Pool, 1 triangle, 1 bridge, 1 pool bottle, 6 pocket stops, book of instructions, extra tips, cue chalk, sandpaper, etc.
The stand is not essential, but often is a great convenience. With each Burrowes Table is furnished free a set of 4 hardwood leveling blocks, for use in mounting on dining-room or library table.

Our catalog contains many other styles and sizes of Tables, at a broad range of prices. Write for it or order directly from this advertisement.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first installment we ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 63 Spring Street, Portland, Me.

$35
Stand $2.50 extra

$3.00 DOWN
$3 per month

Table No. 71
Size, 3x6 ft.

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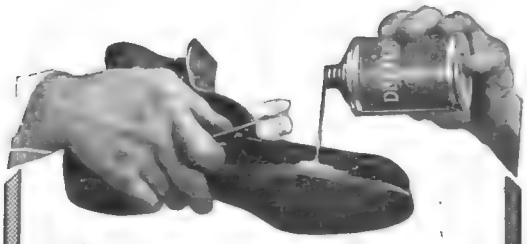


Whatever the Weather
You Can Always
Have Dry Feet
without the discomfort of wearing rubbers even if you *should* happen to think of them.
One thorough application of

DRI-FOOT
WATERPROOFING

will make your shoes waterproof—soles, upper and seams. It keeps the shoes soft—makes them wear much longer. Doesn't make them greasy nor interfere with polishing.

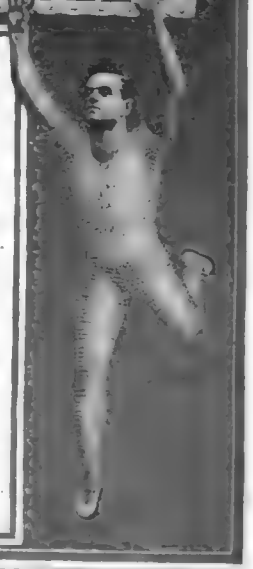
SEND FOR TEST TAG
It proves Dri-foot does what we claim. Ask your shoe dealer. 25c, full size can.

Fitz Chemical Co.
342 Broad St.
Phillipsburg, N. J.

CHALMERS
TRADE MARK
FABRIC PAT. DEC. 12 1905.
"Porosknit"
DESIGN PAT. DEC 19, 1905
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
GUARANTEE

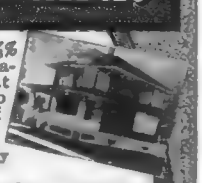
Genuine "Porosknit"
The one underwear that is fully *guaranteed.* Get the bond when you buy.
Satisfaction or money back
Union Suits
50c for boys, $1 for men, or shirts and drawers 25c for boys, 50c for men.

Chalmers Knitting Co.
9 Washington St.
Amsterdam, N. Y.



ESKAY'S FOOD
is as good for "grown-ups" as it is for infants.
When for *any* reason ordinary food cannot be taken, a nice, hot, freshly-cooked bowl of Eskay's will be found ideal—because:
—**It is digested almost without effort.**
—**It contains everything necessary to nourish and strengthen the body.**
—**It is particularly appetizing.**
For ***Free Trial Sample,*** write
SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO., 434 Arch St., Philadelphia

Going to Build?



Want to actually *save* 33⅓% to 50% on your building material bill? Then write us at once, *today*—and get our two Great Books. Catalog of Millwork contains over 8,000 Big Bargains—everything brand NEW (no wreckage) and absolutely *guaranteed!* We sell

Everything in Lumber, Flooring, Roofing, Doors, Windows, Mouldings, Porchwork, Building Paper, Home and Farm Furniture, Hardware, Tinwork and Paints at Wholesale Prices!

We ship *direct* to you, eliminating all middlemen's profits. You get mill prices. We ship you *complete* material for building house, barn, garage or outbuildings, etc. Total cost of our materials on above house (see picture) only $971.00. Our handsome Book of Modern Plans shows splendid views and floor plans of 50 beautiful up-to-date houses. Shows you how to build at much *less* than you expected. Complete working blue prints, specifications, etc., furnished *free* to our customers. But get our **2 Great Books—Big 176-Pg. Catalog No. 47 and Book of Plans No. 57**—right away. Don't plan on any building, repairing or overhauling without our help. Quality, safe delivery and satisfaction *absolutely guaranteed.* If plan book is desired, enclose 10c for postage and mailing—order by above number

Chicago Millwork Supply Co.
1402 W. 37th St.
Chicago

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The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 8.

This Book Will Help Solve the Gift Question

A Book about One Remarkable Thing

Is there a new world of tone richness possible in the piano?

Will piano music become richer, fuller, imbued with a new tenderness, an additional loveliness?

In short, will piano builders ever be able to solve the age-long sounding-board difficulties, and to produce a sounding-board which gives every note 100 percent of tonal resonance, of tonal wealth?

One builder has solved the difficulties. One such piano is now on the market—the piano whose sounding-board is *homo-vibrating*, the piano that has accomplished the achievement of producing the *homo-tone*.

HADDORFF

The Piano with the "Homo"-Vibrating Sounding-Board

If you ever expect to own a piano or to help a friend select one, you will not wish to be left uninformed about this remarkable claim of the HADDORFF to an epoch-making achievement. You will want to obtain our booklet *"The Homo-Tone,"* which gives full particulars. Then you will want to go to your piano dealer and see for yourself this excellently made, high quality piano, having (as all first-class pianos should) tone purity, tone sweetness and great sustaining power, and claiming in addition the distinction of complete, satisfying, thoroughly delightful tone *richness*.

Let us present you with a copy of "The Homo-Tone"

HADDORFF PIANO COMPANY
212 Evans Ave. Rockford, Ill.

We Make It Good— You Get It Fresh

Every box of Huyler's Bonbons and Chocolates, no matter where you get it, is guaranteed to be perfectly fresh. In every box is packed our Guarantee Certificate, like the above, asking you to return the candy if it falls short of perfection in any sense.

Huyler's

Bonbons Chocolates

Sold by over 4,000 authorized Huyler's Sales Agents and 56 Huyler's stores in the United States and Canada. We instruct all Huyler's Sales Agents to order from us frequently and to return for full credit any box of Huyler's not in perfect condition.

Write for Huyler's Interesting Booklet

It tells how purity and quality are assured in all Huyler's products. Name of Huyler's Sales Agent nearest you sent with book.

Huyler's 64 IRVING PLACE
NEW YORK
FRANK DeK. HUYLER, President

Huyler's Cocoa is Sold by Grocers Everywhere

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THE IDEAL GIFT

"Push The Button-and Rest"

NEARLY
1000 STYLES
ALL WOODS
ALL FINISHES
ALL
PRICES

For ANY PERSON—ANY OCCASION

Royal Easy Chairs

THE PUSH BUTTON KING

The *ideal* present for *you* to give is a *Royal*, the most *convenient* and *comfortable easy chair made*. It lasts a lifetime, never gets out of order and is always a *pleasant reminder of the giver*. "Push the Button" and chair back assumes any one of 20 different positions, from *sitting to reclining* and *stays there* until button is released. *Disappearing Foot Rest* allows you to stretch out at ease. Slides back out of sight when not in use. *Concealed Newspaper Basket* provides handy place for periodicals, books, etc. *Other chairs cannot have these exclusive patented features, so buy nothing but a guaranteed Royal. Half a million in use.*

All Best Dealers Sell Them

If yours does not, have him write us. We will supply him and have him supply you. Ask to see a Royal today

ROYAL CHAIR CO., Sturgis, Mich., U. S. A.

A scratchy improperly made pen is not only exasperating but a strain on the writer. No need to put up with it when you can get Esterbrook Pens.

Easiest writing, longest wearing. Backed by a half-century's reputation.

Ask your stationer.

Write for illustrated booklet

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.
95 John Street, New York
Works: Camden, N. J.

250 Styles

Esterbrook Steel Pens

1/2 PINT 1/2 DOLLAR

Buy the big Household or Factory Size 3-in-One and get 8 times as much oil for your money.

3-in-One keeps almost everything in home, office or store perfectly oiled—also as clean and bright as a new silver dollar.

Always use 3-in-One on sewing machines, typewriters, razors, cameras, talking machines, furniture, bath room fixtures, guns, reels, and hundreds of other things.

The 3-in-One Dictionary, with every bottle, shows you scores of ways this good oil makes hard work easy.

FREE Generous sample bottle sent on request. Try before you buy.

SOLD AT ALL GOOD STORES

3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
49 Broadway, New York

Housewives—Try 3-in-One for Dusting.

NO HILL TOO STEEP
NO SAND TOO DEEP

Jackson

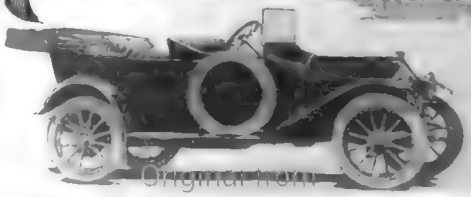
The **"Majestic"**—

Electric starter and lights; full elliptic springs; 10-inch upholstery—utmost convenience and riding ease.

$1975

"Olympic"—four—$1500
"Sultanic"—six—$2500

Jackson Automobile Company
1312 E. Main St. Jackson, Mich.



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Satisfaction with one's Toilet

gives unbounded joy and pleasure. — The greatest aid to a perfect toilet is "4711" White Rose Glycerine Soap. The delicate softness so much desired, the clear complexion prized above all else by feminine natures, are the results derived from its use. Glycerine, contained in "4711" Soap in goodly quantities, is the natural food for the skin. It opens the pores, dislodges secretions and leaves it clear and soft. Roughness and chapping are unknown.

No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap

Ask for "Forty-seven-eleven" — Avoid substitutes. — Sold Everywhere.

FERD. MÜLHENS, No. 4711 Glockengasse, Cologne o/R, Ger.
U. S. Branch—MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York
House Founded 1792

RED CROSS SEALS

OFFER AN

INVESTMENT IN HEALTH

Every Consumptive
Properly Cared for Insures Your Life Against Tuberculosis by removing or making safe an otherwise dangerous center of infection.

Every Seal You Buy
Helps to Provide Hospitals, Sanatoria, Dispensaries, and Visiting Nurses for the Care and Cure of Consumptives in your community.

BUY RED CROSS SEALS
AND
PROTECT YOUR OWN HEALTH

If you cannot buy RED CROSS SEALS in your town, write to
RED CROSS SEAL HEADQUARTERS,
715 Union Trust Building, Washington D. C.

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BARNEY & BERRY

ICE SKATES

Let's Go Skating!

Buy Early

Your Christmas Skates and Get the Choice Design

For more than half a century BARNEY & BERRY skates have been the acknowledged standard by which all skates are judged. They are used by all champion skaters and by amateurs who want the best.

In point of design, strength, workmanship and finish, BARNEY & BERRY skates have no equal in the world. They are known and used in "*every land where water freezes.*"

Most dealers sell BARNEY & BERRY skates, but if your local dealer cannot supply you, send to us for catalog which also contains hockey rules, skating program and directions for building an ice rink.

BARNEY & BERRY, 95 Broad Street, Springfield, Mass.

QUALITY MADE THE NAME FAMOUS

DRESS COLLAR *Presto!* **STORM COLLAR**

On men's, women's, children's **COATS, RAIN-COATS—AUTO-COATS** of all cloths and all styles. As much part of the garment as the sleeves—a patented principle in tailoring.

An improved collar, applied by 485 duly licensed makers of clothing.

THE PRESTO COLLAR turned down is an ordinary dress collar with the narrow lapel—turned up it is INSTANTLY a snug-fitting military collar to protect you from cold and storm. Neat—stylish—dressy.

Every PRESTO COLLAR coat has the PRESTO label. That name is our guarantee of satisfaction. It is YOUR PROTECTION. Insist—don't let your dealer talk you into a coat without the PRESTO label. If your dealer hasn't PRESTO COLLAR coats, he is apt to be old-fashioned. Send us his name and we will send you FREE:

—MOVING PICTURE OUTFIT showing how quickly you can turn the PRESTO COLLAR up or down to fit the weather.
—PRESTO STYLE BOOK, making it easy for you to order direct of us, if your dealer can't supply you. GO TO YOUR DEALER FIRST.

THE PRESTO CO.
654 Broadway, New York City

Manning's Folding Umbrella

Folds and Unfolds in a Jiffy
Satisfaction or Money Back

An Ideal Christmas Gift

Put one in your grip, or slip it in your pocket

It solves the umbrella carrying nuisance. Indispensable when traveling. Made for men and women. A large assortment of handles to select from.

Light Strong Simple Practical

Most umbrellas are lost when not in use. This one is safe in your grip-sack, suitcase or desk until you need it. Complete in neat traveling case. Prices $3.50, $4.00, $5.00. Sent postpaid.

Send for illustrated catalogue. Write to-day.

John T. Manning, Umbrella Manufacturer
50 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

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KING OF HOUSEHOLD FINISHES

JAP-A-LAC Renews

EVERYTHING FROM CELLAR TO GARRET

SOLD AT PAINT, DRUG, HARDWARE AND DEP'T. STORES

The GLIDDEN VARNISH CO. Glidden CLEVELAND — TORONTO

LOOK FOR QUALITY GREEN LABEL

CERTAIN standards in texture, surface and color are called for by those who know what is the proper thing in correspondence paper and such people appreciate

WARDWOVE WRITING PAPER

because of these qualities.

This paper has grown much in vogue with the best trade and is carried by many of the leading dealers. If you want a paper which bespeaks refinement ask your dealer for Wardwove. If he cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you a sample portfolio.

Address for Portfolio No. 2

SAMUEL WARD COMPANY

57-63 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

The Pen with the Magic Button

A Twist of the Button Fills the Pen. It's as Easy as Winding Your Watch.

For years this self-filler has been giving Universal Satisfaction. It is the one pen which is always ready for service. Can be filled from an ink stand or bottle and will not leak or blot.

Equipped with the "A. A." Clip, which excels by far any fountain pen clip yet produced, these pens make serviceable, attractive and appropriate **holiday gifts.**

Our pens are made entirely in our own factory from the best known materials. Their workmanship is the most scientific and skilful that experienced, high-priced workmen can produce. Every pen is fully guaranteed.

Ask your druggist, stationer or jeweler or write for our new catalog showing our complete line of self-fillers, middle joint and lower end joint fountain pens.

ARTHUR A. WATERMAN & COMPANY
22 Thames Street, New York City

NOT CONNECTED WITH THE L. E. WATERMAN CO.

CONGRESS GOLD EDGED PLAYING CARDS

AIR-CUSHION FINISH

For Social Play
Artistic Designs
Rich Colors
New Each Year
Club Indexes

50¢ PER PACK

THE OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES
BOYLE UP-TO-DATE
ISSUED YEARLY
SENT FREE 15¢ IN STAMPS

BICYCLE CLUB INDEXED PLAYING CARDS

IVORY OR AIR-CUSHION FINISH

Special Skill and
Years of Experience
Have Developed Their
Matchless Playing Qualities
For General Play

25¢ PER PACK

THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO. CINCINNATI U.S.A.

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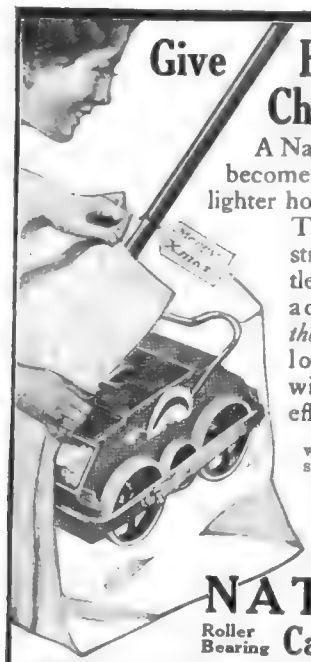

Give Her One for Christmas

A National Sweeper will become a daily present of lighter housework for years. The brush with its strong Chinese bristles, can be quickly adjusted to sweep *thoroughly* short or long nap carpets with a minimum of effort.

Back-breaking broom work is no longer necessary. Non-slip, easily removable brush, roller-bearings, tight handle, make the National one of the most efficient "tools" the housewife can have.

NATIONAL Roller Bearing Carpet Sweeper

FREE A working model to show how the brush can be raised or lowered at will, making the National three sweepers in one—the only sweeper so equipped. Write now for this model and you'll see that the National is the best present you could give any woman.

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REAL ESTATE—FARM LANDS—Continued

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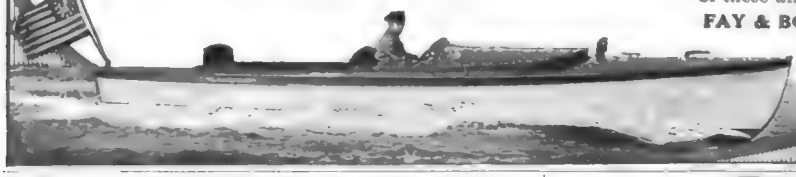

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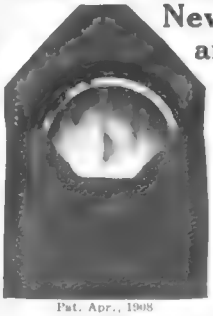

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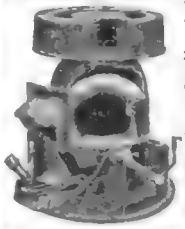
Coal Bills Cut More Than ½ in this home.

THE UNDERFEED DID IT.

J. C. Garland, Dubuque, Ia. home pictured above, knows from experience the Underfeed reduces heat expense ½ to ⅔. He writes—

"For nine years my Underfeed has given perfect results, even when temperature was from 5 to 25 below zero. Coal costing me $4 a ton gives just as satisfactory results as hard coal costing me $9."



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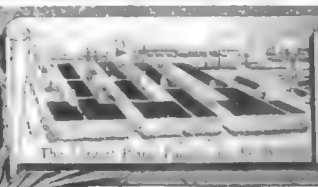

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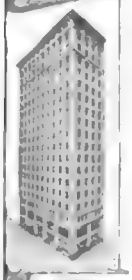

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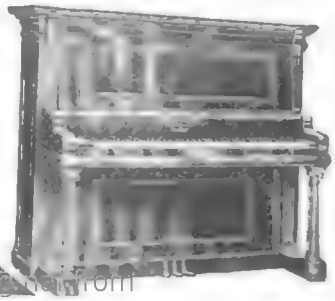

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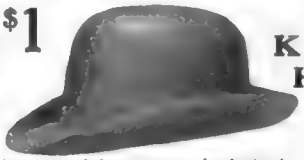

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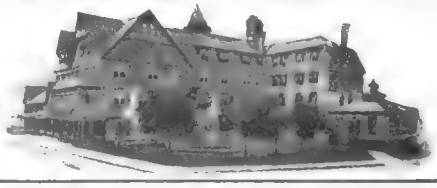

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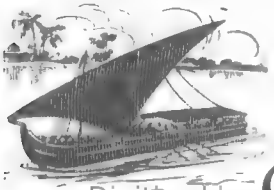

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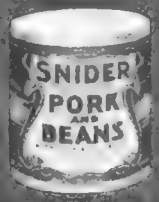

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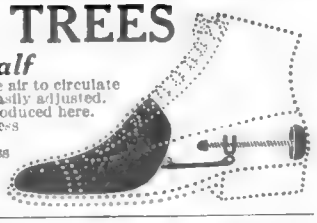

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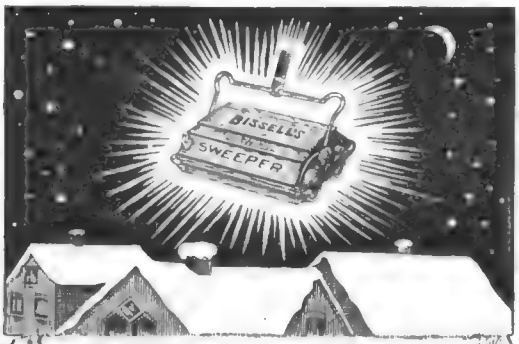

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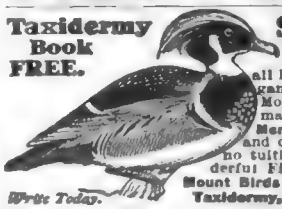

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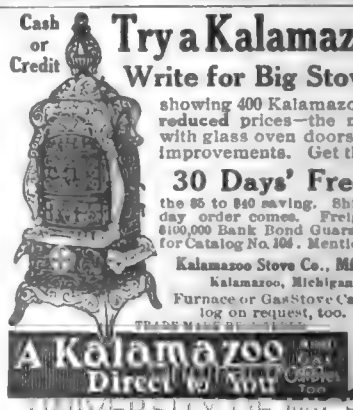

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No Interest—No Security—No Risk—Just Honesty.

You carry this watch 60 days, then if you are not convinced that we offer the greatest watch value, simply return the watch and collect the amount already paid. You don't lose a cent.

Please state whether white enamel or gold-finished dial is wanted. Also whether Ladies' or Men's size. $1.00 down, $1.00 a month for 9 months while you carry the watch, or 5% cash discount after TRIAL.

A lawyer writes: "Your watch is as good as a $50 watch to all practical purposes," after having worn one for two years.

Mr. Charles Staub, 242 E. 46th St., New York City, writes us that he would not take $50 for his thin model Telefame watch if he could not get another one like it.

Free booklet and catalog showing the latest different designs sent on request.

Send us only $1.00, but do it to-day before you forget it, and we will ship the watch on approval. The best and most useful Christmas gift.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

UNITED WATCH MFRS. CORP., Telefame Dept. B, 126 Fifth Ave., New York

THIN MODEL

Salesmen Wanted

DO YOU WANT A GOOD POSITION WHERE YOU CAN EARN FROM $1,000.00 TO $5,000.00 A YEAR AND EXPENSES?

There are many such positions now open. No former experience as a salesman required to get one of them. If you want to enter the **world's best paying profession** our Free Employment Bureau will assist you to secure a position where you can earn good wages while you are learning Practical Salesmanship. Write today for full particulars; list of good openings and testimonial letters from hundreds of our students for whom we have secured good positions.

Address nearest office, Dept. 111
National Salesmen's Training Association
Chicago New York Kansas City Seattle New Orleans Toronto

Sent Free for Xmas

Every Woman Wants One

Moth Proof Red Cedar CHEST
Sent on 15 Days' FREE Trial

Very Decorative and Useful

A Southern Red Cedar Chest makes ideal Xmas, birthday or wedding gift. Beautifies any home. Protects furs, woolens from moths, mice, dust, damp.

Direct Money Saving Offer Factory prices, free trial, freight prepaid. All particulars sent free with 56-page book showing photo-illustrations of all beautiful designs in Piedmont Cedar Chests. All postpaid. FREE. Write today. **Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co.** Dept. 4 **Statesville, N.C.**

Wear Before You Buy PROCESSED HOSIERY

***Pair sent you without charge** to prove its Durability. Order any style from our Catalogue—"The Book of Stockings."*

Book describes wonderful "*Dual Process*"—just as soldiers' uniforms have been *processed* to stop bullets—so the "dual process" for stocking fabrics creates the *unparalleled* durability of "Processed Hosiery"—the New Stocking. **Send for the Catalogue to-day** and select your trial pair

THE STOCKING STORE, 395-403 Broadway, New York

The Best Business Card

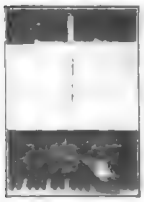
for your use and for any man's use who desires the distinction of attention to little things is the Peerless Patent Book Form Card. It will get close and careful scrutiny, and that means an audience with most favorable attitude of mind from your prospect.

Peerless Patent Book Form Cards

not only save fifty per cent of your cards, but they are always together and get-at-able when you want to hand one out. They are always clean, perfectly flat, and every edge is smooth and perfect. Send for a sample and detach the cards one by one and see for yourself. Send today.

OUR SMART CARDS IN CASE

The John B. Wiggins Company
Sole Manufacturers
Engravers, Die Embossers, Plate Printers
67-69 East Adams Street, Chicago



The A. Z. Music Turner

Just the thing for all players in the home—teachers, pupils, etc. Attached to piano in instant, no screws, no stop in playing, music always in position.

Order now—$1.50 postpaid

A. Z. SPECIALTY CO., Kankakee, Ills.

SAVES Time—Space—Rent—and Stationery

UHL ART STEEL TYPEWRITER TABLE AND CABINET

15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

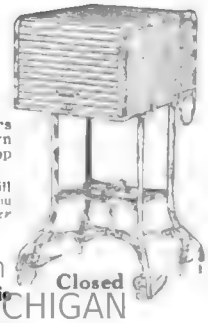
WARNING! Beware of imitations. Insist on the original "Uhl" cabinet, perfected by years of experience. Look for our name near lock-strike plate.

Every square foot of space in your office costs money. Save money by installing the Uhl stand and cabinet. This stand occupies only 4 square feet as compared with the 10 square feet taken up by the old-style desk. It is

100% PRACTICAL

DESCRIPTION: Rigid steel frame, absolutely indestructible, ample space for full week's supply of stationery. Wood platforms—silent under operation. Easily moved when on casters, half turn of lever makes it rigid and immovable. Sides fold up, and steel top rolls down and locks.

Write us on your business stationery for our 15 day trial offer. We fill orders through our dealer or through yours if we have none, providing you will give us his name. If not satisfactory after *15 days' free trial our dealer will refund the full price.*



OFFICE SUPPLY DEALERS who will handle the line, write us for a special proposition.

The Uhl Metal Furniture Co., 2275 Dorr St., Toledo, Ohio

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The best you can do as a Christmas gift for a man.

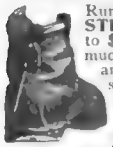
Give him Paris Garters; an easy way to give him a good deal without spending much.

Prices 25c, and 50c for silk

No metal can touch you

A. Stein & Co., *Makers*, Chicago and New York

Wear Your Heels Straight



Rundown heels impossible with **HEEL-STRATES** inside your shoes. Save **$1.50** to **$2.00** a year reheeling, to men who walk much. Especially necessary for children's and ladies' high heel shoes worn inside shoes. Fit all sizes. Satisfaction or money returned. Photos show shoes worn 4 months, one with, one without, **HEEL-STRATES, Pair, Postpaid 25c**

Representatives Wanted.

Without J. ASCHENBACH, 195 Elmwood Ave., E. Orange, N. J. *With*

UNIVERSITY TRAVEL

THE ORIENT IN WINTER and SPRING

Our distinguishing features are:

LEADERSHIP: Dr. H. H. Powers of Boston. Prof. E. W. Clark of Rome. Dr. H. F. Willard of Chicago.

ROUTES: Roman Africa,-Constantine, Biskra. The Nile to the Second Cataract. The Islands of the Aegean, Palestine.

FACILITIES: Chartered Nile Steamer. Our own yacht ATHENA in Greece. Our own camping outfit in Palestine.

Sailings in January, February, March. Send for announcement.

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL, 53 Trinity Place, Boston, Massachusetts

FREE

CHRISTMAS DINNERS

FOR

300,000 POOR PEOPLE

Will be Supplied by

The Salvation Army

Throughout the United States

Will you help by sending a donation, no matter how small

TO COMMANDER

MISS BOOTH

118 W. 14th Street, New York City

Western Sales Commissioner, Estill, 669 S. State Street, Chicago

DON'T STUDY SHORTHAND

or part with your money until you've read our valuable guide—telling what is the best and easiest system to learn—how much you should pay and what you should get. Don't be deceived by schools that charge exorbitantly, give little, promise everything, and claim a typewriter in your home isn't necessary. You cannot afford to spend a cent until you read our book. It costs nothing and prevents the mistake of choosing the wrong school. Write—today—now for this book. It will start you right.

PRACTICAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, 115-D-PEARL STREET, NEW YORK

You Can Save $35.00

Write to us today and get full details of how every man or woman who wants to own a good typewriter can save $35. It will pay you to do so before purchasing elsewhere. This is a splendid opportunity to secure one of the finest typewriters that is being sold—the

Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter

Fully guaranteed. Has all the newest improvements, including back spacer, tabulator, two-color ribbon. Perfect touch. Quick action. Absolute alignment. Writing always visible. Universal keyboard. Don't miss this exceptional chance. Write today.

PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER CO.

Dept. 72, Union Bank Bldg. PITTSBURGH, PA.

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The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

This name should lead your Christmas List—

Whitman's

You can buy Whitman's

Chocolates and Confections from our local agent, in your own neighborhood.

He adds his guarantee to ours on every package of Whitman's he sells. He has fresh and perfect candies. We ship them to him *direct*.

A gorgeous holiday gift is the new five-pound Pink of Perfection Package—chocolates or confections, made to meet the widespread demand for something larger than the one-pound and two-pound "Pink" packages.

Fastidious folks will continue to enjoy the *Fussy Package* of hard centre and nut centre chocolates.

Whitman's Sampler, enjoyed by tens of thousands of candy lovers this year, will be welcomed for the first time at Christmas feasts. We supply also mahogany jewel cases, silk and satin work bags, baskets and decorated boxes holding regular packages of Whitman's.

We will mail any of these "dollar a pound" chocolates, postpaid, on receipt of the price, *only where we have no agency.*

If you do not know our nearest agency, write us. With our reply we will send you "A List of Good Things," an illustrated guide to the best in sweets.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of Whitman's *Instantaneous* Chocolate and Marshmallow Whip.

The Cromwell

Of sturdy simplicity in design, with the strength and weight of each piece in the right place, the Cromwell is a pattern of wonderful superiority. Finished bright, it has the appearance of sterling. Like all

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

it is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate and is sold with an unqualified guarantee which an actual test of 65 years makes possible.

Most Popular for Gifts

Spoons, Forks, Knives and Serving Pieces of 1847 ROGERS BROS. silver plate make serviceable and highly appreciated gifts. Make your selections early, while your dealer has a good variety.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for illustrated catalogue "Z-20."

International Silver Co.
Successor to Meriden Britannia Co
Meriden, Conn.
NEW YORK CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO
HAMILTON, CANADA

The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate

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(?) WHERE-TO-GO Bureau
8 BEACON ST. BOSTON.

NEW YORK

If Coming To New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

CLENDENING 188 W. 103 St New York
Select, homelike, economical. Suite of parlor, bedroom, private bath for two persons, $2.00 daily. Write for Booklet H., with fine map of city *

ARKANSAS

Majestic Hotel & Bath House. Open all year
Newest large ideal family hotel in Hot Springs, Ark. All outside rooms. Special rates for families & parties. For booklet address Harry E. Jones, Manager.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

HOTEL DRISCOLL
Faces U.S. Capitol. Tourists' Favorite. Near Union Station. Amidst Show Places. Garage. Baths gratis. Music. Amer. $2.50. Eur. $1 up. Booklet. Souvenir Card.

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

ASHEVILLE, N.C. FINE HOTELS, 18 Holes Golf, Purest Water, Picturesque Scenery, Delightful Winter Climate. Fine Motor Roads, Free Booklet. Write Secretary Board of Trade.

THISTLE INN, BARBER, N. C.
Health Resort. Mild climate. QUAIL SHOOTING. Dec. to Feb. Good guides. We train shooting dogs. R. G. Armstrong, Prop.*

SEATTLE WASH.

Hotel Savoy. "12 stories of solid comfort." concrete, steel & marble. In fashionable shopping district. English grill. Auto Bus. $1.00 up *

TRAVEL IN EUROPE

HOODGMANS MOTOR TOURS — IN EUROPE-25 DAYS $450.00 ALL EXPENSES-7TH SEASON-SUMMER AND WINTER-ALSO CARS FOR HIRE IN EUROPE RATES ITINERARIES TESTIMONIALS WRITE 388 STRAND W.C.

ATLANTIC CITY N.J.

Atlantic City. MARLBOROUGH-BLENHEIM.
Above illustration shows but one section of this magnificent and sumptuously fitted house—the Open Air Plaza and Enclosed Solariums overlook the Board-walk and the Ocean. The environment, convenience and comforts of the Marlborough-Blenheim and the invigorating climate at Atlantic City make this the ideal place for Fall and Winter. Always open. Write for handsomely illustrated booklet. Josiah White & Sons Company, Proprietors and Directors.*

TRAVEL

FLORIDA—CUBA—PANAMA
and Winter Resorts of
THE CAROLINAS & GEORGIA
Shortest, quickest, most attractive route.
SEABOARD AIR LINE RY.
Get booklets from W. E. CONKLYN, G. E. P. A., 1184 Broadway, New York City.
*Write for further information.

ATLANTIC CITY N. J.

Galen Hall. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
Hotel and Sanatorium, Newstone, brick & steel building. Always open, always ready, always busy. Table and attendance unsurpassed.*

HEALTH RESORTS

Biggs Sanitarium, Asheville, N. C.
Ideal climate, modern methods and equipment, personal attention. Select nervous and other chronic cases. Pamphlets.*

ROBERTSON SANITARIUM (1879)
High class Southern Resort. Water Treatment, Osteopathy, Diet, Rest. Cheerful, refined and homelike. All comforts. Delightful cuisine. Booklet.* Atlanta, Ga.

LONG BEACH CAL.

LONG BEACH SANITARIUM
California's BEST Sanitarium. Located at beautiful Long Beach where it is NEVER COLD. Battle Creek Sanitarium methods of treatment. Booklet FREE.

Imported Irish Linen Handkerchiefs Make Excellent Christmas Gifts

THREE QUALITIES
$3.00 per Doz. 25c apiece
$4.00 per Doz. 35c apiece
$5.00 per Doz. 50c apiece

For Men and Women
ONE DOZEN IN A BOX

The Irish are acknowledged the world over as experts in the weaving of linen—an art known to them for generations. Great care is also taken in bleaching—by natural exposure to the sun, producing softness and durability.

Christmas Shopping Made Easy
Send us the names and addresses of your friends, with your personal check and we will send these beautiful Irish Linen Handkerchiefs direct to them with your card enclosed, postpaid.

IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEF CO., Medina, N. Y.

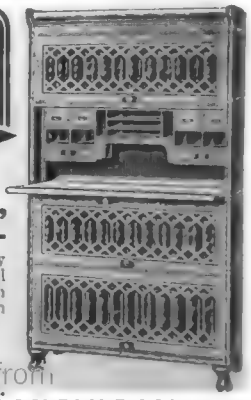
No Wick, No Chimney, No Smoke, No Odor, No Mantle Trouble.

Make $30 to $60 Weekly
selling our new and unequaled portable gasoline table and hanging lamp for lighting city and rural homes, stores, halls, churches. Most powerful light known. Absolutely safe.

WE LOAN YOU SAMPLE
More brilliant and many times cheaper than gas or electricity. Guaranteed five years. Everyone a possible customer. No experience necessary. Large commissions. Exclusive territory free. Write today.
SUNSHINE SAFETY LAMP CO.
302 Factory Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Costs 1 Cent Per Night. A Perfect Light for Every Purpose.

GUNN SECTIONAL BOOKCASES



Write for our "Book of Designs"

BEAUTIFULLY illustrated in colors (mailed free), showing our Sanitary Clawfoot, Mission, Colonial and Standard bookcases and how you will save money by placing them in your home. The handsome designs, the rich finish, the removable non-binding doors, the absence of disfiguring iron bands, make them far better than the old-fashioned kind.

Our Prices are Lower than Others

and high quality is guaranteed. Sold by dealers or direct. Address Dept. 11
GUNN FURNITURE COMPANY, 11 Victoria Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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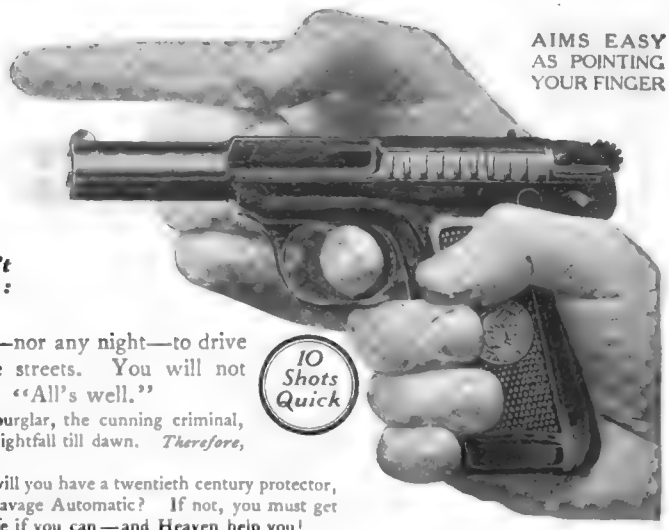
Curfew Will Not Ring Tonight – *No!*



To the Sleeper who hasn't Savage Protection:

CURFEW will not ring tonight—nor any night—to drive loiterers and criminals off the streets. You will not hear the policeman calling out hourly "All's well."

All is not well. The twentieth century burglar, the cunning criminal, and the vicious ex-convict are abroad from nightfall till dawn. *Therefore, you must protect your home from within.*

If you have to face a pair of them tonight, will you have a twentieth century protector, a black, fast-shooting, sure-aiming, ten-shot Savage Automatic? If not, you must get out of it the best way you can—with your life if you can—and Heaven help you!

The Savage is the only ten-shot automatic pistol. Without practice you can aim and shoot it like a crack shot. Shoots only one shot each time you pull the trigger, yet all ten can be fired in less than three seconds. Reloads, and recocks itself automatically.

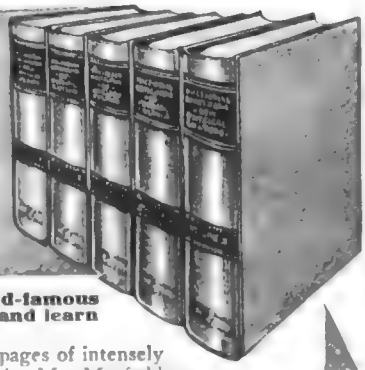
Booklet about what to do if a burglar is in your home sent for 6 cents in stamps. This advice is gathered from detectives and police authorities.

A NEW SAVAGE RIFLE

Send also for our handsome free rifle catalogue explaining the new Savage 20-shot repeater (.22 cal.), 20-inch barrel, military bolt action, weight 4 lbs., $6.50. Savage Arms Company, 4312 Savage Ave., Utica, New York.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

$1 ONLY STANDS BETWEEN YOU AND HEALTH



Send $1 for this wonderful set of books written by the world-famous Physical Culture Authority—Bernard Macfadden, and learn how to keep in perfect health.

These stoutly bound volumes contain over three thousand (3000) pages of intensely interesting data—experiences and physical culture laws as discovered by Mr. Macfadden.

Macfadden's Encyclopedia of Physical Culture

are handsomely and profusely illustrated with full color plates and hundreds of halftones taken from real life. To the student of Hygienics and to the seeker after health, they are of inestimable value. Every man, woman and child who wants to know more about perfecting their bodies should read these splendid books. They contain fascinating information on fasting, diet, exercise, sex laws, marriage, parentage and hydrapathy for health and body building, also detailed instructions for avoidance of diseases—which saves drug or doctor bills. Strength and health can be attained by following faithfully the rules set forth.

If you are interested in PERFECT MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD, *you need these books.* Send us your Dollar NOW. Remember, you can return the books at our expense if they are not more than we claim for them. If further information is desired, write us for Booklet E.

COUPON

Physical Culture Publishing Co., Flatiron Building, N. Y.

Enclosed find $1, for which please send me at once the five volumes of Macfadden's Encyclopedia of Physical Culture. It is understood that I pay you the balance at the rate of $2 a month for 12 months. Should I desire to pay all cash when books are received, it is understood that you will allow me 10% discount.

Name and Address—write plainly

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The Good Smoke You've Hunted So Long

Edgeworth Tobacco is Tobacco Such as You Have Hardly Dared Hope For—Yet Have Wanted Always

The ground can yield no finer Burley-leaf than is in Edgeworth Tobacco. There's *never* a bite for the tongue. Inviting in aroma, it is delicious in flavor. Try

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
Ready-Rubbed or Sliced Plug
Smoking Tobacco

and you will find it all you could wish for in tobacco. Or ask any of the many thousands who swear by this pipe-smoke.

We're so sure of "Edgeworth" that we GUARANTEE it—and will refund the purchase price if you are dissatisfied. Edgeworth READY-RUBBED in 10c and 50c tins, everywhere, and in handsome $1.00 humidor packages. Edgeworth Sliced Plug, 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mailed prepaid if your dealer has none.

"The Pipe's Own Story," No. 1, Free

Just published—a most fascinating story, told by a Pipe itself—the first of a series of "Pipe Tales." It's a booklet every smoker will enjoy. You will want the whole series. Write us today, for "The Pipe's Own Story," No. 1, and we'll mail it to you free of charge.

LARUS & BROTHER CO.
(Established 1877)
Also Manufacturers of Qboid Granulated Plug Smoking Tobacco
11 South 21st Street Richmond, Va.

Sliced Plug or Ready-Rubbed —Either way you want it.

That "Awful Smart" Your Shaving Soap Did It

The free caustic found its way into the pores of your skin and that terrible smarting and drawing sensation resulted.

Use
MENNEN'S SHAVING CREAM

which **contains no free caustic, and** enjoy a *cool, comfortable shave.*

Mennen's Shaving Cream makes a lather which requires *no "rubbing in"* with the fingers to soften the beard. You *lather* and then you shave. *Saves time,* and does away with tender faces.

For sale everywhere 25c
Sample Tube Free

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.
Makers of the celebrated Mennen's Toilet Powder.

Exclusive Comfort Features and Why

FOURTEEN YEARS from now when the patents on the Ful-Floteing Seat and Free-Wheel Control will have expired, other manufacturers will undoubtedly adopt these devices and therefore be able to build a motorcycle which will be as comfortable as the Harley-Davidson; but until then these comfort features will be found only on the

HARLEY-DAVIDSON "5-35"

and other models of the Silent Gray Fellow.

The Ful-Floteing Seat with its 14 in. of concealed compressed springs absorbs all the jolts and jars due to rough roads, etc. No motorcycle can possibly hope to be comfortable without such a device.

The Free-Wheel Control does away entirely with the usual tiresome pedaling and running alongside to start. Instead the rider can stop and start his machine by the mere shifting of a lever. Complete description of all new models sent on request.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
273 B Street MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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ÆTNA-IZED?

DISASTER-DISABILITY-DEATH

Are all unpreventable and mean loss of income. This loss is inevitable unless forestalled by the absolute protection of

ÆTNA DISABILITY INSURANCE

This insurance will protect your income and the income of your family. For a moderate investment the Ætna Life Insurance Company will provide you

INCOME INSURANCE

by protecting you and yours against loss by accidental injury or death or by disease. The cost is very low compared with the benefits it guarantees.

Ætna policies are free from technical restrictions and provide liberal compensations for losses sustained through accident or illness.

SEND THE COUPON TO-DAY

Ætna Life Insurance Co. (Drawer 1341) **Hartford, Conn.** Everybody's **Tear off**

I am under 60 years of age and in good health. Tell me about ÆTNA Ten Dollar Combination.
My name, business address and occupation are written below.

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$5—All We Ask

You pay $5 and secure, for immediate use, the splendid new model Oliver Typewriter No. 5—equipped, if you wish, with our famous Printype without any extra charge. Then you can pay the balance by 17c a day. This is the plan on which many thousands have supplied themselves with Oliver Typewriters.

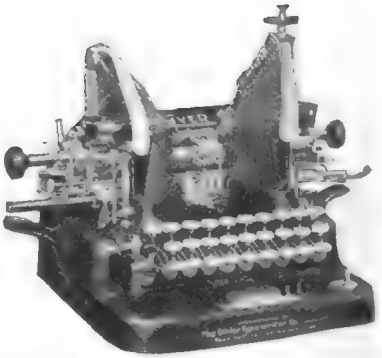
The first $5, in multiplied instances, is all the *real money* that the *owners* actually pay. The machine itself *earns* for them the rest of the purchase price. The Oliver Typewriter is an income-producer and a salary-raiser.

Not alone the great army of professional operators whose incomes flow through the Oliver, but a mighty host of people in all lines of work are being helped in their upward climb by this swift and versatile typewriter. The $5 Purchase Plan was put into effect to create *new users* of typewriters.

The Oliver Typewriter Company not only *advocates* the universal use of typewriters but it is actually *financing* a practical plan by which *all who write* may avail themselves of these wonderful writing machines. You can readily see that we are tying up many thousands of dollars in supplying machines to the public for $5 initial payments.

The Oliver Typewriter was designed by men who foresaw *universal typewriting.*

Hence they built a machine of such marvelous simplicity, strength and speed that a novice, even a child, can master it quickly and make it yield the utmost in service with the very least possible effort.



Universal typewriting is here. The Oliver Typewriter led the way. Today, and *every day*, the story of modern achievement is being tapped out on the Oliver's *Universal Keyboard.*

The mechanical perfection of The Oliver Typewriter has made *typewriting doubly attractive.*

Printype—
OLIVER
Typewriter
The Standard Visible Writer

The matchless Model No. 5 has introduced operative advantages and typographic advances that add 50 per cent to its utility, scope and value.

For instance: The Vertical and Horizontal Line-ruling Device; the Double Release; the Automatic Paper Feed; the Column Tabulator; the Balance Shift Mechanism and various other innovations.

And finally — Printype — the beautiful, new typewriter type, with shaded letters and numerals like Book Type, makes the Oliver No. 5 the only typewriter that successfully *prints print!*

This, our newest, most highly perfected model, the regular $100 machine, with Printype or Pica type, at your option, can now be secured for $5 on the plan outlined above.

Could you ask for an easier plan of owning so fine a machine?

Write for special Art Catalog, describing the distinguishing features of The Oliver Typewriter, also full details of the $5 Purchase Plan and a free sample of Printype.

The Oliver Typewriter Company
946 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago

(233)

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The American MAGAZINE

BEGINNING with the December issue, The American Magazine will be larger in size and of a shape that is worthy of such articles, such stories and pictures as will distinguish it throughout the year. The *Christmas* American Magazine is the most readable and beautiful magazine ever published for 15 cents.

Arnold Bennett's New Serial

"The Regent," a story of the stage, is the most powerful tale of contemporary life. Bennett's wonderful gift of seeing and understanding, of introducing real and interesting people, the keen humor and profound philosophy—all these are in "The Regent." The illustrations are by C. H. Taffs. The story begins in the December number.

This is the first Arnold Bennett novel to be published serially in any magazine in America.

"Burns of the Mountains"

He was a feudist; now he is an evangel in the wilderness—a man of fire and "friendliness." He built a hundred thousand dollar college out of nothing in a county soaked with human blood. He has done more toward eliminating Kentucky feuds than all the laws and the militia. A gripping romance of fact, with Burns as the hero.

"Good-will to Women"

Ida M. Tarbell wrote it, and her heart is in it, because she feels that the institution for women who have strayed is one of the finest things she has known. The article and the illustrations show the sunshine and cheer even in the dark and dangerous places.

"I Whistle" by David Grayson

In the busy springtime David Grayson left the farm and took to the open road, seeking adventure. He felt the desire for greater freedom. So he took the road, for his soul's good, for the good of others whom he met and served—this "friendliest writer in all America." His

"Adventures on the Open Road"

have even greater charm and wisdom and power than his earlier "Adventures in Contentment." When you read them the brain of you grows keen, the heart of you grows warm.

"The Hand of the World"

Helen Keller, the most wonderful woman living, wrote this article.

Blind—she sees more than many of us—for she sees into the heart of things. Living in everlasting silence, she feels harmonies and discord beyond us. All the great knowledge she has gained has been through the touch of her hand.

The illustrations by Franklin Booth are

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In its new size

MANY PICTURES IN COLOR

powerful full-page drawings on tinted paper and have the quality of wood engravings. They show some of the possibilities of the magazine in its new form.

The Impeachment

A smashing double page with single pages in vivid, harmonious color, all throbbing with action, may overwhelm you when you turn to "The Impeachment of President Israels."

Only on a large page so perfectly balanced, is it possible to obtain the effect of the paintings by S. M. Arthurs. You will think you are looking at the original canvases.

Then when you start to read this story in the December number, by Frank Barkley Copley, you will forget about the illustrations for the time. Politics and war, of the future, written by a man with a vision.

"Ask and It Shall Be Given"

Tom was blind. Because he could remember when he could see, he had a little song:

Red is barns
Blue is skies
And green is grass
If you've got eyes.

You know what he asked for Christmas, because it was just what you and all of us would have asked. And he was given a very wonderful gift: *To see into people's hearts.* The idea of Harris Merton Lyon's story has greatness in it.

To look into people's hearts, that is what The American Magazine will ever try to do, believing there will be found what little Tom saw.

Next Year's Great Features

IN addition to David Grayson's Adventures and the serial by Arnold Bennett, The American Magazine will continue to publish the Emma McChesney stories by Edna Ferber, the most successful writer of short fiction.

Ida M. Tarbell will have a series about Big Business. Investigating it, she has discovered wonderful and cheering things.

Brand Whitlock will tell of his civic fighting at Toledo. Five particularly "Interesting People" will be written up each month. More than ever will this be *the magazine of fire and friendliness*, showing life as it is with an inspiring glimpse of what it should be.

The first issue of the new form of The American Magazine is the Christmas number, now on the news-stands. The price will remain 15 cents a copy, $1.50 a year

The American Magazine, Published by The Crowell Publishing Co., 381 Fourth Ave., New York

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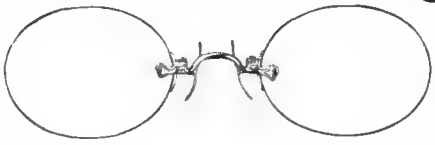
Buy glasses with this monogram

It is the mark of the oldest optical house in the country, and the largest in the world. It stands for the highest quality in frames and mountings

Fits-U Eyeglasses



are inconspicuous, becoming, thoroughly comfortable, and when properly fitted they cannot fall off or shake off, yet they never pinch.

Our new booklet, "The Glass of Fashion," gives an interesting description of Fits-U Eyeglasses. It is free—and is decidedly worth sending for.

Address Dept. A

American Optical Company, Southbridge, Mass.

Largest makers of spectacles, eyeglasses and lenses in the world

New York Chicago San Francisco London

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The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 1.

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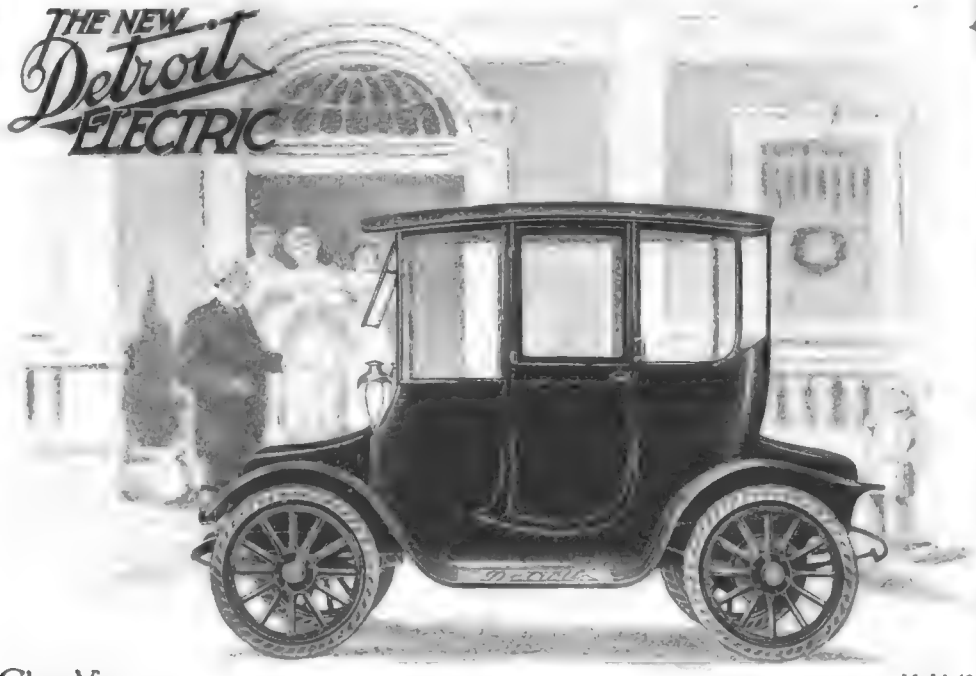

Clear Vision Brougham

Model 42
$3000
F. O. B.
Detroit

Too Big to Come Down the Chimney!

THE wonderful sleigh of Santa Claus that rides over all the world in a single night is not more fascinating than the charm of the modern Detroit Electric. Imagine the exclamations of surprise and delight from wife or daughter if this beautiful motor car were delivered at *your* home Christmas morning.

What more exquisite expression of the Christmas spirit could you possibly offer?

It will bring joy to *all* the family from morning till night, from Christmas till Christmas, year after year—a perennial pleasure.

The real advances made in the development of the electric automobile are distinctly Detroit Electric ideas. Conspicuous among them are:

The "Chainless" Shaft Drive—a real shaft drive; Horizontal controller lever, built into the side of the car itself, out of the way; Clear Vision in *all* directions (note rear curved glass panels); all seats facing forward with front seats *centrally* located, giving well-balanced appearance whether occupied by one or more persons; body panels, door panels and roof made of pure aluminum which retains a beautiful and permanent finish without danger of checking or warping; "Closed-in" fenders made of aluminum instead of leather; Piano-hinged hoods; doors opening forward to prevent accidents and for convenience in reaching for door handles; Springs with an elastic limit, exceeding 200,000 pounds per square inch; Four (2 sets) extra powerful brakes; Adjustable brake pedals, and other equally important features.

The vital unseen parts of an electric automobile are the very bulwark of your investment. Our new 1913 Detroit Electric catalog covers these points in detail. Sent upon request. Christmas deliveries cannot be made unless you order early.

Boston
Brooklyn
Buffalo
Cleveland

Anderson Electric Car Co.

402 Clay Ave., Detroit, U. S. A.

Branches:
New York, Broadway at 80th Street Chicago, 2416 Michigan Ave.

Evanston
Kansas City
Minneapolis

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WALTHAM *Premier Maximus* WATCH

with the Kew *Class A* Certificate

in this *casquet de luxe*

is a treasure which marks the zenith of splendid giving. It is the utmost possible in marvellous accuracy, honored by authority, and dressed in princely magnificence. The Premier Maximus in its 18 carat gold case is the finest and most wonderful watch made at Waltham. There can be no higher praise.

When this watch is accompanied by the Kew Class A Certificate it means that the Kew observatory of England (the most famous in all the world) has scientifically tested and tried this particular watch and guaranteed it as of maximum accuracy. Such a certificate means that the instrument is more than a fine watch: the stars in their courses are scarcely more regular.

The Sterling Silver *casquet de luxe* is a fitting gift case for such an instrument. At the top may be engraved the owner's name and the occasion of the gift if desired. And it may be used as a handsome ornament or jewel case.

The price complete is Four Hundred Dollars.

It sometimes happens that an individual or a group desires to make a gift which shall express a vast regard or the deepest affection;—and the world's best is not too good. Here is the response.

We think you would be interested to know more of this wonderful watch, and the unique Kew Observatory (it is an extraordinary place). We will gladly send you without charge a booklet about the watch and the place. Mention "The Gift for a Prince."

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY. Waltham, Mass.

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Purity

THE dainty, easy-breaking shape, the sparkling whiteness, the large clear crystals, are but the outward symbols of the inward perfection and purity of Crystal Domino Sugar.

The best of the sugar crop, refined by the most modern methods, crystalized and packed for your use under conditions of absolute cleanliness—has earned it a high place among the

"Quality Products" of

The American Sugar Refining Company

Full and half-size pieces.

Read the story of its making in our splendidly illustrated booklet, sent on request. Address Department 12, 111 Wall Street, New York.

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Reconsider!

Is your new home to be permanently *FIRE-SAFE?*

Reconsider your plans—if you have not given sufficient thought to the paramount question of FIREPROOFING.

Reconsider your specifications—if you have overlooked the most modern and most efficient of all building materials—

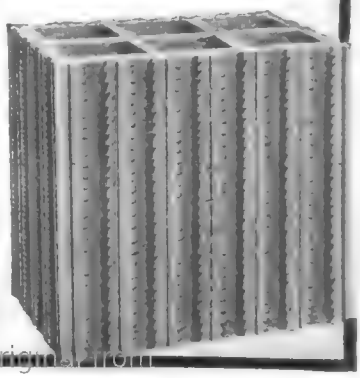
NATCO·HOLLOW·TILE

NATCO has extended the skyscraper standard of fire safety right down the building line, even to the shore bungalow. Same material, same principle, same methods, made and developed by this Company.

To build your new home of NATCO throughout—walls, partitions, floors and roof—is to build it *100% fire safe.* You get fire immunity, permanence, nominal maintenance and a gilt-edged form of investment

Cost is relatively little more than for partial forms of NATCO construction or for those older forms now rapidly becoming obsolete. The NATCO house is perpetually modern.

NATCO Hollow Tile is adaptable to any style of architecture and to either method of exterior finish—stucco or brick.



Read this form of construction before you go ahead with your building specifications. Drop a line for our 64-page handbook, "Fireproof Houses." Contains 80 photographs of residences and other moderate sized buildings of NATCO construction at costs between $4,000 and $100,000, also complete drawings and floor plans. An invaluable guide to the prospective builder. ***Mailed anywhere for 20 cents in postage.*** Write for it today.

NATIONAL·FIRE·PROOFING·COMPANY

Dept. B, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Organized 1889 ***Offices in All Principal Cities***

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"Harvest"—by Vincent Aderente.

Prosperity

There has been a bumper crop.

This is because the tillers of the soil have been industrious, and the rain and the sun have favored their plantings.

There has been industrial activity.

The makers of things in factories have been busy. They have had work to do and pay for doing it.

There has been commercial success.

The people who buy and sell and fetch and carry have been doing a lot of business and they have been paid for doing it.

The country is prosperous because all the people have been busy.

Good crops and good times can be enjoyed only when the Government maintains peace and harmony.

This task of the Government is made comparatively easy because the American people have been enabled to become so well acquainted with each other. They know and understand one another. They are like one family.

The producer and consumer, no matter where they live, are close together.

This is largely due to our wonderful facilities for intercommunication. We excel in our railways, our mails and our telegraphs, and, most of all, in our telephones.

The Bell System has fourteen million miles of wire spread over all parts of the country. Each day there are twenty-five million telephone talks all the way from twenty feet to two thousand miles long.

The raiser of crops, the maker of things, and the man of commerce, all are helped to co-operate and work together for peace and prosperity by means of the Universal telephone.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

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Usable Christmas Gifts

Inexpensive—practical—beautiful

You will find new satisfaction and pleasure in giving these gifts of permanent and everyday usefulness. Every woman wants one or more electric cooking utensils for quick and tasty luncheons. And certainly step-saving Inter-phones would be warmly welcomed by every housewife. There are other

Western-Electric

Household Helps

such as vacuum cleaners, warming pads and washing machines that would be gratefully remembered for many a Christmas. They use but little current and operate simply by turning a switch.

Ask your dealer to show you his line of Western-Electric products. If he cannot supply you, we will.

Sewing Machine Motor $16.00
Electric Water Heater $5.50

Our Booklet No. 7768 will help you solve the problem of what to give. Send for it.

Electric Warming Pad $5.50
Washing Machine $55.00

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 7,000,000 "Bell" Telephones

New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Boston, Atlanta, Richmond, Savannah, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Kansas City, Oklahoma City, Dallas, Houston, Denver, Omaha, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, Seattle, Portland

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

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"SILENT GUARDIANS"

CORBIN

LOCKS

are as "Impenetrable as the Sphinx"

P. & F. CORBIN

Division

The American Hardware Corporation

NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

P. & F. Corbin of Chicago | **P. & F. Corbin of New York** | **P. & F. Corbin Division Philadelphia**

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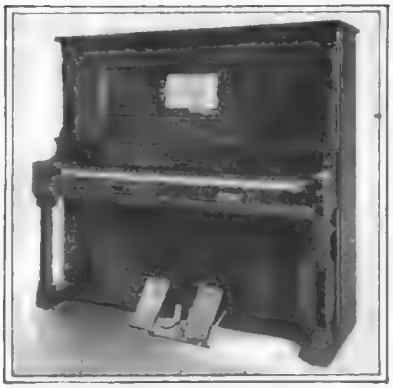
The WEBER PIANOLA

PLAYER PIANO—$1,000



A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT IN ITS FINAL PERFECTION—THE WEBER PIANO *WITH* A PIANOLA PLAYER OF THE LATEST MODEL · INCORPORATING ALL THOSE EXCLUSIVE PIANOLA FEATURES WHICH PUT THE RESOURCES OF THIS WONDERFUL WEBER AT YOUR COMMAND ·

THE ÆOLIAN COMPANY · ÆOLIAN HALL · NEW YORK

STEINWAY,
STECK · STUYVESANT
STROUD · WHEELOCK
AND WEBER
PIANOLA PIANOS

"THE PIANOLIST" *A BOOK BY* GUSTAVE KOBBE' *IS FOR SALE AT ALL BOOK STORES —OR A COPY WILL BE SENT WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS IF YOU WILL ADDRESS DEPT. K*

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE VATICAN POPE PIUS X

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Big Ben

A crackerjack of a Christmas present

Remember when you were a kid? The presents that were all shiny and bright and that *"worked!"* Weren't *they* the ones that you were proudest of?

Something for *your room*—something you could *use all year*—something like *big* people had in *their* rooms. The *sensible* presents appealed to you best when you were a *kid*. Think back a bit and see. Then think of Big Ben for those boys and girls.

Toys, of course, should never be displaced. It wouldn't be Christmas without them. But mix in *useful* things—things that develop *pride* and that make little people feel responsible. Give them presents to *live up to* and to *live up with*. Don't make the mistake of thinking they don't feel the *compliment*.

Let *one* thing that meets the eye of your little boy and girl on Christmas Morning be that triple nickel-plated, jolly, handsome, pleasant looking, *serviceable*, and inspiring clock—*Big Ben*. See if you don't hear them say: "Why! Isn't that a crackerjack! Is that for me to use myself?"

Big Ben *is* a crackerjack-of-a-Christmas-present to give to any friend. He's two presents in one, a dandy alarm to wake up with, a dandy clock to tell time *all day* by. He stands seven inches tall. He's got an inner vest of steel that insures him for life—big, bold, black hands you can see at a glance in the dim morning light without ever having to get out of bed—large comfy keys that almost wind themselves and a deep, jolly ring that calls just when you want, and either way you want, *five straight minutes* or *every other half minute for ten minutes* unless you flag him off.

Big Ben is sold by 18,000 watchmakers. His price is $2.50 anywhere in the States, $3.00 anywhere in Canada. If you can't find him at your jewelers, a money order mailed to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will send him wherever you say, attractively boxed, and express charges paid.

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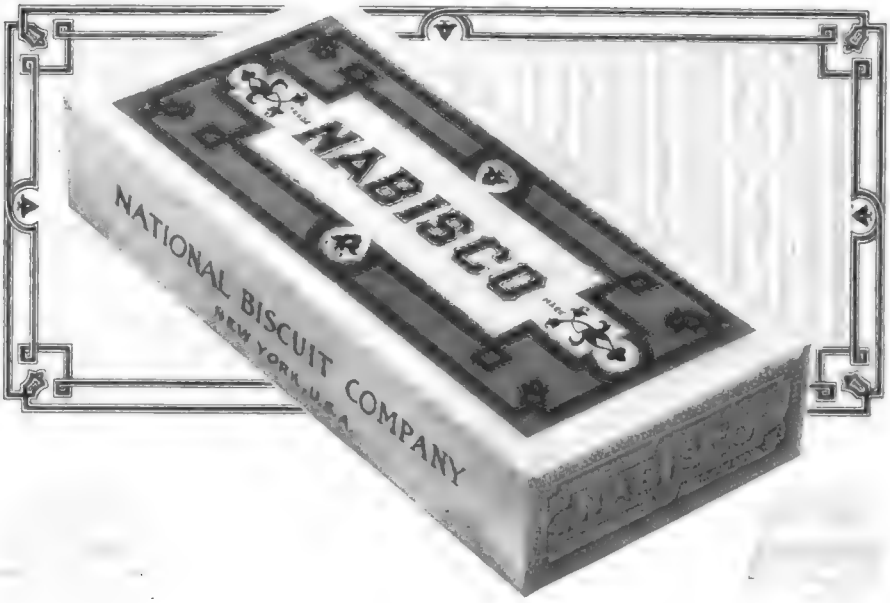

THE insistent charm of Nabisco Sugar Wafers places them first in the favor of young and old as the most fitting of all holiday dessert confections.

Serve with creams or ices, with fruits or beverages.

In ten cent tins; also in twenty-five cent tins.

CHOCOLATE TOKENS—Another dessert confection of pre-eminent goodness—chocolate covered.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

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The Man of Good Taste

instinctively chooses Oswego Serge

OSWEGO has a thoroughbred *look* and *feel* that appeal to you instantly. It is a Winter-weight serge, you know, 16 ounces of pure wool to the yard; as heavy a fabric as the average man cares to wear these days. Yet it has the smartness and graceful tailoring qualities that only a good serge possesses.

OSWEGO SERGE

is stamped on the reverse of every yard. Look for this mark. Oswego Serge is London Shrunk, 55 in. wide, and comes in a beautiful shade of dark blue and in black.

Another splendid fabric of known quality for Winter wear is Washington 1789 Unfinished Worsted. It is pure wool, tailors well, has a beautiful surface and does not wear shiny. London shrunk, 56 to 58 in. wide.

Ask your tailor or clothier to show you OSWEGO SERGE and WASHINGTON 1789. They are featured by good custom tailors and may be found in high-grade ready-to-wear suits. If you cannot find them, send us check or money order for quantity required (3½ yards for man's suit), at $3.00 per yard for OSWEGO SERGE, and $3.25 for WASHINGTON 1789, and we shall see that you are supplied through regular channels, as we do not sell at retail.

American Woolen Company

Wm. M. Wood, President.

Selling Agency: American Woolen Company of New York
American Woolen Bldg. 18th to 19th St. on
4th Ave., New York.

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USE CYPRESS THE WOOD ETERNAL FOR XMAS!

WHY NOT INCREASE THE JOY OF THE MORNING BY RARE GIFTS OF

"The Most Memorable Christmas of our Lives"

—and the happiest—is the one marked by gifts that loving hands have *made* for us, thoughtfully and carefully—instead of gifts merely *bought* for us, perfunctorily and in haste.

"SUGI" FINISH (home-done) is POSSIBLE ONLY ON CYPRESS

Write for VOL. 26 ("the Wood Beautiful" as well as "the Wood Eternal.") It reproduces exactly the rare and coveted "Antique Japanese Driftwood" effects. Write for VOL. 26

GET THE FREE BOOK (VOL. 26) THAT TELLS YOU HOW

to *MAKE* Sugi things, from paper-weights to Library Panelling. (Full list of surprises included.)

If Mansion, Bungalow, Glorietta, Farm, Sleeping-Porch or just a Fence—*"With CYPRESS you BUILD BUT ONCE."* Let our "ALL ROUND HELPS DEPARTMENT" help YOU. Our entire resources are at your service

SOUTHERN CYPRESS MANUFACTURERS' ASSN.,

1200 HIBERNIA BANK BUILDING, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

INSIST ON CYPRESS OF YOUR LOCAL DEALER. IF HE HASN'T IT *LET US KNOW AT ONCE.*

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Barrett Specification Roofs

A Mile of Barrett Specification Roofs

The wonderful Bush Terminal in Brooklyn, illustrated below, includes 181 buildings, comprising tremendous warehouses, enormous pier sheds for docking ocean steamers, huge factory buildings, a large modern power house and an enormous freight structure.

These buildings stretch for a mile along New York harbor. Their total roof area is 3,100,000 square feet—more than seventy acres.

This entire area was covered with Barrett Specification type of roofs for the following reasons:

1. Low first cost.
2. No maintenance expense such as painting, etc.
3. They are not injured by steam, gases and acid fumes.
4. They are fire retardent and take the base rate of insurance.
5. The net unit cost, that is, the cost per foot per year of service, is lower than that of any other type.

Although some of the buildings are fifteen years old, the roofing contractor states that the expense for maintenance of this entire roof area has been less than $10.00. He estimates that if metal or ready roofings had been used, it would have been impossible to keep the buildings free from leaks and that the painting bill alone up to date would probably have amounted to at least $50,000.00.

We wrote to the Bush Terminal Company, asking what they thought about Barrett Specification Roofs. The Vice-President replied:

> "We use this kind of roofing because our experience has shown it to be the best and cheapest. Our analysis of first cost of application and cost of maintenance entitles us to speak with some measure of authority."

We shall be pleased to mail architects, engineers or owners of buildings copy of the Barrett Specifications with diagrams from which blue prints can be made. Address nearest office.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Pittsburgh
Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis Seattle Corey, Ala.
The Paterson Mfg. Co., Ltd.—Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

TRADE B MARK

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The Christmas Spirit Spread Through

WHEN the joy and happiness of this Christmas are over, let there remain in your home something permanent of its spirit. The Angelus brings into your household the uplift of good music that remains forever young. It will spread its cheer through this year and the years to come.

Your Angelus will lighten your hours of weariness. The serene beauty of its music will put to flight small troubles and irritations and bring you peace.

Your Angelus will give you the taste of other lives. Wild freedom, the big open spaces, the secrets of the heart, the whisper of half-caught mysteries —all these are revealed in the music always at your command.

Through your Angelus will come the pleasure of cultivating your musical taste. Through your Angelus you will hear many a sweet song otherwise denied you. For the Angelus is a willing attendant to the beautiful human voice.

Above all, is the pleasure beyond words that comes when you sit down at your Angelus yourself. You—who cannot play a note—draw from it lovely music. You have the means to play as do the masters. Yet you play it with your own interpretation. Tender or fierce or passionate—the Angelus answers your mood of the moment.

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"Prospecting"

From his happy smile, this dear little miner has evidently struck a rich vein of pay-ore.

Gold—pure gold—the golden flakes that taste so good is what he's after!

There are millions of American children whose biggest daily treasure is these delicious, tasty flakes—who never get quite enough.

Your grocer always has his KELLOGG'S in fresh, crisp condition. They never stop long enough on the way from our ovens to your grocer to grow stale.

The public demand of 50,000,000 packages a year insures quick delivery and our handy package *keeps* the flakes fresh and sweet in your pantry.

W. K. Kellogg

Look for this Signature

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Stevens-Duryea

"Nearly a Quarter-Century of Leadership"

The C-Six sets a new standard for the fine motor-car.

$4500 to $5950
Catalogue on request

Stevens-Duryea Company
Chicopee Falls Mass
"Pioneer Builders of American Sixes"

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